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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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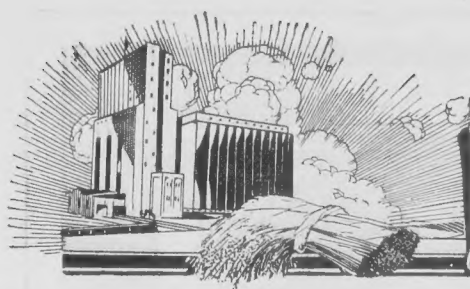


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EDITORIAL



Half a Chance

THERE is no man who lives at greater risk than the sun-browned farmer. He plows the land, sows the seed and harvests the grain, depending upon Providence at every turn. Drouth, rust, frost, hail, heat, grain pests may rob him of the fruits of his toil, yet the God who watches over all may protect him and repay him for all his labors. So, if he is normal, he becomes a man of faith, and faith is the crowning virtue in this world.

Unfortunately, the struggle for existence is not a matter of individual effort. The farmers of Western Canada would, with complete trust in kindly Providence, be happy and prosperous beyond the dreams of workers in any other land, were it not for the burdens placed upon them by their fellows in other parts of the Dominion. Of what avail is it to work and raise grain and stock if the rates of transportation are such as to make it impossible to sell produce at cost? It is a common experience for a man to bring to market a carload of cattle or sheep and to find that the freight costs are greater than the price received for the stock. And as for shipment to the motherland the rates have been doubled, quadrupled and increased ten-fold until there is no longer any inducement to the farmer to stock his farm.

And now comes the word that the government of the country has decided to rescue the Crow's Nest Agreement, and to place rates under the control of the Railway Commission, which is nothing but an understudy of the Railway Companies. It is utterly impossible for the members of this Commission to think in terms of the farmer. They have never done so since the days of the first Commissioner and are not likely to do so again. This too, is very strange, for the Canadian Pacific Railway needs no bolstering. Even its watered stock is receiving big dividends. The rates could be cut in half, and yet the shareholders not suffer any hardship. This the members of the Commission know, but they cover themselves by saying that the National Railways cannot live if the rates are lowered. The answer is simple enough to anybody. Reduce the capitalization of the National Railways, by adding to the National Debt, and then fix rates that will give a fair dividend. The C.P.R. will then have to meet the reduced rates. As it is now, the basal industry of Canada is being ruined by the exactions of the railway companies.

Of course this is only one side of the argument. There is not enough traffic to permit of low rates, and there will not be more traffic till the country is more thickly populated. Then again the population will not be forthcoming till rates are better and living conditions assured. We have tried out the plan of increasing rates and it has failed, why not now try the other plan of improving living conditions in the West, and see if that would not be a solution of the difficulty? All the West requires is a half chance.

This action of the Federal Government—or rather the Montreal Government—is not only a glaring injustice to Western Canada but a blow at the progress of the Dominion. The East cannot thrive unless there is a West. What will railways have to do if there is nobody to produce and nobody to receive shipments? What will manufacturers do if there is no district to which goods may be supplied? Above all how can unity and good-will be expected if what the East terms equalization is the rankest form of discrimination? One cannot wonder that certain short-sighted strategists in Montreal urge the legislation now under way, but statesmen should not be patterned after the man who slew the goose that laid the golden egg. But why protest? Our political leaders are not statesmen. They are puppets. This they know and everyone else knows. The day will surely come when all Canada will rue this blunder.

Speculation

WHEN men cannot make a living by legitimate effort they are strongly tempted to earn money by doubtful methods. Three of these might be mentioned.

Speculation in real estate is the first. Those who were in the West during the three "booms" know how easy it was to win and lose fortunes. They know also that the chief difficulties of today are in the exaggerations of yesterday. It may be that the original landholders made a profit by selling at a time when expectations ran high, but the present occupants are clearly unable to pay interest on mortgages and the cost of living, when prices for produce are so woefully inadequate. Those who bought on speculation in the optimistic years are now paying the price. The second form of speculation is that in grain. Formerly

the members of the grain exchange and a comparatively few outsiders attempted to use this method of getting wealth quickly. Now it has become a craze with all classes. Fortunes are lost and made in a day. Not tens and twelves but thousands are watching the fluctuations of the market. Young and old, men and women, bootleggers and preachers—all, according to report, are engaged in the game. It is a sorry business. Even a more alluring form of speculation is that witnessed daily at the race-courses. Horse-racing is no longer the chief concern of those who visit the grounds. They are interested in the pari-mutuel machines. Take these away and horse-racing would be forgotten. The fact that the races are managed by a group of men, many of whom are known to be experts at naming winners in advance, adds to the iniquity of the sport.

The supreme tragedy in all this is that young people are beginning to say "All life is a gamble. Farming is a gamble. The business you enter is a gamble. It is a gamble when a wife chooses a husband, and even when a church calls a preacher. Therefore let us go down to the Grain Exchange and out to the race course." And to these young people we can say but one thing, which perhaps they can never understand. "In every undertaking carried on in the fear of God there is no gamble, for life is not a gamble depending upon chance." It was surely intended that in everything men should seek prosperity and happiness in faith and work rather than in blind chance. This is the law for individuals and nations.

The Aim of School Education

RECENTLY in England and elsewhere was celebrated the centenary of Thomas Huxley—naturalist, writer, and educator. The reason for giving him the last title is that he has given us perhaps the best definition of education that is to be found anywhere. Here it is:

"That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure, all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with the knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature, and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

"Such a man and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his ever beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter."

As one reads this definition his mind naturally reverts to the schools and to what they are doing for children, and more particularly is this the case at a time of the year when examinations are in full swing and holidays close at hand.

Sometimes, indeed, it seems as if the schools existed merely to hold examinations. They do not appear to be concerned primarily with accomplishing what Huxley set forth in that famous definition. It is easier to teach subjects of study than to develop life.

The lower down in the grades one goes the more nearly does the ideal of education seem to harmonize with that advanced by the great English scientist. The high schools and universities appear to be so engrossed in studies that they have not time to think of minds.

In this the teachers are not to blame. They but administer a system which has been evolved after long centuries of trial and error, by people who are seeking knowledge rather than culture. The schools are probably doing their best to meet the wishes of a somewhat mistaken people. Some day the emphasis will be placed upon essentials—and that does not mean the three R's.

Strange that Huxley went to public school only two years, and it was "a pandemonium." Still he sets forth clearly the aim of all true education. Some men do best by avoiding the common path.

Speech

SHE was most attractive in appearance, well-dressed and well-manicured. She might have passed as a young lady of superior culture and fine lineage had she not asked a companion a question. It was couched in these words: "When you gets off the car do ye have to go quite a ways?" And the intonation and enunciation were in keeping with her choice of words.

Now, correct and easy speech is not the most important acquisition in life, but it is one of the most important. One's standing in a community of ordinary people is often determined by one's wealth; but in a community of worthy people it is determined by reference to higher standards, one of which is speech.

In estimating the speech of people one must take into account content and arrangement of thought, sentence structure, choice of words, enunciation, tone-quality, manner and charm of utterance, grammatical accuracy and other points that will readily suggest themselves. The most significant thing in the matter is that a failure in any one particular frequently means condemnation in general. Should one show ignorance in discussing matters worth while he is naturally ignored or pitied by those who are well-informed; should he have a manner ungracious or coarse he will repel people who are courteous and refined; should he mispronounce a common word or make too many grammatical errors, he will be ranked as illiterate or commonplace. And so it goes. The young lady quoted failed as to voice-quality, choice of words and grammatical accuracy. Her dress and appearance did not give her good standing. One sentence determined her social position.

Now, in a land of mixed nationalities, and especially in a land of commercial activity, there is great danger that language, while it may become richer by the addition of new words, may lose its purity and power. There are so many forces at work making for degradation such as the entertainment hall, "the bleachers, the movies, the funny papers," that it is no wonder young people catch the infection. They prefer the emphatic and the striking to the chaste and the correct. This applies to words, manner and vocal quality. Young people are naturally imitators.

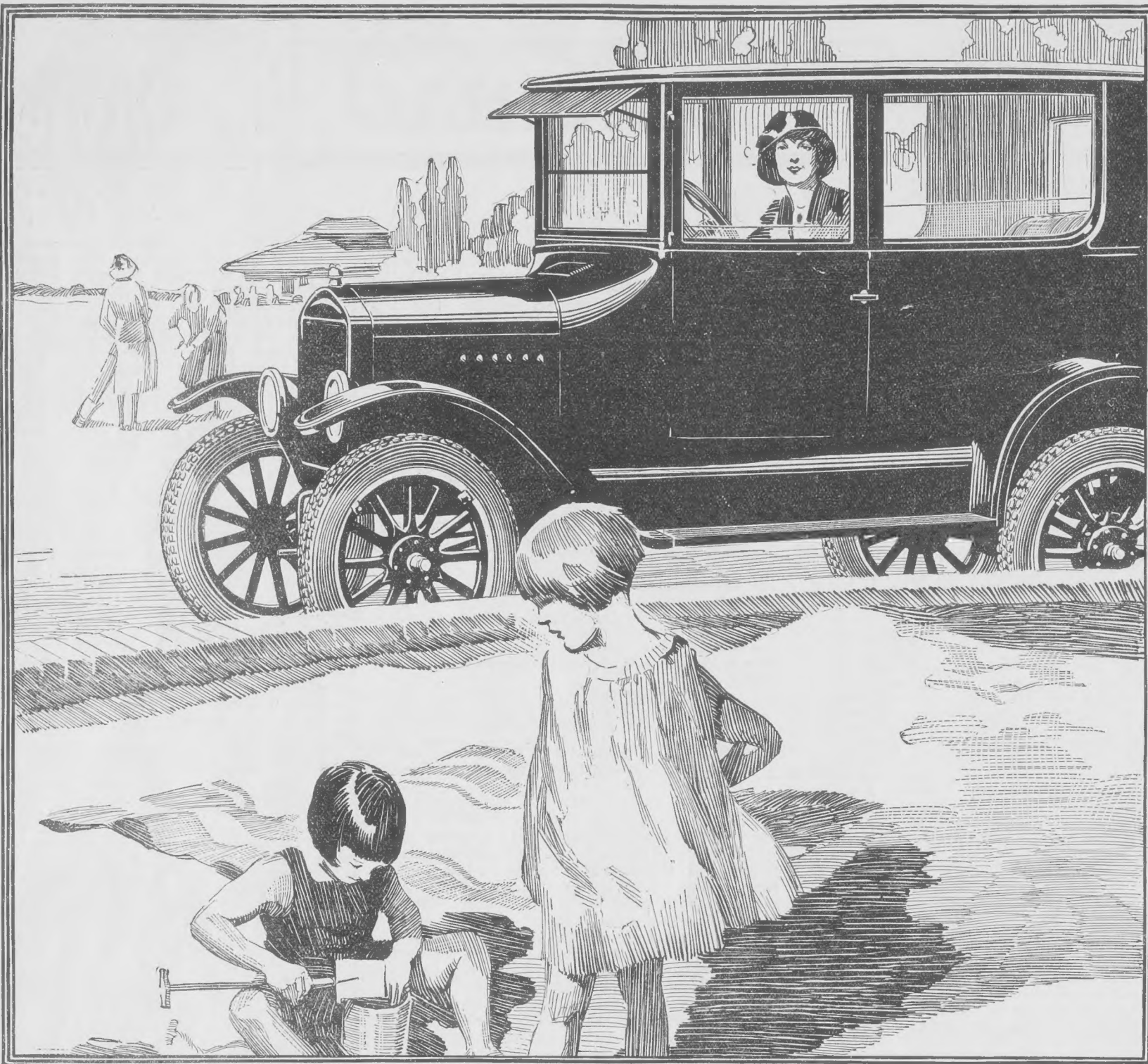
Yet what a genuine pleasure it is to hear a young lady, who is as careful of her speech as she is of her personal appearance: She matches her words and phrases to her thought and to her audience, as carefully as she matches her colors and textures when planning her dress. And though a young lady who dresses well tells something of her taste and her wealth, a young lady who speaks well tells something about her very self—her culture, her associations, her ideals—"Do you have to go quite a ways" or "Have you far to walk?"

Cheering Words

IT is an editorial policy of this magazine to at least give all support possible to the moral side of public issues. It is encouraging indeed that our readers, scattered through the west, are quick to appreciate this note. We cannot refrain from quoting from a letter just received from an esteemed correspondent in a far away town of Alberta.

"Your editorials have caught my attention as denoting a sentiment and grasp that are, unfortunately, foreign to the usual line that we are served in this country. For instance, your recent comment on the coal situation in the East has renewed our faith in human nature. After many years of a variety of mixed experiences in many places, I have seen so much of stark life, that the reality and truth embodied in your editorials had a strong appeal for me and I am sure for thousands of others who endeavor to do a little clear and serious independent thinking.

"The sound logic and courage of your policy is well worthy of a national field. Some months past we read a very bitter article published in one of our very exclusive and high class papers on the situation in a field with which I am acquainted. Besides the deplorable ignorance which it displayed, it condemned a certain class of workers on the ground that they had pianos, autos and took trips even to the Old Country. Skilled men in a dangerous and hard work, who because they made less than any other professional man and had music in their homes, were by these tokens outlawed. This is bordering on the ludicrous and until all honest and hard working men in this fair land can afford the comforts and educational advantages that are here sneered at (when they belong to the working class) we are surely thinking on an unworthy plane. We have noted two publications in Canada that seem to have opinions not prompted from the wings, and having the courage to express them. Yours is one and we are glad to have discovered you."



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CLOSED CARS

Dear Miss Holloway

By Beatrice Redpath

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

CRICKET wished that Carol wouldn't laugh like that. If she must tell everything that Peter Scott had said, couldn't she tell it without that gay, high laugh? There didn't seem anything funny in what she was saying, anyway.

"I don't think it's quite fair not to tell him about Dudley," she said in a very low voice.

Again that gay laugh bubbled through the room.

"My dear, you don't know the first thing about men."

"I expect I don't. I could never talk to men the way you do."

For it always seemed to Cricket that Carol's conversation with men was like tossing balls at one another, with sharp tingling strokes.

"You could if you weren't such a funny little thing, always hopping away whenever anyone speaks to you. No wonder we all call you Cricket."

Carol took up her brush from the dressing table and brushed her fair shining hair with energy.

"Peter is going to Cuba," she continued, her words coming jerkily because of the energy with which she was brushing her hair. "His uncle has a sugar plantation down there. Burying himself alive, that's all he's doing."

Cricket's face grew hot. She got up and walked across the room to the window. She stood looking down upon the gray street where motors passed and repassed so untiringly.

CUBA! How far away that seemed. If he went to Cuba it wasn't very likely that she would ever see him again.

"You should go in for him, Cricket. The man's dying to get married. He's always saying how lonely it is having no one belonging to him." Carol laughed as though she couldn't imagine anyone being lonely.

"I'm never going to marry," Cricket said in what sounded to her a very self-conscious voice; "after you are married to Dudley I'm going to find some work."

"Don't be so absurd. How could you ever work? Why, you're so shy that you'd run away if a man spoke to you. Anyway, why should you want to work when there's no need?"

"I can't do nothing all the time."

"You'll marry. Everyone does," Carol said, throwing her head forward so that all the short, shining hair cascaded over her face. "If you wouldn't be so silly and shy. You're always thinking that no one wants to speak to you. I take it for granted that people want to speak to me, so they usually do."

Cricket watched the motors without replying.

"Peter is going to sail next week, Carol went on, tossing her head back and giving her hair a few pats with the brush until it came into shining order, "it's just as well he's going before Dudley comes," she ended with amusement.

SAILING in a week! The gray street and the houses opposite melted into a gray blur. Wasn't it foolish to care about a man to whom she had scarcely ever spoken? If Carol knew about it she would say it was just the kind of a thing that Cricket would do.

"I think you should have told him about Dudley, if you're really going to be married so soon."

"That's how you're such a goose, Cricket. What was the use of making him feel badly? He'll forget all about me in a week or so, but now he imagines that he cares a bit. Not anything serious, only because he's lonely. He'll get over it in no time."

It made her ache to think of him being lonely too. She knew so well what it was like. It would be even lonelier when Carol was married and gone away to live in another city. Most people had so many relations with whom they could live, but she and Carol only had each other. She supposed that she would go on living in this house, with the maids creeping noiselessly about, and her friends coming in to tell her about their full lives. Hers would be dreadfully empty.

She turned back into the gay chintz room, with its little rose-colored lamps, and soft pink cushions. Carol's rooms were always gay like herself. Well, she was going to try and be gay too. Even if she never saw Peter again, she would like to grow into the kind of person he would like. She

It might have been written to anyone; it might have been written to her, but she knew that it wasn't. At first she had been foolish enough to think that he had written, knowing how lonely she would be after Carol was married. But of course he didn't even know that Carol was married.

She drank her coffee slowly, while she thought about it. The sunlight sifted in through the blue silk curtains and lay in bright splashes on the floor. She kept one hand pressed hard against the thin written sheets, until they grew warm, and the pulse of her hand seemed to be the letter beating like a heart beneath her fingers.

Carol would never be bothered answering it. She probably wouldn't even trouble reading it. She would laugh about it to Dudley, and toss it aside to be forgotten. She could see Peter waiting for an answer in that strange unreal country, and the answer would never come. She could almost feel his sore disappointment in her heart.

SHE read the letter through again while she was dressing, propping it up against a mirror while she brushed her hair. She knew now what she was going to do. But the thought made her tumble her hair over her eyes so that she wouldn't meet the reflection of herself in the glass. She was going to answer it as though it had been written to her. She needn't sign her name or anyone's name. Peter mustn't wait in vain for a reply. Later he would grow accustomed to that strange new country, and he wouldn't want letters so much. They wouldn't mean to him what they did now.

She sat down at her desk, wondering for a moment how she would begin. Staring at the blank sheet of notepaper before her she seemed to see Peter in that queer bright country, longing for grey streets and high stone buildings, for tall yellow motor buses, for crowds and the clanging of street cars. She would try and give

it to him all; she would try and make him hear again the deep sounding rhythm of great cities.

When she read it over after she had finished, she knew that it didn't sound the least bit like Carol. He would know quite well that Carol hadn't written it. Carol's letters were such odd little flying affairs. What would he think? She didn't know, but she was going to send it all the same. She addressed the envelope with a firm, decided hand.

Would he answer that letter? He would know that it wasn't from Carol, and he might be very angry with her for playing him such a trick. It made her nervous and uneasy whenever she thought what she had done, and she tried to put it out of her mind. At moments she felt dreadfully ashamed.

BUT the day came when there was another envelope with a foreign stamp on the table in the hall. She could scarcely open it because of her excitement. It was so thick it was like a parcel. She didn't know when she had finished reading it whether he thought he was writing to Carol or not. He continued the conversation that she had started in her letter, as though he were talking to her from the next room.

She didn't see how she could avoid answering this one. He had asked her so many questions. She would have to write once more, and then she would tell Carol about it the next time she saw her. Carol was coming to stay with her for a few days very soon. How she would laugh about it all. Carol always laughed about everything.

He didn't wait for an answer this time. Just a few days and another letter came. He said it took too long to wait for replies. Wouldn't she write every week, every few days, every day if she would.

She saved up every thought she had for him; remembered funny incidents, told him of everyone she met, spoke of every book she read. She couldn't imagine that he could find what she had to tell him of any interest.

Continued on page 53



You're so small, Cricket, to take such a great hold on a man's heart.

had given the matter no inconsiderable amount of thought and now definitely decided that she was going to make that her purpose in life.

CAROL had been married for more than a month when one morning Cricket found a letter on her breakfast tray with a queer foreign stamp. She picked it up and looked at it curiously. It was addressed to Miss Holloway. The moment she unfolded the sheets she knew who it was from, and her fingers trembled. Why was he writing to her?

"Dear Miss Holloway," it began, "This is a queer country. It's like the staging for a comic opera. Nothing seems real. Even the people are like figures passing across a stage."

That large firm handwriting sprawled over half a dozen sheets. She dropped the pages when she had finished reading them, on the bed beside her, the last words starting up at her as though they were alive.

"I hope you'll answer this letter. Anyway, I'm going to look for an answer. To hear from you occasionally would mean more to me than I can tell you."

A Present From Peter

By Anne Story Allen

PETER wrapped the bracelet in a bit of tissue-paper and threw the box into the waste-basket. It was characteristic of Peter that he threw away the box—a velvet-covered, satin-lined affair. Later, the housemaid, finding it, extracted it from the waste-basket, and laid upon its satin lining her own gift to the butler. Still later, the butler, loftily accepting the gift, smiled covertly at the name in the box—and understood.

But all this has nothing to do with Peter, who, with the bracelet in his pocket, put on his coat, hat, and gloves, and, joyously banging the outside door, strode through the pine-tree lane that led straight across from his house to the Billy Greys.

The Billy Greys were giving a dinner and a Christmas-tree. The tree was for William, their little son; the dinner was for the family—and Peter. Peter was a near neighbor; he had been Billy Grey's best man; he was William Grey's godfather; he was a true and loyal friend to Mrs. Billy Grey; and he loved, with all his heart and soul, Sylvia Grey, who was Billy's sister.

Sylvia Grey had been a slim, long-legged schoolgirl when her brother Billy married. No one had taken much notice of her at the wedding, except that she had seemed rather in the way. She had clung pathetically to Billy when he started on his honeymoon. Peter had led her, with streaming eyes and a highly colored nose, back to the house, where she had raced stormily up the stairs and disappeared in the direction of her own room. Afterward she went back to her convent school, and Peter took his trip around the world.

That was the only glimpse he had ever had of Sylvia—that tearful, red-nosed one—till the day when he stood as William's godfather, and found that a beautiful, slender creature, who bore the musical name of Sylvia, was to be godmother to the infant that was weeping in Billy Grey's arms. They all went home in the big carriage together; and during the short drive, Peter fell in love with Sylvia, who sat beside him.

"I haven't seen you since their wedding," said Peter by way of conversation.

Sylvia agreed rather shyly, and with heightened color, because she remembered what a spectacle she had made of herself that day, and had always felt ashamed of it.

Billy and Mrs. Billy were absorbed in the crowing William.

"Didn't he behave well?" asked Mamma Kathleen.

"And wasn't he a brick?" asked Papa Billy.

Then, for the fortieth time, they had to explain why they had postponed the christening so long—they wanted both Sylvia and Peter, and one or the other had been unavailable till now.

"Now you're going to stay at home, Peter, aren't you?" asked Billy.

And Peter, looking at Sylvia, answered fervently that he was.

"Sylvia's home to stay, too," said Billy's wife; and Peter looked almost foolish in his delight at hearing it.

WITH the lack of wisdom that sometimes accompanies a very direct nature, Peter went about his love-making without preliminaries. Sylvia was a woman, therefore to be won—won by him, he hoped. There should be no doubt in her mind as to his feelings toward her. As he had thrown away the little velvet casket that held his Christmas gift for her, so he cast aside the envelope of friendship which might have kept safe the love that came to him so suddenly.

It is probable that Sylvia's heart would have gone at least half of the way toward Peter's if he had been even moderate in his wooing, for Peter was a fine fellow. But inside of three days she knew that Peter was in love with her; in about ten days she was sure that he was going to ask her to marry him; and in two weeks she had fairly to escape from him, lest an acceptance or a refusal should be the only alternative.

"Peter's going it pretty fast," said Billy to his wife.

"What can we do?" almost wept Mrs. Billy. "He makes me think of some of those men you read about, who lived ages ago, and who captured their wives with clubs."

"Only Peter doesn't use a club," protested Billy. "He is a gentleman."

"Of course he's a gentleman," agreed Mrs. Billy, "but that makes it all the worse."

Peter was a gentleman, but he had only one idea, and the one idea was Sylvia; she dwarfed everything else to the vanishing point.

SYLVIA was very uncomfortable. She liked Peter; she was as fond of him as a nature like hers could be, when it finds itself suddenly on the defensive. But, she asked herself, why should she have to love anybody yet? Why shouldn't her life go on a little while longer with Billy and Kathleen and

so good and true and noble and handsome a fellow as Peter, always excepting Billy.

"What is he thinking of?" she almost wept one night, when Peter's eyes had scarcely left Sylvia's face.

"Sylvia," answered her husband laconically.

"She'll never have him in the world," wailed Mrs. Billy, "if he goes on like this!"

II

ON Christmas Eve, Peter strode gallantly through the lane leading to the home that held his sweetheart. The bracelet, with its jade insets, was sure to please Sylvia. She had told him how she loved the beautiful green of the jade, and he had driven three jewellers nearly crazy before he found the exact green which Sylvia had described as being

most beautiful. He felt in his pocket, to be sure it was really there. Yes, the tissue-paper rattled.

When he reached the Billy Greys' side entrance, a servant was just about to close the door on a departing messenger. Peter stepped in.

"The ladies are in the music-room," Peter was told.

The music-room was a lovely place, where Mrs. Billy's piano stood, where Sylvia's embroidery table had its little niche, and where Billy himself was wont to sit with his womenfolk to smoke his pipe and read the news of the day. Peter went into this room. He found Billy's chair vacant, a newspaper on the floor by it. Sylvia's little work-table was neatly cleared, the last Christmas stitches had been taken days before. Mrs. Billy, at the piano, was improvising a soft little bit of something. She turned as he came in.

She changed color as she saw him, then rose and held out her hand.

"Peter!" she cried. Then, as if recovering herself, she went on quickly: "Everything's gone finely. The tree is simply beautiful, and the baby is taking a little nap so that he'll be able to live through the excitement of it. Why, where is Billy? He was here a minute ago. I'll find him and Sylvia. Sit over there by the fire, Peter."

With somewhat undignified haste she escaped from the room and ran upstairs.

"Billy!" She opened the door of her husband's dressing-room. "Are you here? Oh, what shall we tell him? He hasn't got the note. He's here. He's downstairs. And Sylvia!"

"Confound it!" Billy wrestled with a collar-stud. "Confound him! Why did it have to happen? I can't tell my best friend he can't dine with us. I can't send Sylvia to bed can I?"

"Yes; but, Billy, she said she wouldn't go down if he was here. She says we're in league with him—that we're throwing them together! She's just taken the bit in her teeth. Now you must talk to her, Billy. Tell her we sent him a note that we thought we'd dine quietly because

Sylvia was ill. Goodness knows it's the truth—she's ragged herself into a headache!"

"I can't talk to her," growled Billy; "she's beyond me. Why, Kathleen, she ragged us awfully. Poor old Peter!"

"Poor old Peter! It's his own fault! Thank goodness I wasn't brought up in a convent! I knew men from the time I was ten—boys and then men, I mean. I could have handled Peter."

"Then handle Sylvia," returned her husband.

"Hush!" cautioned his wife. "Hush! She's going downstairs. She doesn't know he's there. Oh, my! It's too late!"

She ran to the door, opened it cautiously, peered down the hall, and then tiptoed across to the staircase and looked over the rail. Sylvia was just entering the music-room.

Mrs. Billy flew back.

"She's gone in!" she cried in a loud whisper.

"Let her go," hissed Billy. "I'm sick of the whole thing!"

"I feel faint," announced Kathleen. "They'll break it all off, and everything will be horrid, and then Peter will shut up his house and go away."

"Come, Kitty, let them fight it out themselves. Let's go and see if the boy's awake."

He got himself into his coat, lifted his wife from her chair, kissed her, and with their arms about each other they started for the nursery.

Continued on page 52

Forget-Me-Nots

—□□□—

*To me, of all the early flowers
Within my garden plot,
No tender blossom is more fair
Than the forget-me-not
That nestles low amid green leaves,
A flower of azure hue,
Like priceless tinted porcelain
Or robin's egg of blue.*

*It is the tender flower of love,
Whose hue of Maytime skies
Is the emblem of devotion
And trust that never dies;
Life holds no greater treasured joy,
No happier time than when
Springtime hours bring the blue
Forget-me-nots again.*

*Heart of my heart, I'll ne'er forget
Those hours we spent together,
Living, laughing, loving you
In that glad Springtime weather;
And when the years bring blossoms new
To bless my garden spot,
I seem to hear your dear voice say
"Sweetheart, forget-me not."*

—H. H. FARISS.

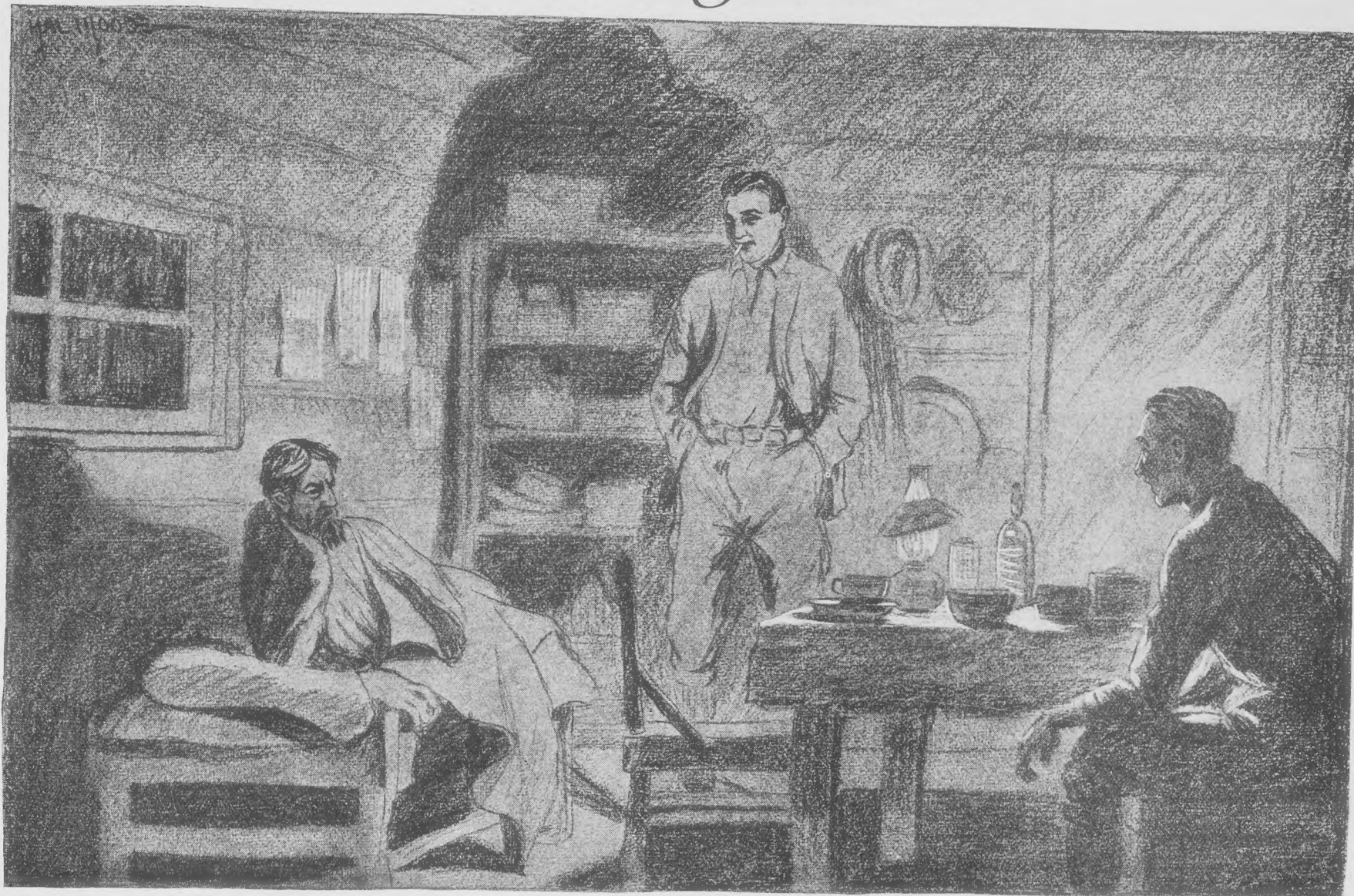
Darling William? Why should she be domineered by this big, handsome, ever-present person known as Peter Strong? She wanted Billy; she wanted her home with her brother; she wanted to be free. She wanted Peter, too—a little. It was only a year ago that she had left the convent. Peter would mean an end to all the dreaming, all the fancies. There had been no time to dream about Peter. She knew—all in a minute, it seemed.

Then Sylvia began to avoid him, and the Billy Greys took anxious counsel together at night in the privacy of their own rooms.

But Peter, blissfully unconscious, kept up his mad pace. He was at Billy Grey's house morning, noon, and night. His handsome face beamed at them through their breakfast-room window as they sat late at their coffee; his tall figure strode up the path to their front door at luncheon-time, either to beg a bite from their buffet, or to coax them over to some specially good thing his cook had prepared. At five o'clock Sylvia or Mrs. Billy poured tea for him, and he dined with them, or they with him, five nights out of the week.

In and of itself this was all pleasing to the Billy Greys and to Sylvia. Billy's friendship for Peter was one of those strong, deep feelings that come only too seldom into a man's life; and Mrs. Billy could think of no better match for Sylvia. Nowhere in the wide world, she was firmly convinced, was there

The Bridgmakers



"I'll just give you one tip, Thompson—don't get in our way"

MATTAGAMA CITY consisted in those days of a row of crude cabins, each bearing its label of identification, such as Post Office, Store, Smithson's Hotel, Assayer, and so on. Otherwise each cabin was like its neighbor—rough, unbarked logs of hog-pen finish, one room and perhaps an ante-chamber, each with its tin chimney pipe and its parchment window. Lot 42 belonged to someone unknown, and because the owner was not there to defend his rights, the rest of the city had used it as a dumping ground for empty fruit cans and the like.

But one evening there was a sound as of countless tin tea trays and sheets of corrugated iron proceeding down the ruts by the one and only trail towards Mattagama. Nearer and nearer came the sound, as though an army of warlike knights, booted and spurred, armored from toe to brow, were progressing at a double to annihilate the camp with their tomahawks and nose-trapping visors. Then, above the general clang and rattle, the citizens heard the whirling of machinery, and, sure enough, the raucous squawk of an electric hooter!

"Jerusalem!" gasped Mattagama, "An automobile!"

An automobile it assuredly was, for the next moment she topped the ridge at the end of the straight, bucking the ruts and floundering through the swamps, her old electric hooter uttering a screech of agony every time she took a specially heavy nose dive. This, the red-haired youth clinging to the wheel, his teeth clenched, his eyes bright with the lust of battle—this repeated squawking, I say, was due to circumstances beyond his control, for every time she lurched she tapped a wire somewhere, and automatically sounded the horn.

MEANTIME Mattagama stared and stared. It was considered a feat to get a wagon over that trail without miring one's horses to the girth, yet—here was some madman in a motor car! How had he crossed the rivers? How had he dodged the boulders? How in the name of wonder had he avoided wrenching off the wheels in the ten-inch ruts? For the road was merely an unmade snake path through the forest, and hitherto Mattagama and the camps beyond had depended entirely upon their river service.

Down the gentle slope came the old tin car, steam issuing in clouds from her stopperless radiator, and opposite Lot 42 the driver stopped his engine, whereupon the silence seemed immense.

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrated by Harold Woods

"Done it!" said the driver. His voice was the voice of a victorious soldier having stormed the fort. From the back of the car another youth descended with hammer and oilcan. As he leapt down the old car lurched again, the electric hooter uttered a half-hearted croak, and the population drew back timidly.

Clearly they were brothers, these two. Each possessed red hair and a freckled countenance. Their names were Douglas and Alec Cameron. One suspects they might have been of Celtic origin.

Meantime, as the old car simmered down a little, they went round and shook hands with the whiskered toughs of Mattagama, greeting each as a long lost brother, though they had never seen any of them before.

"Who's been fouling up our city lot?" queried Douglas, but no one owned up, probably because all were guilty. "Well, anyway," he added, "come along some of you boys and help clear the decks. We want to park the car here, otherwise she'll be getting in the way of some of the fast-moving traffic."

Normally Mattagama would have advised the two to do their own cleaning up, but every tough was wearing a half grin under his skin—partly because of the utter audacity of the two in bringing a car to such a place, and partly because these strangers did not evidently intend to remain strangers very long. So the boys fell cheerily in to lend a hand, and soon fruit cans were showering in all directions—on to the roofs of surrounding cabins, on to the main thoroughfare, into the trees. Then Mattagama fell in behind the old tin car, and pushed her, with many guttural complaints of her hooter, into the centre of Lot 42. Here the two indomitable Scots jacked up the axles to prevent her miring herself overnight, and the idlers took in the vehicle.

SHE was a very old car of the touring type, and had been converted for passenger and luggage carrying. Her upholstery bristled senile whiskers, she was red with rust, warts and carbuncles covered her tires, while liberal wrappings of untidy string assisted the rust in the mutual fellowship of

adhesion. She promised to be a very reliable car, for everything about her which could break had already broken: everything which could drop off had already dropped off.

"Ain't you going to peg her down?" suggested some wit. "It might get up windy."

The elder of the two brothers, he who had driven, now proceeded to erect the home-made sailcloth hood, displaying the sign, painted in bold but clumsy letters: "The Better 'Ole." Beneath this was painted a fair representation of a crocodile, and lower still, "Mattagama Service."

"Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays," he shouted aloud. We can do it in half the time of the water service, and at a slightly lower rate. Now goodnight boys. We've had a stiff day." And forthwith the two produced blankets from under the seats and proceeded to settle themselves for the night in the wagonette body.

But they were not to be left undisturbed, for a big, round-shouldered man, with a badly cropped beard and keen brown eyes, lurched up to them. "What's this you say about a regular service?" he asked. "What's this about shorter time and lower rates than the water service?"

Douglas produced a printed bill setting forth full particulars of the stage. "This is what you want," he said. "You can have as many copies as you like to give to your friends."

The big man stared viciously. "My name's Thompson," he announced. "I—"

"Good! Pleased to meet you, Mr. Thompson. Shake again. Alec, this is Mr. Thompson."

"Cheerio, old fish!" said Alec from among his blankets.

"I want none of yer blooming printed tracts!" Thompson veritably snorted. His black beard was bristling. "It's me that owns the rival service—the motor boats—the river launches. Do you get me?"

Douglas stared. "Yes, fine!" he answered. "We get him, don't we Alec? He owns the river service!"

"Cheerio, old bean!" said Alec, poking up his head and settling again.

"And as for yer dern silly scheme of cutting prices," Thompson pursued, "I'll have you and your rusty old stage off the road within a fortnight! I'll smash you! See?"

Douglas said nothing, while Thompson turned furiously on his heel, and stomped off. "Come and have some porridge for breakfast?" Alec invited. "The radiator's full of it. We put it in to stop the leaks!"

"He's gone," said Douglas.

"Pity! By the way, I wonder how Dr. Nansen means to smash us up?"

"Dynamite, I suppose," Douglas prophesied, tossing himself down on the bristling horsehair of the opposite seat, and, while till late on into the phosphorescent northern night, the lynx-footed populace of Mattagama prowled curiously around Lot 42, the two red-haired brothers slept in happy oblivion of dynamite and everything else.

BUT bright and early Mattagama was awakened by one of those terrific northern gales which flatten the forests like fields of corn, but sleepy Mattagama did not remain awake very long, realizing that it was not a storm at all, but the two mad newcomers starting up their engine. That day Alec and Douglas went back over the trail, carrying an axe in the back of the car. They worked till the sweat, running down their faces, got into their eyes so that they could not see, thrusting each other aside with the comment: "Let me hit the blighter!" They knocked each other down and barked each other's shins in their eagerness to work, but they accomplished more in a single day than the entire population had accomplished in a year. They cut down whole forests, and laid the logs across the swamps. They dynamited boulders and river beds to obtain a fairer fairway, and they begged, borrowed, or stole a huge pile of rusty wire cable from one of the outlying ruins, returning home with the old car sagging so perilously that the electric hooter was going all the way. And as the bearded populace surged forth to meet them, they cast themselves down in their blankets at the back of the car, gasping out with their last available breath: "Tomorrow, boys! The stage will begin to run tomorrow."

And tomorrow the stage did run with a vengeance. She ran with her rusty wings piled high with baggage, and with the whole feminine population of Mattagama aboard. For behold—the women could get there and back in the day by the new service! They could do their shopping, and be back in time to get supper ready. Moreover, they could do the journey without being drenched to the skin at the rapids, as was inevitable by the water line. True, the old car stuck in one of the rivers, but Alec got out and pushed and gasped and shoved and lifted. He all but lifted her rear wheels from the ground, passengers, baggage and all, but with the sweat streaming into his eyes he hoisted her bodily out. And once she was going, Douglas let her go, and Alec had to sprint like a hare three-quarters of a mile ere he outsped her, and threw himself headlong among the legs of her fair and flannelled passengers. "She's a terror when she gets her blood up!" he gasped.

AT the settlement Alec went round and did what business had to be done, while Douglas got busy with spanner, string, and hammer to keep the old car body and soul together. They were billed to return at 3.30 p.m., but long before that hour the housewives came panting up, fearful of missing the boat, as they called it, each and every one of them loaded with parcels. They crammed the wings, the running boards, and the canopy top. The women sat down on each other's parcels and buried themselves under their own parcels. Then, when all were aboard, two hand-carts arrived with sacks of flour, hen corn, boxes of clothes, and the like, and there was nowhere to put them.

"Never mind, ladies," cried Alec. "Leave everything behind that you can. We'll make a second journey during the night."

Somehow the old car struggled home, fares—a very respectable sum considering baggage was charged—were collected, and the two tired men set off back with the twilight for the baggage. They returned at midnight, and the goods, carefully covered with a tarpaulin, were dumped down on Lot 42, to be called for and paid for next day.

Next day was an off day, but Mattagama got the surprise of its life. It awakened to find the two brothers slinging cables across the river from bank to bank, and in a way which suggested that they had

been well drilled in the work. At one end the cables were already fast to Fraser's landing, and Douglas was hauling them through on Markman's landing on the other side. Moreover, old man Fraser and old man Markman were watching and grinning, their hands in their pockets.

"What's up?" queried Mattagama.

"Running out a bridge," old man Fraser told them.

A bridge! Mattagama had existed well over a year and no one as yet had even thought of running out a bridge. So now Mattagama watched with its hands in its pockets, while the two young men worked and worked, fell into the river, seemed not to notice it, and climbed out, drove posts, turned hoists, dug holes and planted more posts, strained hard to the timber, and threw across more cables.

TOWARDS evening Thompson came around. "What in thunder is all this about?" he asked. Thompson owned the ferry in addition to the regular water service, and milked everyone 25 cents per crossing.

Alec answered him. "We're fixing a bridge, he said. 'We're going to open out all the outlying camps and prospects to the north to road transportation. In a month from now we shall be running a daily service, doing the trip in half the time and at half the price of the water service.'"

"Will you, by gad?" muttered Thompson. "And what shall I be doing in the meantime? To begin with, you ain't got no right to fix a bridge without the consent—"

"Haven't we?" said Alec. You ask my old pal, Mr. Fraser. Hi, Donald!" he called to the settler. "Here's a pal of yours, who says we haven't any right to fix this bridge."

Fraser looked at Thompson, then muttered something which might have been: "Chuck him into the river." After a while old man Fraser went over and talked to Thompson like a father. He said that if ever there was a mean cuss Thompson was the man. "You ain't got a friend in the place," he said, "because you ain't no good to the place. These boys are out to improve things, and we're all with them. As for this bridge, it's just a private affair, between me and my pal across the river and these two young red-headed cusses. I collect the money on this side, my pal on the other, and we pay the boys a commission. We charge ten cents a time, which will kind of knock spots off your swindling ferry service!"

Thompson went away, but murder showed in his face.

THAT night the two young men were awakened by someone unknown. They felt the pressure of a man's hand on their arms, and saw a man's face silhouetted in the starlight above them. And the man said: "Thompson's pulling down your bridge. Get a hustle on!" Then he vanished.

The two were up in the twinkling of an eye, and hurrying towards the river. Douglas carried a six shooter in his hand, and drawing near they heard the muffled thud of an axe, followed by the splintering of strained timber and the falling of a cable into the water.

Douglas walked steadily on, firing shot after shot at the spoilers. The men bolted in mortal terror of their lives, and were speedily lost to view. Subsequently they found Fraser gagged and bound in his cabin. He begged them to go back. He said that Thompson had a whole gang of toughs with him, and would do them in sure as daylight if they tried to settle with him tonight.

"Well," was their sole comment, "his toughs will be almighty tender when we've finished with them!" Alec, hitherto unarmed, took a club from Fraser's wall. It was the kind of club our stone age ancestors used in their day for killing such mammoths as the Trocadero and Coliseum.

They went straight to Thompson's cabin. They wasted no time in ceremony; they made no bones about it, they simply went straight to the point as was their custom. Drawing near they saw a circle of men seated on the rampikes, and conversing in hushed voices. Clear it was that these men had never dreamed that their enemies would dare to beard them in their den.

Alec and Douglas advanced over the tree trunks, silently, but swift as deer. Douglas fired a shot or two, which fairly put the breeze up Thompson's gang, then he clubbed his weapon. In a moment the two were in the centre of the ring, and—goodness, how

they hit! As Alec said later—one could not see the nether quarters of any man for dust.

THOMPSON'S hired toughs were not of the right kind. They were simply there because they saw good money for little work. Whether or not they would ever have succeeded in getting the pay out of Thompson is another matter, but at any rate they did not wait for it. This was more than they had bargained for—revolver shots and red-haired fighting devils! They knew not how many their adversaries were; they stayed to ask no questions. Thompson alone stood firm, shouting savage orders, but unluckily for him Alec hit him under the chin with his club at the same moment as Douglas hit him behind the ear with his revolver.

The air was cleared in just so long as the vanquished ones took to find cover, then the two carried Thompson down to the river from which he wrung his living, and heaved him in. They told the bubbles that rose that a certain place of tropical clime was full of men like Thompson; then they lit cigarettes and sauntered homewards.

"Do him good to have a nice soak," Alec observed, rather guiltily; then, without a word, they went back, pulled Thompson out, and carried him back to his cabin. They undressed him, put him to bed between dry blankets, and lit the stove, so that when Thompson was quite himself again he found the two sitting there, calmly tucking in at his canned fruit and cream.

Well," he muttered, "if you ain't got the cheek of—" "Cut it out," advised Douglas. "Listen here, Thompson, I've got something to say to you. Quit this fooling. It ain't worthy of a man in a country God made for men. You'll never earn a darn cent by being a crook, and you'll only get in the way of other men who want to make good. And I'll just give you one tip, Thompson—don't get in our way or we'll kill you—see? And your white-livered toughs with you!"

Next morning the Better 'Ole Service ran as usual. Once again the old car bucked the ruts with querulous complainings from the electric hooter. Once more she stuck in the swamps and Alec lifted her irresistibly out of them.

The two had come to wake up Mattagama, and so far they had very ably succeeded. Mattagama was becoming infused by their vim and industry. Other people began to remove their hands from their baggy trouser pockets, and to bethink themselves of working. Moreover, Mattagama liked their way of dealing with Thompson, for hitherto everyone had stood in mortal dread of that individual. Thompson held the only means of transportation; to quarrel with Thompson meant going without one's tobacco and one's papers. Now all that was changed. The two young men had put the fear of judgment into the motor boat owner, and he would have to be glad to get what trade he could. As a matter of fact there was plenty for him to do if he would buck up and do it.

AFTER its first set-back, the bridge went ahead swimmingly, the two young men working night after night, often in drizzling rain and by the aid of the old car's headlights. Several joined in to lend a hand, asking no payment and expecting none. Within a fortnight the bridge was completed; the Better 'Ole groped her way across, and struggled and panted and bucked over the remaining ten miles of forest trail to the little knot of isolated mines which lay in the great beyond. Here her arrival was heartily cheered, but heartiest of all the cheerers were the two red-haired brothers.

How the old car held together during the days that followed was a mystery to everyone. Sunshine and rain, she was never off the road, fighting her way in or struggling broken-backed out again. Always she was overloaded, and the indefatigable Alec was as good as another ten horse power on the sticky bits.

One night Douglas, who felt a little sorry for Thompson since he was surely down and out, went over to see the man, expecting to receive a charge of shot as soon as he entered the clearing. But nothing of this kind occurred. He found Thompson seated on a log, smoking gloomily.

"Say," he began, "there's about a hundred tons of machinery down at the railroad waiting to be taken up to the camps, and a lot more to follow. They want it badly, and if you don't look out one of the big mines will be installing their own water service."

"Well, what about it?" growled Thompson. "I can't handle heavy machinery with only two small launches."

"I know you can't unless you build a scow," said Douglas. "You want to get one built—a big one which your launches can tow. There's plenty of wood and plenty of water."

Thompson stared at him. "Build a scow!" he echoed. "It's a big job, and anyway, I don't know how."

"Alec and I do," said Douglas. "We'll lend a hand. We happen to be pretty slack just now—anyway, we ain't working all night."

"You!" echoed Thompson. "You help me! You slack! Gee!" and he laughed aloud. If these men had time to build a scow, he had time to build a city.

TIMBER was at hand, and so these two strange young men threw in their lot with the odious Thompson, boiling and sweating every spare moment they had, but without thanks and without payment

Wanderlust

By William Thompson

*When the robin mates, where the dog-wood blooms.
And the air is full of wild perfumes;
I dream a dream, of the joys to be,
And the idle days, on a ship at sea.*

*When the robin mates, where the lilac sways.
I dream a dream of summer days;
Of Norman castle, and clinging vine,
Of a wayside inn, and a quaff of wine.*

*When the robin mates, there is ecstasy
In the fabled haunts of Brittany;
Where the marguerite and poppy grow,
Frail emblems of a long ago.*

*When the robin mates, and the postman brings.
With journals, and bills, and other things
A pamphlet of "Sailings and Tours" to unravel;
I'm dead to the world, on all subjects, but*

TRAVEL.

It must not be thought, however, that they were doing it just to help their old idle enemy. They wanted to see the machinery in, for the machinery would bring more men into the camps. They wanted to see the new mines working full time and overtime—they wanted everyone to prosper, which meant prosperity for themselves.

That autumn things did prosper. More gold was struck, and the camps began to boom. The toll bridge paid enormously, the Better 'Ole stuck manfully to her task, even Thompson's motor boats, with their overloaded scow, were seldom idle. Then the crash came, as it inevitably does when camps become crowded in that fly-infested north territory. Typhoid broke out all up and down the river, and death stalked from door to door till fear fell upon the settlers, and many left all they had and fled from the plague-infested area.

Did the two red-haired motor drivers flee? No. The Better 'Ole took on another role. A red cross was painted on her sailcloth hood, a red flag blew warningly above her radiator. Hither and thither, day and night, like some incongruous angel of succor, she wandered back and forth, carrying her groaning, suffering cargoes of humanity—carrying them out to the railhead when the fever hospitals were full, and asking no payment from any save those who offered to pay. No payment was asked, I say, but no change was given. It was a man's work, a great work, this saving of human life—a work above payment, a service higher than money could bring. Sometimes, while the conductor got to work with his axe to clear a fallen tree from the road, the driver fell asleep at the wheel. Then the conductor would curse the driver as a woman and a weakling, and himself take the helm. Once the driver went on without the conductor, because the conductor was too exhausted to catch up and climb in. Five hours later, when the car went back, the driver found his brother asleep in the centre of the road; asleep in the drenching rain, his legs buried in the mud, his face resting in a puddle. And when Douglas roused him he said: "Gad, that sleep has done me good. I could eat an ox!"

SO for a time the plague raged like brushwood fire, and all the time it rained in sheets and torrents and waterspouts. The old car became sodden. Her electric lights gave out, her tires fell flat, tatter string hung like seaweed from her bulwarks and super structures, even her electric hooter died out with a drowning, gurgling croak. Clearly the old

car was on her last legs, but at all events she would owe nothing to mankind.

The storm came to an end with a gale which lived in history. It began at sundown, and as roar after roar the hurricane swept the woods, the crash of falling timber smote terror to the hearts of all who were abroad that night. Men huddled round their smoking stoves, and speculated as to what would become of the Better 'Ole, at that moment returning from her down-river trip.

"No sir, not for ten thousand dollars," said one old sourdough, "not for ten thousand dollars would I be aboard that car tonight. She'll never make it. Timber is falling everywhere. The whole trail is logged up and reeking. The rivers are bank-full, and anyway the gale will turn her over. She'll never make it, and God help those two red-headed rogues! Poor boys!"

"They ain't boys," answered another. "They're men. The whitest white men that ever stepped into this yer blackfly hell of ours!"

"Men or boys, I bet they turn up grinning," prophesied the optimist.

"If they don't," someone added, "it's all U.P. with Berwick, the mine owner. He's down at the Smithson house, waiting for them to take him out. He's ready to pay a thousand dollars, 'cause—well, 'cause he can afford it, and he won't live three days outside the hospital."

"Bad, is he?"

"Very bad."

"Well, he ain't the only one."

SO they sat and muttered and listened, but sure enough midnight brought the familiar din of machinery. Men leapt up and looked out into the blinding, raging storm, to see the two brothers, their skins shining like glass, their wet hair plastered over their featureless foreheads—Alec with a cut across his cheek, caused evidently by a wind-borne branch—to see the old car, half her body carried away by a falling tree, her hood trailing behind her like the sea-anchor of a storm-broken brig.

"All in?" someone shouted. One had to shout to be heard above the gale.

"All in," agreed one of the brothers. For the first time on record his voice sounded miles away. The forest shook and roared, then seemed with one accord to come crashing to earth. "I reckon the old car's in sorry need of overhaul," he added.

"Come in and have some coffee."

"You bet!" They went in.

"Any more cases?" asked Alec.

"Five, I reckon. Berwick, the millionaire, was brought in last. He's ready to offer you half his fortune to take him out. Then there's another poor cove, his face smashed in by a fallen tree! You never saw such a sight, and he's suffering awful."

"We'd better go and have a look," said Douglas, so they went down to the Smithson House, and talked to the young doctor. They went from bed to bed. All the sufferers were ordinary miners, save Berwick the millionaire. "A thousand dollars, boys," he muttered weakly. "A thousand—if you get me out."

The man with the smashed face was not pleasant to look upon, and the young doctor could do nothing to relieve him.

"Pretty bad, isn't it?" said Douglas. "What about another trip, Alec?"

"I'm game. The wind's dropping, and the old car might just do it."

Douglas went over to the bed where the millionaire lay. "I'm sorry, partner," he said, "but we can't take you this trip. You see you were last in, and it's a case of each man as his turn falls. Do you get me?"

The millionaire looked up, and his eyes shone. He held out his hand. "I get you boy," he answered. "I'll wait my turn. Shake!" And they shook.

SO the Better 'Ole made her last trip, landed her last human consignment, but she never got back to Mattagama. Her driver evidently fell asleep, for he piled her up against a great boulder, and splintered her to matchwood.

"Alec," said Douglas, as having simultaneously taken a header through the wind screen they landed comfortably in the brushwood beyond, and prepared to sleep there. "did you ken the fellow we took out with the crumpled face?"

"Why sure. It was Thompson," was the simple answer.

THE millionaire did live—he lived to inscribe with his own hands a certain strange epitaph which may be read today on a great boulder of rock by the cambered and graded highroad which connects Mattagama with the full-blooded world to the south. It reads: "This boulder marks the resting place of The Better 'Ole, an old tin car which during the fever plague saved many good lives. The names of those who drove her are engraved on the memories of those she saved."

And, near by, a great pile of rusty iron is buried, the first of the Mattagama service, the pioneer, the forerunner, but not the last.



Clearly the old car was on her last legs, but at all events she would owe nothing to mankind

A Mere Matter of Honor

By
Thomas Forsyth-Hunter

THERE were the three of us—before we noticed the stranger—in the little smoking-room of the Koyukuk River boat, which was making its last down trip to the Yukon. There was Big Jim Ralston, seasoned trapper and prospector and arguer, who never believed anything unless he was the speaker; then there was Mild Kenelm, and as mild as his name—in some respects; and lastly, there was myself, humble adventurer and all around bum.

Somehow, as things do, the talk had switched from general topics to a strange discourse, that of what constituted loyalty and honour. Big Jim Ralston had just passed the somewhat hazy, but flat, statement, with his usual no-contradictory style and "I'm right" sort of way, that loyalty was being staunch to one's mate in any particular circumstance, and that honour was in seeing him safely through the difficulty.

I politely told him that as far as his two interpretations went, I couldn't see any similarity, and that I couldn't see his meaning anyway.

"Yuh can't—huh. Well, looka here. Yuh take two brothers, fer instance. If one brother gets int' trouble th' other brother sticks t' him as kin t' kin wid—helpin' him out, so t' say, an' fightin'—an' th' devil t' see him through, laughin' all law an' order t' chase themselves. Don't see—huh." Big Jim spat a stream of tobacco juice which narrowly missed my foot. Then Mild Kenelm inquired mildly what we were talking about anyway. Big Jim opened his lips, swallowed hard, twice—and didn't speak. For the stranger, who heretofore had slipped our notice, spoke up from the corner where he was slumped back in his seat.

"Loyalty—to an oath—it's the slogan of the North-west Mounted—greater than blood-ties in brotherhood." He finished in a half-whisper, scarcely audible to our ears, and we all looked in quick surprise to where the halted voice was proceeding from.

THROUGH the hovering blanket of tobacco smoke loomed a little figure—he might have been tall—buried to the chin in a parka. He looked dirty, but perhaps it was the six months' beard on his cheeks—and he looked seventy. I had a recollection of having seen him when he got on the boat, and I had stared, perhaps rudely, for the rugged, scabbed, beaten face had attracted my attention; besides, the face was old, so old, while the body looked so young and straight; his step sprightly; but in his eyes there flickered a dullness, a lifelessness, and something deeper—an indefinable something. I decided he was a man who had spent the greater part of his life in the Northland—more than was good for one—and was not used to much else than the great silent places, where, if one stays too long the face gets old, and the body stays young—the last if one wants to live.

"Well stranger," spoke Big Jim Ralston, "seein' yuh spoke, what's the verdict?"

"I only offered a mild sentiment, my friend. I may add, as I was listening—unintentionally, of course—that you are partly disillusioned—to put it inoffensively—and scarcely explicit." His speech, though halted, did not convey any signs of age, and in it rang a culture which seemed out of place in such drab surroundings, and out of place with himself.

"Huh—disillusioned. Well, what yuh got t' say?"

The stranger smiled, a sad, wistful smile.

"You appear suspicious, my friend. But, never mind. If I heard right you implied that genuine kinship, blood ties, friendships were alliances nothing could sever—not even oath of fidelity to—say, some public office," he finished soothingly.

Big Jim wrinkled his brows. I knew it was beyond him. I spoke to the stranger:

"My friend and myself don't understand you, partner."

"Ah, I will have to make my meaning clearer. May I ask you—what is the distinguished, world-famed slogan of the Royal North-west Mounted Police?"

"You may," I answered; "an' I answer, 'get your man.'"

"Only half of it. The other half is: 'or don't come back.' And if a Mounty doesn't get his man—what's the reason?"

I shook my head.

"Death—of the hunted."

"I see," I spoke; but I was far from seeing. Big Jim Ralston was gaping helplessly at the stranger in the corner, and Mild Kenelm was blinking owlishly through his spectacles.

"Honour, my friend," said the stranger, looking at Big Jim, "is something deeper, more profound than the—ah—explanation you give. And loyalty—a consort of honour—is not only the—ah—magnanimity which binds one to the other—whether the other be right or wrong—but is something different—such as adherence to duty, the pursuing of that duty, and the termination of that duty—whether the target aimed at is a brother, a father, or an uncle. But I perceive that my illustration is groping in a fog. It is hard to explain. But perhaps—" He paused for the moment, and his eyes swerved from Big Jim's face to Kenelm's and mine in turn, then switched to the floor. In his eyes there still flickered the dullness and lifelessness, and there was something else which had not been there before. Perhaps he was only pulling back the years.

"—and my meaning may be better understood," he was saying, "by the little story I am going to tell."

INSPECTOR GOLDPHIT sat at his desk, eyeing the man before him sternly from beneath his shaggy eyebrows.

"A trip for you, my boy—but I hope not a hard one."

The tall figure in scarlet nodded his head.

"What's he wanted for, sir?"

"Killing an Indian. The Indian had gold. We've got a clear case right enough. The Indian's squaw struggled with him. He got away. Left a part of his gear. Inside a wallet with a couple of loose letters was a photo. I presume it is a picture of himself. It tallies with the squaw's description. Apparently the letters are from his folk at home for they're signed: 'Mother.' We don't know his last name, for there are no envelopes. His first name is Jim. There's nothing in the letters. Just the way mothers talk, you know. But apparently there is a brother of his

out here that he was to go and see. It's a dirty shame. But it's the way the North gets the weaklings. The letters happen to be in my room. You won't need to see them. But that doesn't matter. He's rather a young chap. I guess that's about all. Here's his picture."

The inspector drew from a drawer a square piece of soiled cardboard. He held it up for the other's inspection.

"There's your man."

The Mounty seemed scarcely to breathe at all as his eyes became glued on the picture. His eyes shut, then opened, as if hoping that when his eyes opened the picture would have faded, and its place taken by another. But the same picture was there, held in the inspector's hand, and it seemed to hold some deep fascination for him as he stared at the young, handsome, but weak, face; then, suddenly, he appeared tired.

No, he didn't need to see the letters!

"There's no—mistake, sir?" He seemed to hang on the inspector's words, hoping that the stern lips would say there was, yet knowing that it was not so.

"Mistake?" The eyebrows lifted in inquiry. "There's no mistake. Why, what's the matter?"

"No—nothing, sir. I thought—" The tired shoulders suddenly stiffened, straightened, and he stood to attention, but the youthful light on his face had gone.

"You know the code, Elgbert," said the inspector, significantly. "Now—get your man! He hasn't had much of a start. As far as we can figure he's making due west, over the mountains. Right, Elgbert. Good luck."

The Mounty saluted, and went out.

HOURS later, as he was speeding over the snow, Elgbert hadn't yet quite grasped things. Many things were twisted together in his head. One thing he knew, and that was that Inspector Goldphit had detailed him to bring back a man—and that man must be got! It was the accepted code of the North-west Mounted; and, incidentally, those who failed had no desire to come back. It was best not to.

Bit by bit things straightened themselves out in his head, perhaps helped by the cold lash of a north-east wind. It was rotten luck. Why couldn't the inspector have detailed someone else. But, perhaps, it was best this way. And his lips tightened and his eyes grew hard.

He knew that Jim had been contemplating a trip North to the diggings. He had always been a wild, impulsive boy—and a weakling. Elgbert hated the last word, but it was true, lucidly true. Back in the old home town many gray hairs had been added to the old lady's head through the boy's many escapades. Then Hugh Elgbert had joined the force and gone North. And Jim, with the gold lust in his veins, contemplated making the trip. Hugh had received a letter advising him of Jim's departure. And he had heard no more—until now. In his eyes was a vision of an old lady, grown old before her time, whose last letter to him had been one of solicitude for Jim's planned trip. Well, it couldn't be helped. But—the boy!

From the Post Hugh had driven his dogs hard. He used no caressing hand now, no honey-filled words. He was a hard, cold, relentless man, his caress a lash, his soft-spoken words changed to curses.

In front of him was a great, bare stretch of ice-covered river. The wind was rushing over that open space, whining, slow and low, and shrieking as it lashed the corners of the banks, and whistling shrilly as it clutched the arms of the flanking pine and poplar.

The dogs balked as they neared the wind-swept ice. But Elgbert lashed them into quick motion, and they went over. As the whirling wind caught him he hid his face in the folds of his parka. Mad, frenzied, the team swiftly neared the opposite shore; but they were about spent with their struggle, so gaining a small cave on the other side Elgbert made

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The Power of the Press

"WHAT'S doing?"

Morley, hotel reporter for the Northtown Evening Journal, dropped into a big rotunda chair beside that of the questioned one.

"Not a thing," replied Brome. "I haven't anything legitimate in view for tomorrow; and my brain's run dry for fakes. How about yourself?"

Brome was on the same run for the Evening Herald. They sat in silence for a moment, Brome's eyes fixed upon the big rug that adorned the centre of the spacious rotunda of the Royal Edward Hotel.

It was late afternoon, and both men, having turned in their "copy," were holding their second regular meeting of the day. They had held similar runs for opposing papers for five years now. And five years on the same news beat in a western city of seventy-five thousand population tends to get a man into a rut, to warp his perspective, making him less eager in his search for news.

Both men had been thus affected. So much so, that in the last couple of years, on days when news was scarce, instead of digging the harder for fresh food for the linotypes, they had come to resort to cleverly concocted fake stories, a long series of which had been passed by the "city desk" without discovery or suspicion.

Occasionally, for the sake of making their work more genuine of appearance, and by mutual consent, one "scooped" the other on one of these fakes, to be "scooped" in turn at a later date, by which proceeding paving the way for a continuation of this labor-saving practice.

THE day had been a bad one for both reporters, and so for a long time they sat in silence, each busy with his own thoughts, while from all around them the familiar sounds of a big hotel came to their ears; sounds that from this very long familiarity had come to pass unnoticed.

"Say," Brome finally broke the silence, "that new clerk over at the Arlington nearly got me into trouble."

Morley looked up, interested, his eyes questioning.

"You remember that mining story we wrote the day before yesterday?" Brome continued—"that supposed interview with a guest at that hotel?"

Morley nodded.

"Well," Brome went on, "you remember, after we agreed on the man's name I went over and registered him. But I forgot there was a new clerk. And I guess old Charley when he turned his job over to his successor didn't think it necessary to explain to him our little practice. Well, anyway, after the story appeared, it seems the man who runs our weekly mining column got interested in it. You remember we pulled something about a strange rock formation being found by this party which really should not have been in these parts according to ordinary geological rules; that stuff we clipped out of the last government report on mines."

Morley nodded, amused enlightenment in his eyes.

"Well," Brome went on, "our mining editor phones over to the hotel. I guess to arrange an appointment for himself. Mr. New Clerk answers the phone. 'Yes,' he says, 'someone registered by that name, but he never stopped here.' Of course Dunkley, our mining man, was wise right away. Now if Charley had been on the job he'd have squared it by saying the guest had checked out. Dunkley's a good scout, though. He called me aside last night and asked me how I came to know so much about rock formation. Then he went on to say he thought of calling my ability along this line to the news editor's attention: but wound up by saying he wouldn't this time. But that means no more prospecting or mining for me in our columns, and with all this wilderness country to the back of us to draw on it's a shame." Brome concluded regretfully.

MORLEY grinned appreciatively. "Yes," he agreed, "we'll have to be careful. Now I nearly had a slip-up on that Russian girl story. But I guess I told you about it. No? I thought I did. It was this way: After we had her arriving here destitute, only to find her brother, Nikola, whom she had come to join, had been drowned while out fishing months before, we closed the story. That's where we made a mistake. For the Associated Press man thought so well of the story that he sent it out in

By Francis Dickie

full, with the result that the Russian consul at Southtown reads the story next morning at breakfast. He straightaway gets worked up about it and wired our news editor for particulars about the girl, and that he, as head of some Russian society, stands ready to wire funds for her return to Russia. His nibs on the desk grabs me first thing when I show up at the office. Of course, I said I'd look her up and convey the news. Then I beat it, wondering what to do. After I'd walked around a couple of blocks and was just beginning to think I was up against it, I remembered old Max Adler of the Savoy. He'd been a party to so many of our fakes, and I saw a way to save my face with his assistance. I told him my idea, and would he help me out. He was tickled to death, particularly as I was making him out a saviour of distressed maidenhood. So he does as I told him: 'phoned the news editor that he was looking after the girl, and she was accepting a job at the hotel, and that after having told her of the consul's offer, she thought she would rather remain in Northtown."

Brome nodded his approval at this clever solving of the dilemma.

For some minutes the two talked desultorily, then Brome switched the conversation.

"I'll tell you, Morley, I've had a big proposition put to me. The man's been after me for several days about it, but I've been afraid to spring it on you, for, even if you are a faker, you're a conservative one, and this is beyond anything we've ever thought of before."

For the next five minutes he talked low and eagerly, and, finishing, sat back, looking inquiringly at Morley.

With a slow grin at the audacity of the plan, Morley shook his head. "It's too strong, I tell you. It'll never get by in this wide world. I wouldn't even attempt it. Why, man, nobody ever thought of oil in this country."

Brome heard him out, then raised a deprecating hand.

"That's where I think you're wrong. You've been in the game long enough to know that seventy-five per cent. of the reading public will believe anything set forth in a reputable newspaper, provided it is dished up in the right way."

For perhaps half an hour Brome continued his arguments in favor of the new story, but for once Morley was strangely backward, and, as they parted, Brome rapped out, a little disgustedly: "Well, all right old timer, I'll go it alone, and you just see if I don't get results."

THE following day in the news columns of the Herald there appeared a short hotel story in which was announced the arrival of Mr. Morton Lisgard, a southern oil expert, and his intention of investigating the country near the city in the belief that the district was petroleum-bearing territory.

It was a very small item tucked away on an inside page. But on the front page of the Herald a week later there appeared the following story: "Morton Lisgard, a well known oil expert, after having spent some time in the White Deer district, fifty miles north of the city, returned yesterday afternoon, but refused to be interviewed. Before leaving last week, Mr. Lisgard talked quite freely of his trip, and then informed his interviewer that he would give a detailed report of his findings on his return. But yesterday he refused even to be seen. A visit to the land office, however, reveals the fact that fourteen square miles

of territory has been blanketed, various parties filing on the oil rights. This can spell but one thing, oil, and oil in big quantities."

This story, with heavy-leaded, two-column head, and front page position, set Northtown talking. The following day the Journal sprang into the fray with a seven-column head, and a half-page of statements from old-timers, strata experts, and prospectors, all of whom scouted the idea of oil being found in the region.

Twenty minutes after the Journal's last edition containing this story had found its way to the editorial rooms of the Herald, Brome was in conference with Daly, the city editor.

"It's like this," Daly said, "we want to know we're right before we go ahead. The Herald's twenty years of established reputation with the people for integrity must be guarded carefully."

Brome nodded.

"The only thing I can see is to get after this man Lisgard and make him come through with some unquestionable evidence."

Hardly had he finished speaking when the telephone bell at his elbow rang. Brome took up the receiver.

"Just a moment," he said, after having listened for several moments. "It's Lisgard," he said, covering the mouth piece with his hand, and turning to Daly. "He says, that he intended not to say any more about this oil question for the present, after the startling things that have developed in connection with the field, but with the Journal coming out like it did tonight, he's got to jump into the limelight. He wants us to run an interview with him. Says he'll give us all the facts about the district, and also he wants to post us with a thousand dollars to be forfeited to any local charity if he does not within the next few months prove by absolute oil samples that the district is rich in petroleum." Brome looked inquiringly at Daly.

"Tell him all right, and you go right over and get the story."

TEN minutes later, Brome dropped with a contented sigh into a big soft chair in Mr. Lisgard's room. In another was Mr. Morton Lisgard.

"Everything's going fine," Brome remarked enthusiastically. "Your 'phone message couldn't have come in better time. The news editor and I were discussing the oil question when you rang in. Oh, it's stirred up all right, all right!"

Mr. Morton Lisgard smiled quietly. "Yes, you have done very well. The possibilities of striking oil in this district are very great."



"Harp Strings of the Wind"
(At Lake Louise)

—Dan McCowan

Not getting the double meaning of the words, Brome eyed the man a little wonderingly. "Well," he remarked, "whether you bring in a gusher or not has nothing to do with my end of it. What I came over here this afternoon for was my bit up to date."

"I'm afraid you're hopeless," Mr. Morton Lisgard sighed. "You mean the advance for advertising through the news columns."

"Call it what you like," Brome grinned as he pocketed two one hundred dollar notes. "Phone me when you want anything more," he threw back as he approached the door.

"All right; and try and get my interview in word for word as I've written it," Mr. Morton Lisgard added as an afterthought to the hastily departing reporter.

The afternoon following Brome's visit to the hotel, Mr. Lisgard's interview appeared upon the front page of the Herald. In it he went fully into the oil question from all sides, pointing out that well known world authorities had marked the district in the vicinity of Northtown as possibly being oil-bearing territory. To substantiate this, the interview was accompanied by an oil map of the world as made by no less an authority than Sir Roverton Bedwood. On this map outlined in red were the spots where oil had already been discovered. Also were given districts which geological study showed as promising. And clearly outlined among the latter was the country around Northtown.

"But"—Mr. Lisgard was here quoted in closing the article—"the only way to prove that oil in paying quantities exists in this territory is to bore for it. Geological surveys show the country to be undoubtedly in a petroleum-bearing area, and with this to go on and my own knowledge gained from a recent visit, I can only say a fortune awaits the successful driller. I have every faith in it myself, so much so that I have organized a company to investigate the field. It will be known as the Atlas Pioneer Petroleum Products Company. Most of the development work will be met by me out of my own pocket; but a limited number of shares in it will be offered to the public."

THE stock of the Atlas Pioneer Petroleum Products Company appeared upon the market a few days later, and both the Herald and the Journal carried full page advertisements of it. The new company opened up spacious offices in a down-town block upon the main street. Here par value ten dollar shares were started at a dollar. So quickly were they snapped up that in twenty-four hours the price had advanced to five, and the greater part of the first ten thousand issue went at this price.

Meanwhile oil leases on all the territory within twenty square miles of the A.P.P.P. Company's holdings were taken out. Under the Herald's steady fire of oil stories, interest increased so much that the A.P.P.P. made a second issue of ten thousand shares. This, however, sold more slowly. Less than a quarter of it had been disposed of within ten days of its placing on the market. In consequence, Mr. Morton Lisgard held a hurried conference with Brome, with the result that next day the Herald announced that emissaries of the Handard Oil Company, in the persons of Messrs. Blondell, Crane and Cunningham, had arrived in Northtown.

The editorial writer of the Herald, a gentleman with a personal hatred of all big interests, seized up Brome's story to write editorially the following day: "The great octopus company, evidently fearing a big strike, has sent its emissaries doubtless in an endeavor to gobble up the field."

Before this paper had reached the street, Mr. Blondell, on behalf of himself, Crane and Cunningham, telephoned the editor vehemently denying they had any connection with the Handard Oil company. The next day interviews were printed with each of them. In these the gentlemen denied most emphatically having any connection with the Handard Oil Company, and stated their visit to Northtown, while in connection with oil matters, was of a purely private nature.

THREE days later, Mr. Morton Lisgard again broke into the front page of the Herald by way of an interview in which he insisted that Messrs. Blondell, Crane and Cunningham were representatives of the Oil Trust. "These men," the Herald quoted Mr. Lisgard, "after many days of diplomatic manoeuvre approached me with a proposition to buy a controlling interest in the A.P.P.P. Company, which, of course, with the interests of the stockholders in mind, I refused."

Many of the small stockholders, according to a later story in the Herald, had been approached by unknown parties with offers of from one to two dollars above par value for their stock; but, with Mr. Lisgard's story as printed in the Herald to guide them, had refused to sell.

Then the Journal, the columns of which had remained closed to all oil stories following its first discrediting the possibility of oil being found in the Northtown district, came out with a biting editorial. In it, it warned the public against trusts in general, particularly cautioning holders of local stock against selling out. Said the Journal: "There seems every reason to believe that if any big company, already supplying oil in large quantities to the entire world,

secures control of the Northtown field they might close it indefinitely in order to maintain existing prices, made possible by their practical monopoly of producing wells. Thus the district would not be developed until such time as the company had secured all existing stocks and leaseholds and found themselves in need of new wells. The freezing out of little shareholders had always been a practice in such undertakings."

Within a few days of this every share of the A.P.P.P. Company's stock was sold at par price of five dollars per share. This stock the company sold only to persons proving themselves bona-fide residents of the district.

A quieter week followed, a week of inaction. Then the Herald announced the leaving of Mr. Morton Lisgard for New York City, to procure drilling outfits which would cost in the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars.

So the oil storm which had gripped the city and filled the papers, died down pending the return of Mr. Morton Lisgard with the necessary tools to develop the field.

WHEN four weeks had passed and no word had been received, a wave of uneasiness crept over the small stockholders, resulting finally in a visit two weeks later to the manager of the United Bank, where reposed the company's funds. In answer to their questioning they learned that the balance on deposit in favor of the A.P.P.P. Company was thirty-three dollars and ten cents. Two drafts, he explained, for fifteen thousand and twenty-two thousand dollars respectively in favor of the Rock Sand Drilling Company of New York City had been honored some time previously. The drafts, being signed by the President, Mr. Morton Lisgard, had, of course, been promptly honored.

Twenty dollars expended by the delegation for night wires to the district attorney of the eastern metropolis brought the information that the Rock Sand Drilling Company had opened an office in a down-town block some time previously, but after a week's time this had closed up, and the firm's members disappeared. Upon receipt of this, realizing that they were stung, a fierce and hostile crowd of stockholders nominated five of their members to represent them. As the Journal had been at first openly opposed to the oil promotion, and at all times conservative regarding the possibilities of the field, the five delegates called upon the managing editor for a conference, desiring to have this paper's continued support in any action they might take.

Reporter Morley was busy pounding out the day's hotel news when the delegation marched into the managing editor's office. From his desk almost touching against the thin walls of the managing editor's room, Morley, catching the first scraps of conversation, ceased his pounding and listened.

"It seems to me that one of the best things to do," he heard one of the party remark after considerable debate, "would be to get the Herald reporter who wrote all those stories—for it seems a certainty now in view of all that's happened that he must have been working with Lisgard—and put him under arrest, charged with aiding and abetting a fraud, and hold him there. Perhaps he'll talk. Anyway, we can hold him for awhile and put a couple of good detectives on the trail of Mr. Morton Lisgard. I think it can be done."

"I think you have sufficient grounds to have the reporter arrested," came the voice of the managing editor in agreement. "The chief of police is a pretty good friend of mine. I'll just phone him and have him come up and we'll talk it over."

MORLEY waited for no more. Glancing at the clock he noted it was just two-thirty. There was every chance of finding Brome in the rotunda of the Royal Edward Hotel, his favorite haunt, for, his paper not going to press until about four-thirty, Brome, after turning in his earlier stories, generally hung around the Royal Edward on the lookout for late arrivals off the three o'clock train.

Throwing on his hat, Morley went down the steps three at a time, and swung on board a passing south-bound car. Ten minutes later, rushing into the rotunda of the Royal Edward, he saw Brome at the farther end of the rotunda in conversation with the telephone operator. Reaching him, excited, out of breath, Morley grasped his arm and hurried him to a quiet corner.

"It's all off!" he gasped. "They're onto you bigger 'n a house. Right now the chief of police is there with some of the stockholders and they're going to slough you."

"Say, what's the matter with you!" Brome growled out, suspecting for a moment some practical joke. Then, seeing the fear in his friend's eyes, he grew grave. "What's up?"

"Why, the directors have just found out that every cent of the A.P.P.P.'s money has been drawn out in favor of some fake company in New York, and naturally they're looking for blood. They've connected you up with the thing, and are going to try and make you the fall guy. I just got scraps of the conversation in the manager's office. You haven't got any time to lose. Grab what money you've got and beat it. There isn't a train out until tonight, but I'll phone Vardon's garage and order a car for

you. You can make the C.&N. line at Carmose, and be over the border before they wake up to the fact that you're gone."

"Good Lord," Brome groaned, "I haven't got but two dollars on me."

"Well, they'll cash your check here," Morley suggested.

Brome shook his head. "Maybe a small one; but I've got three thousand dollars in the bank which I daren't leave now. It's a cinch the proprietor here, well as he knows me, won't cash my check for that much."

"Say, that's a lot of money for a thirty-five-a-week reporter to have!" Morley snapped, suddenly gripped with jealousy and anger at himself for his recent refusal to go in on the oil promotion, which undoubtedly had brought this large sum to one he had long known as an impecunious reporter. Then, loyalty to his friend returning, he suggested: "I'll tell you what you do. You cash one for four hundred here. Give them a rush about mother dying in the East, if necessary. Make out eight others for from two to four hundred each, spread them around the hotels where you're known. They're good. You're not committing any crime in drawing out your own money."

"It's the only thing to do," Brome agreed. "It'll take a little time, but I've gotta run the risk, rather than leave here without the money. I certainly wasn't expecting any turn like this."

Forty-five minutes later, goggle-eyed, and with hat pulled well down, Brome was seated beside the driver of a big touring car that went tearing off the miles lying between Northtown and Carmose on the C.&N. railway.

And back in Northtown there waited in the editorial rooms of the Herald and before the door of Brome's domicile two plain clothes men.

CHAPTER II

THE locomotive whistled, announcing the approach of Northtown. The head brakeman, in ordinary street clothes, now that the run was nearly ended, came swinging through the train calling loudly the nearing town. Listening to the long reverberating shriek of the mogul and the voice of the passing brakeman, Brome was suddenly elated. It was only momentary. Quickly following came a sharp spasm of melancholy and doubt.

Outside, the darkness was beginning to blur the landscape. Gazing out upon the sombre interminable plain flashing by, Brome wondered if he had been wise in coming back to this little city. A week previously, after a three years' sojourn in foreign parts, a strange homesickness for Northtown had gripped him. Yielding to the longing to see once more the big northland city, the place in which he had spent so many happy years, and the spell of which had been often upon him during the years of his travelling, Brome had taken the train and crossed the continent. During the trip his thoughts had been filled with happy memories of his years of service on the Herald. But now that the trip was almost ended and he was once more about to alight at Northtown, he wondered if three years' absence was sufficient time to make him forgotten. He had depended upon this. But in this very fact was bitterness, for his past deed forbade him the renewing of all old acquaintances and the return to places which past association now made so dear.

The cars rattled over a switch frog, flanges grating noisily. A red switch-stand light flashed by, then another, and then, farther back, glowed the myriad white specks of the city's electric lights. In them Brome saw outlined a skeleton map of the big frontier town which he had loved so well. He had always hated entering any place at night. Now the darkness, the driving smoke of the long, cluttered division yard, the clang and toot of many pard engines, the intermittently flashing lights, and the protesting of the slowing wheels in the trucks below, all tended to depress him. Instead of the pleasurable emotion usual to one returning to a loved spot after a long absence, Brome felt strangely alone, friendless, without a home. The charm of the city vanished with its nearness. It came upon him with a sense of pain that the past cannot be had again.

A depot scene met his eye which was almost unchanged from others he had witnessed hundreds of times in the past. Alighting, he hurried, grip in hand, down the short street that led from the depot to the main thoroughfare.

REACHING this he became aware of a strange bustle, an unwonted stir, foreign to the budding city of his memory. Half a block ahead he saw a crowd gathered in front of a building gazing upon a great board lighted by a huge electric arc. From the wide doorway of this men came hurrying, while others entered, something ant-like in their rushing moments.

Moved by an ever-existing curiosity gained through long years of reporting, Brome quickened his steps.

"I beg your pardon!" A man walking rapidly, head down, his hands full of papers, had run into him.

Brome accepted the apology. Then, as the man was about to pass on: "Say, what's all the excitement about?"

Hearing the question, the man turned sharply. "Oil," he said.

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Back to Mrs. Methusaleh

By Berenice Bouck

IT was Dad's birthday. On his birthday Dad always left the office for good at one o'clock, and it was that hour now. In the Middleton family natal days were observed with all due éclat and then some, and Dad didn't feel in the least apologetic in putting on his hat and walking out on the staff. Pleasant anticipations filled his mind, for ultra-modern and selfishly preoccupied as his family undoubtedly was, he felt sure that that new set of golf clubs as well as a box of cigars of his favorite brand and a few other little "surprises" awaited him at home. It should be explained that the family's rising hour, or hours, varied to such an extent that birthday gifts were seldom given before noon.

As Dad stepped out into the street he received his first surprise—and it was a genuine one. Instead of the family car, an old phaeton stood at the curb from the seat of which the Middleton's man Haines looked obliquely down at him, touching his cap. There was that in Haines' face that made Dad think of a dog with a tin can tied to its tail.

"What's the—" began Dad, looking from the vehicle to the man and back. "What's happened to the car?"

"Nothing, sir. It was Mrs. Middleton's orders that I was to call for you with this," was the answer.

"But—but good gosh man, does she expect me to ride around town in this—this freak? It's—it's—"

"I presume so, sir."

"It's preposterous!"

"Yes, sir."

"Take it back to the livery at once!"

"Mrs. Middleton said you would probably raise some objection, sir." Haines made no move to drive away.

"I suppose those girls have the car out!"

"The young ladies are both at home, sir."

"Oh, they are, are they? Well, it's the first time in a blue moon!" Dad glanced at the horses. "What are those animals like? Couple of old plugs?"

"No, sir. They step fairly high. I—ahem—I could take all the back streets, sir."

Dad wavered. He cast an uneasy glance around, saw that no acquaintance was nigh—and suddenly made up his mind.

"All right, Haines," he said, and stepped gingerly into the ancient equipage.

He pulled his hat down over his eyes and erected the evening paper before him. The gentle, teetery motion was not unpleasant and the "clap clap" of the horses' hoofs was a novelty he rather liked. The phaeton had had a rubbing up, and while not shiny, was fairly respectable as to paint and polish. After a while he pushed his hat up and reconnoitred. He remembered that the governor-general used a phaeton quite frequently.

"Haines!" he called.

"Yes, sir."

"You may go home the usual way."

The back of Haines' head couldn't register his feelings, but protest was writ large on his open face. On the last lap of the journey he applied the whip continuously and Dad was whirled up his own driveway with the flourish and empressment of a lord mayor arriving at a state function.

DAD had two flapper daughters. The younger of these awaited him on the steps. Usually Babs flew at him and nearly strangled him, then coolly searched his pockets. Today she merely offered her cheek.

"Whassamatter? Sick?" he demanded.

"Sick? Why no, father!" she returned gently.

He looked at her in surprise. She always called him "daddy."

"What makes you so pale, then?"

"Am I pale?"

"Well—not exactly pale, but you haven't any color!"

"No," she agreed. "I didn't put any on."

She linked an arm demurely in his and they passed into the house. But he continued to regard her in a puzzled way.

"You girls staging a benefit performance?" he wanted to know, observing now in detail what he had merely noticed casually before, that she was dressed in a flounced gown of some light, flowered material, the skirt of which all but swept the floor. The sleeves were long and the neck high. Her hair, too, had undergone a subtle change—he couldn't say what. It was "skinned back" from her face and rolled in a lump at the rear. The pretty bob was as though it had never been.

Another strangely-transformed daughter now floated into the room. This was the Diana-like Jean, garbed similarly to her sister.



"You girls staging a benefit performance?" he wanted to know.

"Good afternoon, father," she said, pecking at him and then standing off with loosely-clasped hands and downcast eyes.

"What's the idea of all this 'father' stuff?" Dad grunted. "And where's your mother?"

"Dear mother's a trifle fatigued and is resting," answered Jean primly.

"Fatigued! What do you mean, fatigued! At one-thirty in the day? What's she been doing?"

"Cooking," said the girls together.

"Cooking!" he regarded his offspring in amazement.

"Have you forgotten," asked Jean, archly, "that this is your birthday?"

"What of it?" asked Dad gruffly, as he changed into his slippers.

"You're going to have the wonderfulest dinner!" chortled Babs, unable to restrain herself. She sprang to a seat on the arm of Dad's chair.

"Barbara!" chided her sister. "Such grammar! And pray do not perch on a chair arm. There are plenty of chairs."

Babs pouted a moment, then meekly sought a chair. She smoothed out her skirts, crossed her ankles decorously and adopted a prunes-and-prisms expression.

"It's lunch I'm more interested in now," Dad remarked. He marvelled somewhat that mother should have decided on a home dinner. Birthday dinners in the Middleton family were invariably taken at a hotel.

"Here's mother," said Babs, as a rustle was heard from the stairs. Jean winked at her sister over Dad's shoulder.

Dad rose, but at sight of mother sank into his seat again.

"You, too!" he murmured, feebly. "And with the addition of a bustle!"

"Father, pray do not be indelicate!" Jean said, casting her eyes down.

"What is this anyway?" cried Dad. "All taking part in amateur theatricals, or what?"

Jean looked inquiringly at mother, who nodded back.

"Da—I mean father," she began. "Do you remember what you were wishing for only last night? Well, you're going to have it for the rest of this day!" She wagged a dainty finger at him.

"You bet you are!" cried the impulsive Babs, then catching the mock horror of her sister's face she bit her lip.

"Wh—what I was wishing for?" repeated Dad. "I don't remember—"

"You were wishing," said Jean, slowly and emphatically "that instead of two fool flappers—yes, you said just that!—you had daughters like the girls of mother's and grandmother's day! You even criticized mother a little. You stormed away about bobbed hair—"

"And rouge," put in Babs.

"—And short skirts."

"And clubs and bridge parties."

"—And cigarettes and rolled socks."

"And all-night dancing."

"—And lack of filial respect."

"And slang and lipsticks."

"—And parents having no control any more."

"And the movies."

"—And girls not being any use with the needle or at cooking nowadays."

"And excitement-eating."

"—And jazz."

"And plucked eyebrows and silk stockings—"

"And there's the lunch bell," mother put in calmly. "Come, father."

"—And father, while I think, you're dead right about some of the things—" Babs went on.

"All right—all right," Dad sighed. "And as a punishment I'm to live through the Victorian era all afternoon!"

"And evening," said Jean, as they all sat down.

"What! Why, we're going to the theatre tonight!"

"Indeed we're not!" said mother. "You and Colonel Jones are going to play chess and the girls and I will embroider or sew. Then Jean will play 'The Maiden's Prayer' for us—"

"And I'll sing 'Just a Song at Twilight,'" said Babs, with inspiration.

"Play chess!" Dad howled. "What in—"

"Father, pray do not shout so!" said Jean, with a pained expression.

"—And then we'll have family prayers and go to bed—I mean retire—at nine o'clock," mother concluded.

Dad was all of a minute getting this. Then:

"Ye gods!" he said, and fell to eating. "So that," he said to himself, "was what the phaeton meant!"

"It's going to be an awful strain," Babs remarked. "You must help us all you can, father dear. You see, Jean and I have to keep remembering that we're only clinging vines, and not to show more than the toes of our slippers and that we mustn't exhibit the least intelligence when talking to a man and that we must use only Victorianese and act fearfully shocked at many things and read Jane Austen—I took her down from the shelf purposely—and—and it's going to be as hard on us as on you!"

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The Ghost of Blue Canyon

DOCTOR NORTH arrived early on the following Sunday with a fine string of fish he'd caught the evening before. He stayed all day and

was very entertaining. Accompanied only by the phonograph we sang many old songs and I found that he had a glorious baritone. The bell rang that night and the parrot scolded and muttered. I stuffed cotton wool in my ears and slept the sleep of the pure in heart.

On Monday Doctor North brought me the supplies that had been ordered for the teacher. He took away my letter to Babs to post at the train and on Thursday he called again to chop some wood for me. He said people were healthy and time hung heavily.

On Saturday we took a lunch and went berrying down the trail. We heard the spook bell suddenly as we were returning by way of the cedars. Plainly the monotonous clangor came from a thick poplar bluff adjacent and not over five hundred yards away. We both stopped, and listened in a kind of fascinated awe.

"Couldn't we go through that bluff?" I suggested eagerly.

"If we had rubber waders. It's surrounded by swamp," he answered.

A brisk breeze was ruffling the poplars so that an incessant shadow seemed to darken and lift again across the silvery-green mass. I watched them, puzzled, piqued, baffled quite. The same breeze ruffled my companion's brown hair so that a tuft of it like a burnished wing fell over his brow and kept him occupied in shaking it back. Sometimes I caught him watching me in an odd way as though he were wondering if my courage were genuine or only assumed in order to impress him. Little did he guess how often in my lonely shack in the dead of night—but then of course I never did pose as a heroine! Sometimes the look he gave me sent a warm thrill through all my being, it said so much more than his lips ever did. I'd been made love to heaps of times but never before in this silent way.

That evening in the cool fragrance under the friendly stars he told me he'd been five weeks without coughing. And I went back to the cabin after calling out good-byes for ten minutes and (as was our habit) until the echoes confounded the real cries—and sent an order to the city (I had my cheque-book with me) for some things. Topping the list were rubber waders.

A letter from Babs at the end of another week. The little Nova Scotian was there! More, she had made a big hit with everybody and with Donald McCann in particular. Anything might happen, Babs hinted. Don, who had been sweet on me, was hanging around, it seemed, like bad weather. Oh yes, Miss Smithson was getting enthusiastic about the West now. When the Bar Cross man had arrived at the railway he'd found her almost distracted. Would they send for me? Or was I serious about this school business?

Was I serious? Well, the chief trustee's praise perhaps had been a big factor in making me contented. I believe I've actually forgotten to say that both teacher and taught seemed highly satisfied. School carried on throughout the summer up here because of the irregularity and uncertainty of the teacher's tenure, and except for worrying about mother and her mid-Victorian prejudices, I was having a glorious time teaching those bright young towheads. They liked me, too. Going home I always had a knot of them with me as far as the dwarf cedars. Further than that

PART TWO

By Edith G. Bayne



"I never told Dr. North of the times in the dead of night when I trembled and shook in sheer terror of that bell!"

they wouldn't go on account of the bell. Their elders, whenever I chanced to meet them regarded me with awe and admiration, so that I began almost to feel Joan-of-Arc-ish living alone in my spook-defyingerie—only that, of course, I'm not made of the heroine stuff. A good deal of it was bravado, I'm afraid. Needless to say, I never told Doctor North of the times, in the dead of night, I trembled and shook in sheer terror of that bell.

THEN came our quarrel, which I may as well admit now was mostly my fault. The Doctor had brought the mail from the Crossing—it was merely thrown off the train, for Cliff Crossing is just a platform and a dog-house—and my parcel had arrived. Glee-fully I exhibited my rubber boots and before I'd had a chance to ask him to come with me to investigate that poplar bluff beyond the swamp he cut in and ordered me to stay away. He said God knew I was fearless enough to attempt anything, but that alone to that bluff I must not go. No place for a delicate girl, etc. All my Irish flared up and I defied him to stop me. I declared that I hadn't, to my knowledge, asked for his professional advice. Well, the end of the absurd thing was that we parted in a mutual huff. And, of course, as soon as my wrath simmered down I had a good, long, luxurious weep and felt deliciously miserable for a whole long day—for ten of them really, for it wasn't until ten days had dragged by that we met again.

He came up to the cabin in a hot hurry and afoot one dewy evening in July and I could see he was all business. He scarcely noticed Polly even, although she called out her most cordial greeting of "Hello, old dear!" supplemented by a series of blood-curdling whistles and adjurations to "skin a rabbit."

Mrs. Poldinsky is very sick," he said without preamble. "How soon can you be ready. Ten minutes?"

"But I'm no nurse! And who is Mrs. Poldinsky?" I expostulated.

"She's that deaf old woman that lives back of the bluff. That dashed bell you know—can't get a soul to pass the cedar swamp—she needs a woman's care—inflammatory rheumatism—getting near her heart, I'm afraid—bring candles and a bag of salt to heat and a can of condensed milk, also any other little comforts you can think of."

He panted all this out while I got into my sweater and began to gather up the articles he mentioned.

"Oh yes, and put on those rubber boots," he added. "Since the rain that swamp's a regular lake."

I can at least obey orders, I thought, and anyway it thrilled me rather to be called on like this even though I were a last resource!

THE old woman's shack was less than half a mile away and we walked rapidly, the doctor going ahead for the trail was rough and narrow. Once he turned and gave me two letters he had forgotten about and which he'd brought from the Crossing that morning. I crammed them into my pocket to read later. And once I so far forgot myself as to seize him by the elbow. It was when we were skirting the poplars. He stopped quickly and looked down at me, oddly, and as I didn't speak—we had spoken less than a dozen words between us—he went on again.

"Don't do that—please," he said in a labored way. "It makes me—it throws me off my balance here on this narrow ledge."

"Very well," I said calmly, and began to hum a little tune under my breath, determined to show him I wasn't a bit afraid of the old spook and could do without his arm or even his coat-tail, if need be.

Well, I stayed with Mrs. Poldinsky that night and all the next day which was

Saturday and all Sunday up till evening, sleeping a couple of hours at a time on two chairs with my sweater for a pillow. By Sunday she was much better and two women from the valley arrived via a roundabout route to look after her. The bell had commenced ringing on Sunday in the early afternoon. Doctor North came about dark, seemed highly satisfied with his patient's progress and asked me curtly if I were ready to start back.

We left the hut and set forth, by way of the swamp of course. There was a chill easterly wind and the moon was obscured from time to time by scudding clouds. From the poplars came the sinister clanging of the bell. The only other sound was the rhythmic slush-slush of our feet as we picked our precarious way across the marshland. Sometimes I would sink almost to my knees and then my companion, still aloof in manner would be obliged to make himself a human lift-lock.

HIS silence and abstraction hurt me—had been hurting me all these long days. I'd tried to be friendly but he simply didn't respond. We'd been such good pals that I felt some sort of explanation was owing me.

"Doctor North," I exclaimed at last. "I'm going to talk and you can go on sulking if you like! I can't stand this ghastly silence. It's too eerie to endure another minute!"

"I haven't any objection," he said in a restrained voice.

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Why shouldn't she be proud!

How a mother delights in keeping her children's clothes ready for critical eyes! Spick-and-span! So beautifully clean that people look twice in admiration.

If you want a new experience, watch how quickly, how easily, how safely Fels-Naptha brings back the original brightness to children's soiled dresses and rompers!

With Fels-Naptha you can get this same deep, sparkling cleanliness in all your wash—because it has **extra washing-value that you cannot get in any other form.** That's why nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!

There's a very good reason why Fels-Naptha gives you this *extra* washing help—why it cleans so thoroughly and quickly, yet so gently and safely. Fels-Naptha is splendid soap and naphtha—two safe, useful cleaners in one golden bar. By working together you can readily see how they help each other to do quicker work. Isn't this *extra* help worth a penny more a week? Cheaper in the end, anyway.

When you are convinced, you will want to tell your neighbors about Fels-Naptha. Women like to do each other a real kindness.

Millions of housewives wouldn't be without Fels-Naptha—not only for the weekly wash, but for general household cleaning.

Whether you do the washing yourself, or have it done for you, the *extra* helpfulness of Fels-Naptha is sure to be felt in your home! Get a bar or two from your grocer today, and share Fels-Naptha's benefits.

TEST the extra washing-value of Fels-Naptha. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is splendid soap and *naphtha*—two safe, useful cleaners in one golden bar, working together to save you work, and to save wear-and-tear on clothes. Isn't this *extra* help worth a penny more a week? It costs less in the end.



The original and genuine naphtha soap in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.



Naptha! You can tell by the smell

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. Boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you prefer. You are bound to get good results any way you use it. The real naphtha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot. Be sure to include Fels-Naptha in your camp kit this Summer. It makes short work of cleaning clothes and dishes.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Quaint Kitchen Cupboards

Have Character and Charm
By Sylvia Sims

WE hear and see so much nowadays, of the kitchen that is a laboratory, that we begin to think in terms of white enamel and shining metal—and we run some danger of concluding that "Since I can't have one of those scientific kitchens, I must just put up with mine as it is."

I should call that a dangerous conclusion, only when the kitchen is one of those drab, inconvenient, disheartening kitchens that did seem to have such a vogue for a time, however in the world they established it! I know many a kitchen that, sadly enough, has not been able to keep up with the times in the way of adding labor-saving equipment—but which is nevertheless a cheerful, charming workshop, with something of the lovable, homey quality of the old kitchens of England or France. If underlying the arrangement of this cheery type of kitchen there is a fair amount of housekeeping-sense, then the right pieces will neighbor each other, tackling each job, as it comes, in the chummy, shoulder-to-shoulder fashion that is the keynote of sound kitchen planning. This is one advantage which the most poverty-ridden kitchen can share with its most opulent kin.

There is also no great premium on beauty in the kitchen, and it is more particularly on this point that I am inclined to dwell at the moment. I think that the inclination to do so was born when I stepped into an old-fashioned kitchen a short time ago and lost my breath at the charm of it.

When I say an old-fashioned kitchen, I do not mean an awkward, difficult kitchen. On the contrary, it was quickly apparent that this kitchen was really a delightful spot to work in—as well as a charming spot to linger in for a restful half hour.

It was, in the first place, big—built on the generous scale favored by the builders of its time. Instead of bemoaning the resulting mileage, however, its gracious owner has turned every square foot to advantage.

Nothing could be more up-to-date than her compact "cooking corner." There, within easy reach of each other, were grouped the range, a set of shelves to hold pots and pans, a rack for their covers, a long, narrow work table covered with shining zinc—clean, heat-proof, easily wiped off. Its shape (it was over six feet long) was explained by the purposes it served. I have not mentioned that money is never plentiful in this country house, and the water system for which they are saving will only be installed this season. Meantime, a covered pail and dipper stand on a big metal tray at the end of the table nearest the pots and the stove. It is filled from a water barrel which stands on a raised platform with a door through which the barrel is lifted onto a light wagon in the morning and taken to the spring to be filled. It takes the man a matter of minutes and saves the mistress many a weary drag.

To return to the work table—at its right end, there are a number of covered containers of varying sizes, filled with the staples used in everyday cooking. A big enamelled flour tin dominates the more modest baking powder, corn-starch, flavorings, etc. Lard or honey pails, with handy push-down lids are used; each one has a blue-bordered label on its side (the kind that we buy all ready gummed at 10 cents the package), with the identity of its contents clearly written on it. Very effective is a group of big glass jars with fit-over nickel covers. These, I learned, were obtained from the tobacconist and the confectioner in town—they are originally filled with packages of chewing gum and when empty were sold by the dealer for a small price. Consorting happily with these were four handsome blue-and-white enamelled ware jars—straight-sided, broad mouthed



and labelled respectively: Cereal, Sugar, Tea, Coffee. These four, so much needed right at the range, were placed at the left, beside the water pail.

Next in line came the kitchen cupboard—and it is toward it that I have been progressing. It set the key for that whole delightful kitchen—formed a connecting link between the "work-corner" and the other parts of the kitchen to which I will come in a moment.

Getting Acquainted

By Sylvia Sims

WHEN the editor of this magazine sent me word that I was reckoned a member of the Western Home Monthly family and that therefore some space would be given to my "career" in a forthcoming issue, I felt a bit as I expect to feel when St. Peter casts an appraising eye over my past. When one is busily living today and anticipating tomorrow, yesterday is not given a great deal of thought. But to be suddenly faced by all one's yesterdays—that is rather appalling!

My yesterdays have, probably because I am Irish, represented more than anything else a series of enthusiasms. The one of these which is most directly responsible for this present moment of retrospect, was an early hankering for a writer's career. At Toronto University, I specialized, without saying much about the "why" of doing so, on those subjects which I hoped might later help me to find the rather elusive journalistic pathway. After a little post-graduate work abroad, I decided to work on the history of Canadian journalism for my Master's Degree. Suddenly, contemporary journalism began to seem much more fascinating than the material in the libraries and the government archives. So I went to see my first editor.

That he was kind is doubtless another reason that I am now gazing into my checkered past. My enthusiasm for editors and editing grew; so I served my apprenticeship, edged in as a department editor and one day, to my vast surprise, became editor-in-chief of a woman's publication.

Then up popped another enthusiasm—at first just a rather private passion for house-decorating and furnishing. I had long been dabbling in interior decorating. I began to write about it; and the more I dabbled, the more I wrote, and the private passion has since been shared with a large magazine public.

A favorite section of that public is embodied in the Western Home Monthly readers perhaps because they, too, always seem to be enthusiastic. The West is like that; it seems to live its interests.

And so, every month I am given a chance to have my little chat with you about furnishing or refurbishing, about the new notes, the latest lovelinesses in home decoration. And if you find in my talks a hint of still another passion—that for the old and lovely (for I am a hopeless, helpless antique-lover) or for the old and un-lovely (for I am a great believer in reclaiming home furnishings from an apparently hopeless, helpless state of unloveliness, by the aid of a paint pot or, when necessary, a hammer and saw)—I hope you will be tolerant and, still better, that you will meet me half way, being enthusiasts on these topics yourselves

There are nearly as many varieties of these old kitchen cupboards, I suppose, as there are types of kitchens in this broad land. You know a dozen of them, probably. Some of these tall cupboards are of most distinguished lineage. People no less great than the famous Adam Brothers, took time, between designing a stately fireplace and a graceful sideboard, perhaps, to create a lovely china cupboard, perfect in line, graceful, simple. Even in the ornate periods that followed, this style of cupboard seems to have preserved a certain degree of simple dignity, a freedom from over-ornamentation for which one cannot be sufficiently grateful.

Sometimes the cupboards are in two sections, an upper and lower, and seem to be related somewhat to the combination book-case and writing desk—with its shelves for books, behind panelled or glass doors, and its capacious writing accommodation below.

Other cupboards have followed more the line of the "low-boy," standing shoulder high, perhaps, with two grooved and panelled doors and probably three broad, deep shelves behind them.

I have seen these old cupboards stand forlornly in many a kitchen. Their pride of race has been subdued by coat after coat of dull paint or shiny varnish. Their low estate is emphasized by a missing handle—a finely-wrought brass one, maybe, or a quaint wooden "pull" that would have been well worth replacing!—and they stand crest-fallen, scorned, humbly useful, in an un-honored corner of the kitchen.

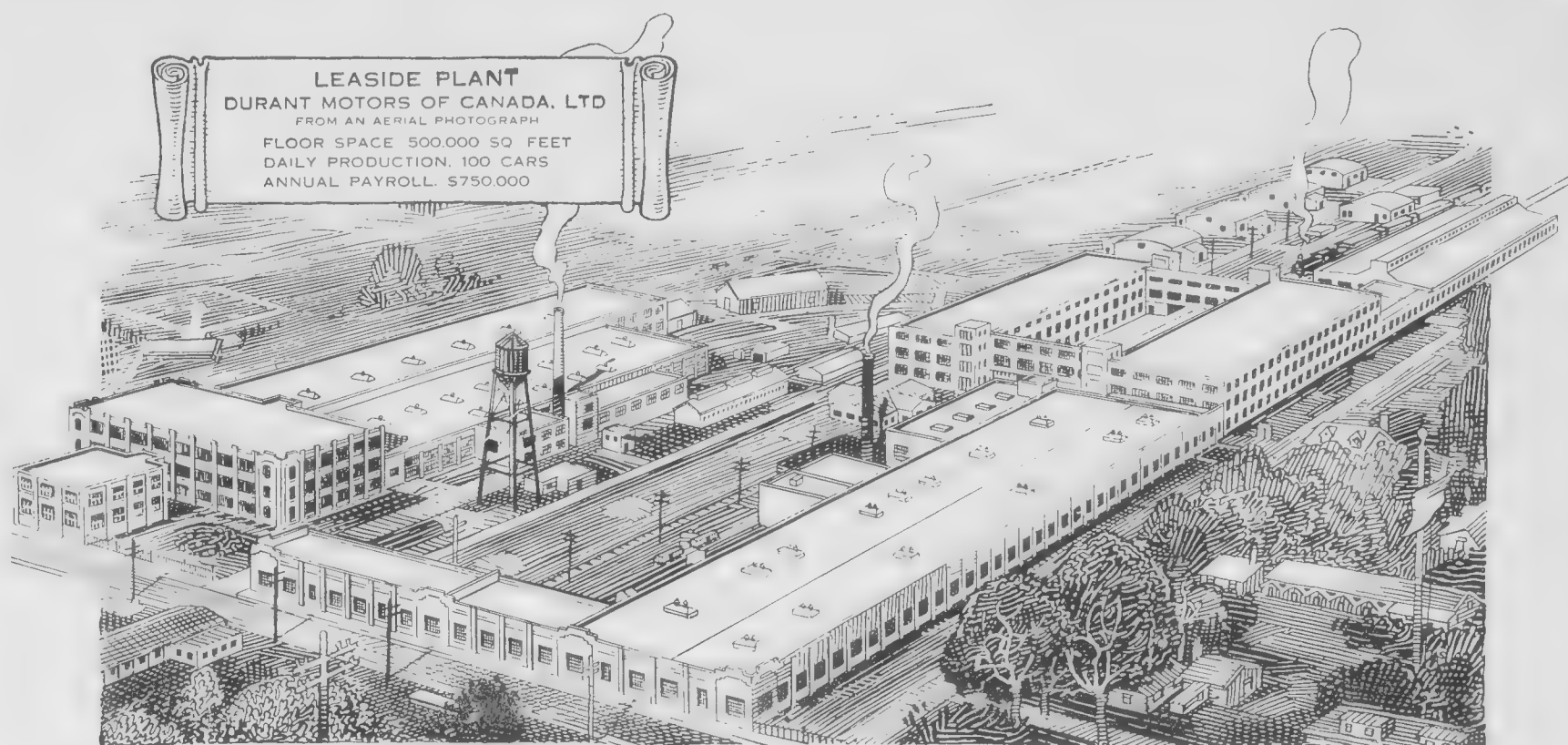
I wish that I might give to the owner of every one of these unloved old cupboards a glimpse of the charming one in my old lady's kitchen. It was painted a clear light blue—just the blue to consort with its candy-pink lining. Yes, indeed, it was lined with paint, of course. The whole inside was as pink as a June rose. And to add to the nosegay effect, the shelves were covered with the kind of shelf-paper that has a stamped-out "embroidery" edge—just like the paper frill that encircled an old-fashioned nosegay of, say, pink roses and blue forget-me-nots. It was really enchanting!

Of course the other furniture had to live up to the cupboard. Across from the cooking side of the kitchen, the room became leisurely. For the informal, casual meal, there was a wooden table with drop leaves; it and the very ordinary wooden chairs had decked themselves in the same blue paint, and tied on their backs comfortable little shoulder-rest cushions (pads of cotton batting or wool such as are used for quilts, would serve the purpose; these

particular ones were cut from a worn old wool-filled comforter). On the cushions were buttoned slips of pink chambray. A dear little pie-crust table which would make any antique lover envious, held a rough, hand-woven basket that had been enamelled black and was used as a work basket. To complete a real rest corner, there was an ordinary steamer chair that had been painted black and heaped with cushions in slips of the chambray, which appeared again in the little straight window curtains that were drawn well to each side.

It was all very captivating, very fresh; not a bit namby-pamby, as you might picture a pink-and-blue ensemble, because the colors were clear, pure, decided tones and had plenty of character. Looking for possible flaws, I ventured to ask if any of its charms caused any extra work. "Not at all! You see, one of the advantages of our old-fashioned kitchen is that its size and its three windows keep the walls and curtains from soiling readily; I think if I had a really small kitchen, I should have to make it more like a laboratory, but I feel I can safely indulge my taste for a homey kitchen, though

Continued on page 47



A High Ideal that became A Great Reality

The Durant organization started over four years ago with the ideal of building in Canada a type of motor car efficient, economical and beautiful for the varied needs of every Canadian buyer—to employ Canadian capital and labor and, wherever possible, to get all material from Canadian sources of supply.

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The international record of Durant products is unique. A recent survey by the Cleveland Plain Dealer establishes the fact that 96.50 per cent. of all cars made on the American continent are produced by twelve companies, one of which is Durant. The Durant, however, is the only one that has achieved its position as one of the twelve world leaders in the short space of four years. That accomplishment is due to the quick recognition by critical and experienced buyers of the inherent supremacy of the Durant products, the Flint, the Durant, the Star and the Roadking.

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The Orkney Islands and Western Canada

ONE hundred years ago this summer the first Norwegian immigrants came to the United States. It was eminently fitting and proper that official representatives from Western Canada were invited to attend the Norse-American Centennial at St. Paul and Minneapolis last month. For long before the United States came into being on the map of the world, there were men of pure Norse blood in Rupert's Land, which is now Western Canada. The Hudson's Bay Company did not begin to be successful and prosperous until the policy was adopted of having Orkneymen carry on the fur trade. The Company's ships sailed always thereafter from Stromness, in the Orkney Islands, off the north coast of Scotland. The Orkney Islands were settled centuries ago by people of Norse blood. Among the Orkneymen in the service of the Company was Governor Sinclair, at York Factory, who, in the closing decades of the eighteenth century was the highest official of the Company on this side of the Atlantic. His son, James Sinclair, came to the site of the future city of Winnipeg early in the last century; he was the discoverer of the Sinclair Pass through the Rocky Mountains. Another Orkneymen in the service of the Company was John Norquay, whose grandson, John Norquay, so outstanding a figure in the history of Manitoba in the later 1870's and the 1880's, was the only Premier of the Province born within its boundaries—the only Premier of any of the Western Provinces born in the West. Hon. Colin Inkster, who has been Sheriff of Winnipeg since 1876, comes of another Orkney family long identified with the Hudson's Bay Company. While the States which are our neighbors to the south are celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the coming of the first people of Norse blood under the Stars and Stripes, Manitoba and the other Provinces of Western Canada can boast of having families whose first-comers of pure Norse blood crossed the Atlantic nearer two hundred years ago.

Sizing Up Modern Civilization

FIVE of the most eminent historians of Great Britain have co-operated in setting forth their views in regard to some of the questions regarding the future of civilization which have arisen out of the conditions created by the Great War. Sir William Flinders Petrie, of University College, London, the greatest living Egyptologist, says that the talk of "civilization perishing" is absurd. Civilization is too strongly planted all over the globe for that. Professor Trevelyan, of Oxford, says that "modern civilization is much more broadly based than was that of Egypt or Greece, and it contains powers of recovery far greater than they ever possessed." Professor John Holland Rose, of Cambridge, agrees with this view, but sets forth strongly the view, in which all the others agree emphatically, that man's present mastery over the forces of nature has created powers of human destructiveness which are dangerous to human progress, unless they are controlled by moral forces. Dr. Ernest Barker, Principal of King's College, London, points to the decline of religious faith and the prevalence of materialism and the desire for pleasure as the main hindrances to the advancement of moral progress in a manner to keep pace with the advancement of human powers of wholesale destruction and devastation. Professor Zimmern, of Oxford, shows that no comparisons are possible between modern civilizations and ancient civilizations. All agree that modern civilization, for its own safe progress, must come more and more to regard itself as a partnership of humanity, and must realize the danger of relying on force alone. "No one can tell from what nation or continent the finest gifts of civilization will come," writes Professor Zimmern in a striking passage. "What did Rome expect from Palestine?"

A Political Contrast

SINCLAIR LEWIS, whose novels "Main Street" and "Babbitt" have made him celebrated, and who said, when he visited Winnipeg several months ago, that though he was born in Minnesota and his father was a native born citizen of the United States, his mother was a Canadian, and so he feels himself partly a Canadian, has been saying in a recent speech that this feeling has been stronger since his return after eighteen months residence in England. He is deeply impressed with the contrast between Great Britain and the United States in respect to the attitude of the public towards public affairs. In Great Britain he found all classes keenly and continuously interested in the political problems of the country; in the United States, he says, only the politicians are really interested in politics. He did not undertake to say how he found the people of this country in this respect, in comparison with the people of Great Britain and the people of the United States. Possibly we are less continuously interested in the public affairs of our country than the former are in theirs, but more continuously interested than the latter are in theirs. Public opinion is not as active and as well informed as it might be; and we Canadians might well give thought to Mr. Lewis's remark, with his own country in view, that the electors cannot with safety act as though government is something that can be left to those who have only a selfish interest in it. He says that the turmoil in the United States every four years over the presidential election campaign does not give evidence of a keen, intelligent, continuous public interest in public affairs, but rather gives evidence of the contrary.

The Philosopher

Human Beings of Long Ages Ago

WHAT was being done five thousand years ago on the prairies that extend from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains? There is nothing known which would lead to the belief that there was anything but a primitive civilization in this vast expanse of country. In the remote "backward and abysm of time," thousands of years before the first explorers from Europe arrived to find this immense expanse possessed in fee simple by great herds of buffaloes and wandering tribes of Indians, there were (as the fossil remains which have been dug up near Red Deer, in Alberta, and elsewhere give proof), immense animals like lizards, only larger than elephants with great spiked protuberances on their backs, and some of them winged, roaming over the West. The past of the world is being dug into nowadays deeper than ever before. To say nothing of prehistoric monsters, we are learning that in civilizations of long ago, whose cities have been buried and forgotten and are now being dug down to under the sands of Mesopotamia and Arabia, and in Mexico and in other lands, human beings, it would appear from their belongings which are being found by excavating archaeologists, were extraordinarily like ourselves in so many ways that we cannot but wonder whether the men and women and boys and girls and babies of many thousands of years ago were really different at all from the men and women and boys and girls and babies of today. An expedition sent out by the University of Oxford and the Field Museum of Chicago jointly has been digging deep into the sands of Arabia beneath which the ancient city of Kish has long been buried. The palace of the kings of Kish is now laid bare. Its great hall, seven hundred feet long, with columns five feet in diameter, was found strewn with wreckage; angry enemies, in the day when they destroyed Kish, tore from the walls of the royal chamber slate panels inlaid with white limestone figures, and in the wreckage of the city has been found mirrors of copper, razors, fish hooks, a toy bank with some coins in it, a top of ivory, carved to represent a man on horseback and a hollow toy goat, containing a pebble, which was a baby's rattle five thousand years ago. Professor S. H. Langdon, who was the head of the expedition writes that the boys of Kish played at war and had toy war chariots, and the women of Kish had toilet articles remarkably like those of the women of today. Many other cities lie buried and forgotten under desert sands which have been blown over them for thousands of years.

Criticism That is Too Sweeping

FROM an Alberta reader of The Western Home Monthly, who describes himself as a native Canadian, born in Toronto of parents who were both born in Ontario, comes a letter to The Philosopher, enclosing a clipping from the editorial page of a Canadian newspaper, which says: "Perhaps the main difference between Canada and the United States is the attitude of the two peoples toward the business of lynching." The writer of the letter says: "This paragraph was, I do not doubt, written without serious thought. It does injustice to many millions of the people of the United States whose way of thinking about lynching is absolutely the same as that of the people of Canada. Please, will you not write something about this on your instructive page?" What is there to write which has not occurred already many times to every thoughtful person? Surely all right-minded people in the United States think about lynching exactly in the same way as all right-minded people in Canada. That famous British parliamentarian, Edmund Burke, in writing of the troubles which preceded the American Revolution, said that he did not know how an indictment could be drawn against a whole people. Undoubtedly there are many millions of people in the United States whose attitude towards all lawlessness is equally with the attitude of the Canadian people one of abhorrence, and who feel deeply shamed that lynchings occur in certain parts of their country. It is also true that there appears to be every reason to believe that out of the one hundred millions of people in the United States there are a good many who have not the regard for the law which they should have. But, surely, to make the broad, inclusive assertion that the people of the United States have no respect for law is far from justifiable. Would it not be more truthful to say that we and our neighbors to the south have a great deal in common in our ideals? In the interests of neighbourly good feeling and of the perpetuation of the International friendliness which has kept the boundary line across the continent unfortified for more than one hundred years, newspapers on each side of the line should avoid giving offence by too sweeping criticisms of things on the other side.

The Films as a Factor in the World's Life

IN a late issue to hand of the London Times the discussion in the House of Lords on the prevalence in Great Britain of movie films made in the United States is reported at length. It was stated authoritatively that there is not now one British film under preparation for the screen. It was stated further that there is no hope of making of films being revived in Great Britain. One of the noble lords suggested that a heavy tariff should be imposed on films imported into Great Britain. But it was pointed out, in reply, that films showing the popular favorites would jump over any tariff fence and continue to be shown not only in the United Kingdom but to the billion and a half of people in the British lands overseas from the United Kingdom who fill movie picture theatres every day to view films made in the United States. The big producers at Hollywood think nothing of spending \$300,000 on the production of a film. No producer in any other land could spend a tenth of that sum on producing a film, without thinking about it anxiously many times. No film can bring in returns in cash equal to what it costs on the Hollywood scale of production, unless it is assured of success in the American (which includes the Canadian) market. And the American market, therefore, is the one market which, being itself indispensable, governs all other markets. A film heroine may be born in Toronto and grow up in Toronto, like Mary Pickford, or she may be born and raised in Poland, like Pola Negri, but it is in Hollywood that their salaries are raised. The situation thus created is an extraordinary one. Never before in the world has there been any influence so intimately pervasive as the influence of the film. Jackie Coogan is a boy, like the boy next door; we see him intimately. We see Mary Pickford or Bebe Daniels, or the Talmadge sisters or any of the other ladies who are favorites on the films as if we were friends of theirs—in fact, we see them more intimately than that. And so with Douglas Fairbanks, Tom Mix and other men favorites on the films. It is a question whether Lloyd George or Harold Lloyd is the better known world figure today. Harold Lloyd would draw a larger crowd in more places in the world. The films are a highly important factor in making the world so different from what it was a generation ago. Who could have foretold a generation ago that they would be?

The Moral Law Cannot Change

THE Philosopher has been reading a book entitled "Our Changing Morality"—a title which is false, to begin with. The book is one of the modern flood of books by writers who consider themselves "advanced" thinkers. It consists of chapters contributed by a number of men and women writers. In the introduction, Mrs. (or Miss) Freda Kirchwey tells us that "Men and women are ignoring old laws," and are trying to realize "illusory dreams of a loveliness not provided for by rules," with which to "fill the gap left when Right and Wrong finally followed the other absolute monarchs to an empty, nominal existence, somewhere in exile." But there is no such gap to be filled. Right and Wrong cannot vanish. The Czar and the German and Austrian Emperors have vanished, it is true, but how can Right or Wrong vanish? Men and women, by "ignoring old laws," cannot in the least do away with Right and Wrong, and cannot in the least do away with the "old laws" they undertake to "ignore." Morality arises from the primitive and inescapable fact that if natural appetites are not controlled they will antagonise and destroy one another. Moreover, most morality partakes of the nature of a contract and requires of one individual certain behavior involving self-control, in regard to which it is essential that there be some guarantee of the contract being lived up to by other individuals. It is only when life is lived under rules generally observed that it can be either fruitful or secure or in any true sense of the word, really free. This holds true of all human relations and especially of the marriage relation, which is the most fundamental. No honest man feels that the legal prohibition of theft prevents his being honest from personal conviction. In like manner honor and loyalty, to say nothing of plain decency, make every self-respecting person desire to see the marriage relation safeguarded in every way in which it can be protected by safeguards and penalties.

Most of us are Ordinary, Average People

BRILLIANT people, highly gifted people, geniuses and even people who, without being geniuses (who are very rare), have great ability, are exceptional in this world. We cannot all be exceptional people. Most of us are just ordinary, average people. And is there not in this fact something which is of great importance to the problems of democracy? Ordinary, average people, with right feeling and soul instincts, but without shining brilliancy of personality, or great intellectual ability or remarkable talent are likely, on the whole, to go through life more comfortably and often more straightly and safely than the brilliantly, exceptional individuals. For, after all, the whole experience of the countless generations of human life is distilled down, so to speak, and deposited in the minds and feelings and instincts of the average, ordinary people who make up the mass of each generation. Humanity needs the exceptional individuals. Democracy needs leaders. But it is the great mass who have the say as to who the leaders shall be. And so human affairs are carried on.

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The Common Crow

By Dan McCowan

IN studying the many and varied forms of bird life native to the plains and forests of Canada one cannot but be impressed by the individual and outstanding characteristics of each particular species. The western Meadowlark in voice of mellow tones sings sweeter far than any of our prairie choristers. Clad in a vivid coat of orange and yellow, the Tanager of the western woods is noted for its gaudy plumage. That smallest and daintiest of all feathered creatures, the Rufous Hummingbird, is at once bad tempered and courageous. Kingbirds would sooner fight than fly and have acquired a well deserved reputation for pugnacity. The Swan, the largest of our waterfowl, excels in dignity and grace. Eagles attain to an extreme old age. Ravens have extraordinarily acute vision and are notorious for harsh, discordant cry. The common Crow, branded as criminal and outlaw, and in many regions having a price upon his head, is nevertheless endowed with a quicker wit and greater intelligence than that of any other bird.

The common Crow is native to and breeds throughout the greater part of Canada. Slightly migratory in habit, it winters largely in the United States. At the present time the species has become so abundant in the more settled parts of the prairie provinces as to constitute a pest. The general appearance and habits of the Crow are almost universally known. Indeed, there is no bird so readily recognized as this sable-coated scavenger. Clad in a dress of sober black, unrelieved by any touch of trimming either on body or wing, it is hard to realize that the common Crow is closely related to that gorgeous fowl, the Bird of Paradise. Yet the plumage of the Crow is not altogether devoid of beauty. The head, wings and tail are burnished with deep violet and purple shades which shimmer pleasingly in the sunlight.

A full-grown Crow measures from eighteen to twenty inches in length. The pointed wings are from twelve to fourteen inches long and when in normal rest position, extend beyond the tail. The bill and feet are black. Set upon stout legs, the crow is an excellent walker and struts about in a very dignified manner. Speaking about the crow, and particularly about its pedestrian habits, John Burroughs, the celebrated naturalist, says: "I have seen no bird walk the ground with just the same air the Crow does. It is not exactly pride; there is no strut or swagger in it, though perhaps just a little condescension; it is the contented, complaisant, and self-possessed gait of a lord over his domains. All these acres are mine, he says, and all these crops men plow and sow for me, and I stay here or go there, and find life sweet and good wherever I am. The hawk looks awkward and out of place on the ground; the game birds hurry and skulk. But the crow is at home and treads the earth as if there were none to molest or make him afraid."

Although the voice of the Crow is singularly unmusical, yet the complexity of the vocal organs is noteworthy. By reason of this peculiar formation of throat, the Crow can be taught to articulate words and to imitate the calls of various birds and beasts.

A distinguishing characteristic in members of the Crow family is the possession of nasal bristles. These wiry feathers, rooted at the base of the bill and being almost half as long as that appendage, are extremely prominent.

COMPARED with most birds the Crow is somewhat slow on the wing, its flight speed seldom exceeding fifty feet

per second. Travelling with regular steady wing-beat, it glides but little. At times this staid bird seems to delight in performing extraordinary evolutions in mid-air. On such occasions a flock of Crows ascending to a great altitude will perform an amazing variety of plain and fancy glides, dives and "loop-the-loop" movements. In bygone days the weather-wise folks believed that these Crow capers portended violent storms of wind.

The Crow is an omnivorous feeder and consumes a great variety of foodstuffs. Carrion is the principal diet. Insects such as wireworms, cutworms and grasshoppers are partaken of but sparingly. In pulling young corn and in unearthing seed potatoes the Crow is singularly proficient, seeming to relish these and

Great War, there was a constant demand for young tender rooks as an article of food.

DURING the winter months Crows congregate in vast flocks, their roosting places in some localities being enormous in extent. They are sociable birds and much of their success in life is due to community spirit and co-operation. It is seldom that an individual of this species will embark upon a hazardous raid or foray alone. Set out a bone for the Crows to pick and you will find that, as a rule, the original discoverer will not venture to at once sample the tempting morsel but will summon other members of the family to discuss the matter. Even when convinced that it is a case of genuine charity the flock will continue to observe extreme caution both in approaching the food location and while partaking of your hospitality.

Instances of the sagacity and intelligence of Crows are of frequent occurrence and may readily be confirmed by anyone through experiment and observation. Some years ago, a prominent Scottish agriculturalist was greatly plagued by flocks of Crows which, descending upon his fields, destroyed large quantities of valuable crop. The thieving rascals laughed at the "tattie bogles" of the farmer and ate their fill at his expense. Frequent attempts were made to shoot the dusky marauders, but the Crow is a wily bird and keeps outside of



Nest and Eggs of Common Crow

other vegetables. Mice and other rodents are killed and eaten by Crows. Recently the writer observed a crow attacking a full grown Varying Hare, pecking viciously at the eyes and head of the defenceless quadruped. The hare was obliged to flee and take refuge from its assailant, crawling into a dense willow thicket where doubtless it remained covering until night had fallen.

In the orchard regions of British Columbia, Crows are responsible for the destruction of large quantities of fruit. Wary and watchful, they invariably succeed in escaping the just wrath of the irate fruit grower. During the spring months the Crow habitually robs the nests of other species of birds, particularly those of ducks, grouse and other kinds of game fowl. This reprehensible conduct has brought the Crow into disrepute with sportsmen everywhere.

Crows begin to nest early in April or at latest by the beginning of May. The usual nest location is in a tall spruce tree, the structure being composed of twigs, sticks and plant stems, and is lined with moss and feathers. From three to five eggs are laid, these varying greatly in color and markings. The ground color is usually of an olive green or olive buff, the spots and markings in various shades of brown and gray. Incubation occupies a period of about eighteen days, both birds taking part in this duty. The young, comparatively naked and exceedingly repulsive in appearance when hatched, are soon full-fledged and able to leave the nest when about three weeks old. It is unusual for Crows to raise more than one brood in a season. Young crows are easily tamed and make interesting pets, but their confirmed habit of petty thieving can never be restrained. Any bright, glittering article which can be carried away is coveted by the pilfering rascals, and when occasion offers, is removed to a hiding place on chimney top or in rafter nook.

The flesh of the Crow is not esteemed by mankind anywhere—in fact the colloquial term to "eat Crow" is indicative of its being distasteful to the palate. An European type of Crow is, however, considered edible. In England, during the

gun range, so this proved ineffective. A small shelter or "blind" was thereupon erected, within which a gunner took his station. But the cunning crows were watchful and, observing the actions of their enemy, gave the shelter a wide berth. By this time the farmer became convinced that Crows are unusually intelligent and determined to discover, if possible, the extent of their mental capacities. He sent two men into the shelter and presently had one of them emerge openly and depart. Not a Crow came near. Next day three men went into the hut, two of them coming out immediately and leaving the gunner alone in the fort. The Crows stayed up in the high trees and chuckled. For several days these interesting experiments were continued, an additional man being added to the squad each day. By such means it was clearly established that the birds could count up to seven, but beyond that they were unable to reckon.

Many sportsmen in Western Canada, alive to the Crow menace, have taken to destroying these birds whenever opportunity occurs. One of these gunners expressed the opinion recently that not only can Crows distinguish a firearm from a hayfork, but they can judge to a nicety the exact distance beyond which a shotgun is ineffective.

In the literature of almost all peoples there is much to be found relevant to the life and habits of the Crow. The mythology of Indian tribes native to America has been considerably enriched by legends pertaining to this bird of sombre plumage. The Cree Indian name for the Crow is Ka-ka-ku, an unusually descriptive one, as the Red Men seldom named bird or beast for its common call.

THROUGHOUT the Prairie Provinces there are many place names bearing reference to the Crow. In the main chain of the Rocky Mountains and close to the source of the Bow River is an extremely fine glacier called Crowfoot, from its resemblance to the foot of the bird. A large area of farm land north east of the town of Gleichen in Alberta is drained by a stream known as Crowfoot Creek. Best known in all such nomenclature is the great trans-mountain pass called Crow's Nest.

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The Charm of Words

By J. H.

WORDS have their own magic, and the greatest artist is he who can blend them into music and harmony. To express an idea there is but one perfect word or group of words. We may hunt through dictionaries and find synonym after synonym (so-called) but in the last analysis only one carries the exact shade of meaning required to be expressed. If you have ever seen a sheet of manuscript of one of the word-masters (such as Stevenson) you will remember the crossing out of words, or whole sentences; the tentative attempts at the effect wanted; more crossings out, until at last the thought is clothed in the perfect phrasing, the only words that will convey the exact impression. On "bad days" the artist finds the words come slowly, and it is drudgery to search out the right ones, but they are there, at the back of his mind, and they can be found. Gray's *Elegy* took years to write, and its phrasing is a wonderful and beautiful result. Again there are times when words come almost without one's volition, so that the writer is amazed at his own work. A power of which he is hardly conscious is using him as a medium to put words upon paper, words which carry in themselves the magic fire which burns clear and true. It is this power which enables him to recognize the true when he reads the work of others.

If we take a perfect expression from one of the poets and try to re-clothe it in synonyms the result is likely to be discordant and ugly. There are the often-quoted words of Keats, "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas, and faery lands forlorn." It would be desecration to try to change a word of that. The actual sense of it could be put into a hundred forms that would convey to the material mind the material happening. But only this one form, this one combination of words, carries the true meaning and expresses in beauty the poet's inner vision. There is infinitely more in a poem than the metre, or the rhyme, or even the thought that inspires it. There is the magic fire born of the symmetrical beauty of words, the mathematical falling into place of each exact word and phrase which will give life, and which alone can give the true life, to the thought. That is the poem. An artist takes a commonplace subject and robes it in the white flame of his genius, and it is a masterpiece, a perfection of beauty which cannot be surpassed. A thousand writers can put the same thing in a thousand forms, and it will remain a mere prose description. The magic is wanting, and the thing remains material and common in spite of the most skilful wording.

OUTSIDE of the realm of poetry also the magic of words still holds. The best story-teller is he who can put his tale into the right terms and the right combinations of terms, and the finest tale can be ruined by poor work. It is not so much the fine story that counts, as the fine story in a fine setting. Take, for example, the little book "Some Irish Yesterdays." It is of its kind almost perfect in its absolutely true phrasing, a phrasing which not only

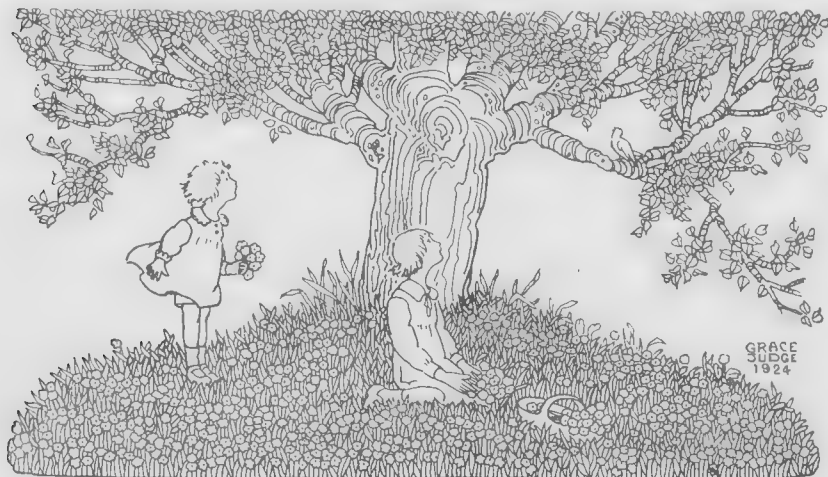
conveys the clearest meaning, but is also in harmony with its context and with the spirit that permeates the whole volume. There is the inimitable description of the turkey-cock, the terror of the yard, that is in its turn subdued and humiliated by a mongrel dog and chased out. Later the turkey-cock is seen "gloomily returning, a discredited and bedraggled despot." That description could not well be altered and remain a characteristic part of a most charming book.

There is the onomatopoeic form of phrasing which is used by many writers with success — the first step towards learning the real magic of words. The number of words in the language which have a really onomatopoeic derivation is remarkable. A short, sharp conflict is best recounted in short, sharp words. The murmuring of waters is described in smoothly flowing terms. Quarrelling is represented by strongly contrasting words, indicating divergence of opinion. A child will unconsciously describe a thing in the most apt sounds which his small vocabulary affords, or will even manufacture words to suit his purpose. "Bow-wow" conveys to him much more than the possibly unknown word "bark"; and he is unwittingly testifying to the primitive and natural desire to select the exact and (to him) perfect description. Later he learns to read, and a multitude of words confuses him so that it is sometimes difficult to reach backwards to that first instinctive grasp of the perfect expression. We grow careless in our speech, and confine ourselves to a few hundred words when there are thousands available. The artist retains his childhood's faculty, and, keeping undimmed his clear view of correct wording, enlarges his vision until he marshals all the language to be his servant, to minister to his sense of perfect balance and beauty, so that he can pick out at will what he requires for the shaping of a perfect work.

We have also the intrinsic beauty of words in themselves; but this is a matter of individual taste. We know that certain words appeal to us as being beautiful, others strike us as being harsh and clumsy, quite irrespective of their dictionary meaning. Many people will admit that the sound of some words suggests colors to their minds. We linger in memory over a smooth phrase, a delicately modelled word, which appeals to us as a stave of music would, or a beautiful picture. To quote further from Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale" we find the poet repeating his own word and dwelling in thought upon it:

"Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self."

He was naturally sensitive to the beauty of words, and his reading of the suggested value of the sound, as apart from its dictionary meaning, rings true. But the same words do not always carry a similar meaning to different people. The lover of beauty will instinctively use words which appear to him most beautiful, while to another such words are merely vehicles for the conveyance of certain thoughts and facts, and carry no other meaning.



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By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

How Money is Spent

FIGURES based upon some recent census returns in the United States have been compiled by Ginn and Company, publishers, of Chicago, for the purpose of showing by comparison the amount that is spent upon school books for one year. The figures are as follows:

Cigarettes	\$800,000,000.00
Cosmetics	750,000,000.00
Jewellery	500,000,000.00
Soft drinks	350,000,000.00
School books	18,900,000.00

These figures do not show the entire cost of education, as the cost of salaries, buildings and maintenance is not given. They do appear to show, however, that the cost of school books is not excessive. There are some young men, perhaps, who might have less reason to complain of hard times if they would see to it that the amount expended on cigarettes was less than the amount expended on books.

Chance and Luck

IT is not uncommon to hear a young man say, with reference to the success of another, "Jack landed a good position, but he was lucky. I never had such a chance." This statement leads one to ask: What are Chance and Luck?

The dictionary says that Chance is what fortune may bring, and that Luck is what is regarded as happening by chance, but these definitions are not very satisfactory. Below are presented two sets of thoughts on these words; study them and form your own opinions:

For—

1. Chance is always powerful: let your hook always be cast. In a pool where you least expect it, there will be a fish.—Ovid.
2. There is no doubt such a thing as chance, but I see no reason why Providence should not make use of it.—Simms.
3. Many shining actions owe their success to chance, though the general or statesman runs away with the applause.—Lord Kames.
4. When good luck knocks at the door, let him in and keep him there.—Cervantes.
5. Chance happens to all, but to turn chance to account is the gift of the few.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Against—

1. Chance is a word void of sense; nothing can exist without a cause.—Voltaire.
2. A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.—James A. Garfield.
3. Shallow men believe in luck. Strong men believe in cause and effect.—Emerson.
4. I do not believe such a quality as chance exists. Every incident that happens must be a link in a chain.—Beaconsfield.
5. To admit that there is any such thing as chance would be to attempt to establish a power independent of God.—Colton.

Choosing Your Life Work

"CHOOSING YOUR LIFE WORK" is the title of a Hill Book Company, Inc., 370 Seventh Avenue, a new book from the press of the McGraw-New York, 323 pages, price \$2.50. The author is William Rosengarten, of the Technical and Industrial Department, Dickinson High School, Jersey City.

Frank Parsons says: "It is better to choose a vocation than merely to hunt a job." This quotation is illustrative of the spirit in which the book is written. In spite of all the educational effort of the past few years, thousands of young men today are drifting instead of choosing and, even when choice is exercised, much valuable time is lost because the work that is chosen is not of the kind for which the individual is fitted.

The aim of the author is to help the young man to analyze his own capacities, aptitudes, and interests, compare them with the requirements of representative occupations and plan his career accordingly. He says that in choosing a vocation there are two main considerations—the personal qualifications of the worker, and the requirements of the occupations. "There never was a time," he writes, "when opportunities for the well trained worker were so great and numerous; on the other hand, it was never so easy for the careless or indifferent individual to drift into undesirable and hopeless pursuits."

The earlier chapters of the book have such titles as: How to Choose Your Vocation, Study of Vocations, Planning Your Career, and Making Your Decision. There are then many analyses of occupations in which the requirements of the following and many other forms of work are carefully outlined and explained.

Accountancy, Advertising, Agriculture, Art, Automobile Vocations, Banking, Bookbinding, Business Occupations, Chemistry, Dentistry, Drafting, Electrical Work, Engineering, Forestry, Law, The Ministry, Optometry, Salesmanship, Teaching, Telegraphy, Transportation and Woodworking.

As early as 427-347 B.C., Plato wrote:

"No two persons are born alike but each differs from the other in individual endowments, one being suited for one thing and another for another, and all things will be provided in superior quality and quantity and with the greatest ease when each man works at a single occupation, in accordance with his natural gifts."

"The life work you choose," writes the author, "will be your deepest source of happiness or of sorrow, depending upon whether or not it fills a need you really feel. Real success and happiness demand a perfect adjustment between the requirements of the occupation and the personal gifts of the worker."

Parents and young men who secure a copy of this book will feel that they are under a deep obligation to the author because he has gathered information from a great number of sources and has compiled it conveniently so that in one volume it is possible, although the reader may be living in a remote country district, to learn the important facts that one should know about any standard occupation and thus avoid the serious consequences that may follow a wrong choice of life work. A descriptive circular may be secured from the publishers.

Short Course in English

ARTICLE No. 8: The Writing of Advertising. "Advertising," it is said, "may cover any form of publicity that is used to extend business."

Advertising space is expensive, and in writing an advertisement it is important to deal only with essentials. People want to know:

- what an advertised thing looks like
- what it is named
- what it is good for
- who sells it
- what it costs.

When the advertisement is written, its merits should be considered carefully before it is put into print. The application of the following comprehensive question may serve to reveal any defects:

Is the advertisement clear, concise, complete, truthful, interesting, logical, grammatical, properly spelled, properly punctuated, and properly paragraphed?

One of the large advertising agencies says that a typical advertisement has three distinct purposes:

1. To be seen—in order to attract Attention.
2. To be read—in order to require Consideration.
3. To be believed—in order to cause Action.

Some good lessons in the writing of advertisements may be secured by a study of this issue of the Western Home Monthly, which contains advertising by firms in many parts of the Dominion written about many kinds of products and services. Study these advertisements separately and apply the suggestions that are given in this article. If you find an advertisement that seems to be weak in its appeal, rewrite it and try to effect an improvement.

Question: Is this advertising statement written correctly?

"Belding's Beds are sanitary, indestructible and artistic."

Answer: This statement contains an error that is known as anti-climax because its strongest argument is not placed in the most important position—the end of the sentence. A better effect would be secured if the statement read as follows:

"Belding's Beds are sanitary, artistic and indestructible."

The safest words are always those which bring us most directly to facts.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Article No. 9 will consist of a set of problems covering the work that has already been outlined.

Leaving Home

IN the lives of many young men there comes a time when they must leave the family home and go out into the world "to earn their own living." This leaving home may mean that the young man is to leave his country town or district and go perhaps to some larger town or city in his province; it may mean that he is to leave his native province and go to another; or it may mean that he is leaving his country altogether and going to another part of the Empire or to another land.

The separation is more or less painful, but as a bird must leave its nest, so must thousands of young men leave father, mother and friends, and go to work among strangers.

No normal young man will leave his home without regrets, but the "sadness of farewell" is lessened somewhat perhaps by anticipations of the future. With the parents it is different. They know something of the temptations as well as of the victories of life and so their prayers follow their boys as they, like Ulysses, set out "to strive, to seek, to find."

Young men who leave home need to put first things first and perhaps one of the earliest lessons that must be learned is the need for saying "No."

Alexander MacLaren writes: "A man who has not learned to say 'no'—who is not resolved that he will take God's way in spite of every dog that can bark at him, in spite of every silvery voice that can woo him aside—will be a weak and wretched man until he dies."

When the youngest son of Charles Dickens left for Australia in 1868, his father wrote him a letter from which the following are extracts. They tell, perhaps, better than any article, of the feelings of a father whose son is about to leave home:

"I write this note today because your going away is much upon my mind, and because I want you to have a few parting words from me to think of now and then at quiet times. I need not tell you that I love you dearly, and am very, very sorry in my heart to part with you. But this life is half made up of partings, and these pains must be borne."

"I exhort you to persevere in a thorough determination to do whatever you have to do as well as you can do it."

"Never take a mean advantage of anyone in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power."

"I put a New Testament among your books, for the very same reasons, and with the very same hopes that made me write an easy account of it for you, when you were a little child; because it is the best book that ever was or ever will be known in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided. As your brothers have gone away, one by one, I have written to each such words as I am now writing to you, and have entreated them all to guide themselves by this Book, putting aside the interpretations and inventions of men."

"Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers, night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it."

"I hope you will always be able to say in after life, that you had a kind father. You cannot show your affection for him so well, or make him so happy, as by doing your duty."

Opportunity

THERE'S a place and means for every man alive. —Shakespeare.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.—Bacon.

The sure way to miss success is to miss the opportunity.—Charles.

Present opportunities are not to be neglected; they rarely visit us twice.—Voltaire.

Opportunity has hair in front; behind she is bald. If you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her; but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again.—Seneca.

Opportunity, sooner or later, comes to all who work and wish.—Lord Stanley.

You will never "find" time for anything. If you want time, you must make it.—Charles Buxton.

It often requires more strength and judgment to resist than to embrace an opportunity. It is better to do nothing that to do other than well.—Sydney Dobell.

That policy that can strike only while the iron is hot will be overcome by that perseverance which, like Cromwell's, can make the iron hot by striking.—Colton.

Many do with opportunities as children do at the seashore; they fill their little hands with sand, and then let the grains fall through, one by one, till all are gone.—Rev. T. Jones.

Answers to Inquiries

LETTERS addressed to the editors of this department will receive prompt attention. It has been our privilege to serve many young men in connection with questions concerning their careers. Inquiries have reached this magazine from many parts of the Dominion, and it has been a pleasure to gather and assemble the information that is needed to answer them. Write freely and often.

The Power of the Press

Continued from page 12

"Oil what?" Brome questioned.

The man swept Brome with his eyes, and, noting the grip: "Oh, I see, you're a stranger." Following his remark the man, with all the great love of the bourgeoisie to impart to a newcomer any strange or startling thing of his region, added proudly: The A.P.P.P. Company's first well came in a gusher last week. The shares jumped from next to nothing to a thousand dollars apiece; there's none for sale. Them that's got them are hanging on for dear life, because they're sure they got a good thing."

"The A.P.P.P., you say — oil — why!" Brome came closer to the speaker, his right hand closing on the man's arm.

The interest the narrator had expected to see in the listener's expression was not there, but a look so different that he shrank back almost frightened by the burning light in the other's eyes.

"Say, what are you talking about?" Brome's voice was harsh, unrecognizable from that of the moment before.

"Why, you see, it was this way," the man went on, a little flustered by the other's manner. "A few years ago some four-flusher came along and organized the A.P.P.P. Company. That's the short of it, them letters. The full name was the Atlas Pioneer Petroleum Products Company."

"Yes, yes," Brome said impatiently. "go on."

"Well, this four-flusher sold a lot of shares, then jumped out with the money. The stockholders hunted for him and his partner, a newspaper reporter, for a long time. But finally the whole thing was dropped. Of course everybody thought they were stung, after the promoter blowing out that way, and nothing further was done about the oil field he was supposed to have discovered. Then," the speaker went on rapidly, a fearful light in his eyes as he watched the changes in the face of his hearer. "one day a man digging a well on a piece of the district that the A.P.P.P. people had leases for five years on, struck gas. That started the craze all over again. The old stockholders formed a new company, issued an additional hundred thousand shares and sold them at a dollar par. With this money to carry the work on, they started drilling, and last week brought in a gusher. That started a hundred other companies working. They have formed an oil exchange. That's it you see down the street, and everybody's buying or selling oil shares for a living."

Limply Brome's hand set down the suit case on the sidewalk. Then he picked it up again, his action like a man in a dream. He walked on slowly, forgetting even to thank his informant. He went on toward where the light of the oil exchange gleamed brightly, dazed, but believing. As he went, his mumbled words came back to the wondering citizen he had left so abruptly standing: "And we thought they were suckers.... we thought we were trimming them!"

The Voice of Command

An infinitesimal flaxen-haired atom sat in a puddle before the Highland Arms Hotel, says Punch, splashing itself and its clothes and shouting in glee. Beside it stood a dignified turbaned figure, pleading earnestly in Hindustani.

"Huzoor," it said, "listen to the word of thy servant and arise; her honor, thy mother, will upbraid if she see thee there. And behold, even tomorrow thy servant must leave the Presence and set forth again upon the black water! Shall he go with a downcast face because the Presence has taken cold?" All this it said and more; yet the "Presence" continued to wallow with callous joy. Then on the doorstep of the hotel appeared the big red-headed housemaid from Morayshire, who has recently joined the party. "Eh, Sahndy," she cried, "get oop oot of thaht this mennit, ye bahd boy." And Sandy arose.

WORLD-WIDE GOOD WILL

Good Will has been defined as "the disposition of a pleased customer to return to the place where he has been well treated."

Good Will is also the disposition of a customer to recommend a satisfactory product to his neighbors and friends.

It can be created by the printed word only in so far as that word reflects the integrity of the institution behind it.

Good Will is admittedly the most valuable asset that any business can possess. And no

organization has so impressive a reason to appreciate the magnitude of its value as Dodge Brothers, Inc.

This value—this unprecedented and world-wide Good Will—is founded on a few old-fashioned principles of good faith and good workmanship which the world has come to associate with Dodge Brothers name.

Building ever better and better, Dodge Brothers have simply earned the trust and friendship of the public by consistently fulfilling public expectations.

DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

*Are You Ever Puzzled
About Any Question of Law?*

Read the article on page 25 and submit your query for professional attention.

Crop Reports

Total Assets
in Excess of
\$700,000,000

AS in previous years, the Bank of Montreal will publish during the season frequent reports on the progress of the crops.

These crop reports are telegraphed to various centres, from which they will be mailed free to all who require them.

Application to be put on the mailing list may be made in person or in writing at any Branch of the Bank.

Head Office: Montreal



Bank of Montreal

Established 1817

WHEN OPPORTUNITY COMES

HOW much money have you "put by" at the present time?

Enough to pay a doctor in case of sudden illness in your family? Enough to make a payment on a home should you be offered a bargain? Enough to take advantage of a sudden business opportunity?

Ordinary opportunities, ordinary happenings, these, yet how many are ready for tomorrow's big chance—tomorrow's emergency? The man with a good bank balance is always ready for the unexpected.

Our booklet, "THE MEASURE OF YOUR INCOME," will help you. Ask the Manager for a copy.

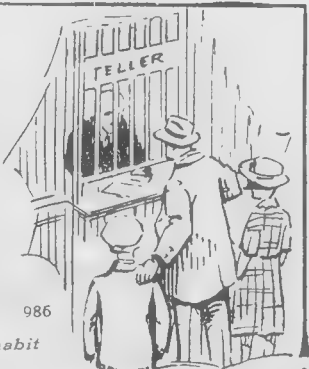
The Royal Bank of Canada

S434

A Lesson in Success

Teach your children to save. Open a Union Bank Savings Account for each of them. Let them be friends with the Bank Teller and take their own deposits to him.

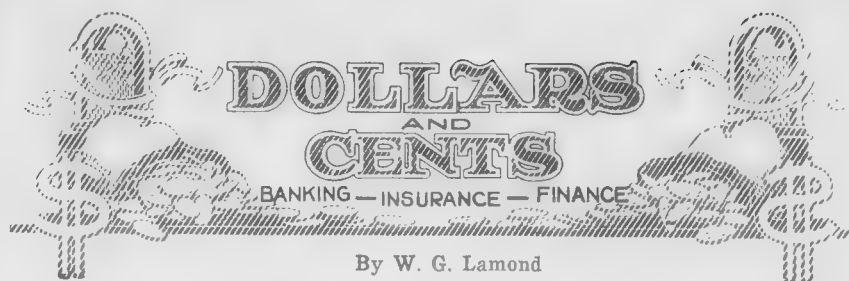
The easiest road to success is the savings habit



986

UNION BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG



By W. G. Lamond

Signs of Improvement

CANADA and the Canadian banks have been through a very difficult period. It is to be hoped that the signs of the appearance of a more prosperous era now apparent will not prove to be illusory. No country has suffered more severely than Canada from the after effects of the war. The great decrease in Europe's purchasing power, resulting from the riot of inflation which proceeded during and after the war, affected its staple industry, agriculture, to a deplorable extent and that had its repercussion upon the subsidiary industries owing to the falling off in the prosperity of the farming community. The banks were caught with large loans outstanding with the result that great losses were experienced from frozen credits.

Happily the past year, while marked by further amalgamations arising out of the strain under which the banks have labored of late years, brought to light no more unpleasant incidents such as the failure of the Home Bank. Confidence in the banks has been restored and in recent months there have been definite signs that the long-drawn-out depression is at length giving place to better conditions. For the twelve months ended November 30 last exports totalled \$1,070,065,000, against \$1,015,651,000 for 1922-23 and \$873,326,000 for 1921-22. The crop output was considerably less last year, particularly in the Western Provinces, but the reduction in quantity was made up by the higher prices ruling for wheat. Agricultural conditions in the Prairie Provinces, in fact, have improved during the past two years, a bumper crop in 1923 having been followed by a fair one marketable at high prices, while there has been an encouraging growth in mixed farming. Taken all round it may be said that the agricultural industry in the West now gives signs of greater stability than for a long time past.

The balance sheets of the large Canadian banks afforded a striking example of the manner in which the demand for advances from traders has fallen off. It has been impossible to find suitable employment for the full portion of the resources of the banks available for this, the principal, form of employment for banking resources, with the result that while commercial loans have decreased, investments have increased. The results of the Canadian banks during the last three years must be regarded as very satisfactory. They indicate the great strength of the large banks in the Dominion. Three of the Dominion's banks, the Bank of Montreal, the Canadian of Commerce, and the Royal of Canada, are now amongst the largest banks of the Empire. The manner in which they have come through an exceptionally trying period provides testimony to the soundness of their management. In some ways even more credit may attach to the management of the more moderate-sized banks, for at times the lack of confidence told heavily against them, but having successfully weathered so critical an experience their future expansion and development should be assured.

Union Bank Absorbed

THE announcement that the Royal Bank of Canada had absorbed the Union Bank of Canada came as a distinct surprise to the people of Western Canada. While it was generally known that the bank had been compelled to draw in its horns considerably since 1921 the consensus of opinion indicated that it was surmounting its difficulties slowly

but surely. With the removal of the Union Bank our last purely Western Banking Institution has disappeared. In this connection it is interesting to note that from the year 1867 to the present time there have been twenty-five bank failures and thirty-one bank mergers in Canada.

Increase in Canadian Life Insurance Sales

April life insurance sales figures, just published by the life insurance sales research bureau of Hartford, Connecticut, show a continued rate of increase, \$35,872,000 being written during the month.

April, 1925, has a general total of 10 per cent. increase over 1924 on the whole of Canada, while the year ending April 30, 1925, shows a three per cent. general gain over the year ending April 30, 1924.

The first four months of 1925 are two per cent. better than the corresponding period in 1924 on the average returns from the whole of Canada.

For the most part, these gains are from the eastern sections.

Sir Herbert Holt

SIR Herbert Holt, president of the Royal Bank, is rated as the greatest business executive in Canada.



Sir Herbert Holt,
President of the Royal Bank

Herbert Holt came to Canada from Ireland in 1875, and having some knowledge of civil engineering, worked for James Ross who was then building a railroad in Northern Ontario. Following this, when still under the age of twenty-five, he accepted the position of superintendent of the Credit Valley Railroad, where he worked alongside of William MacKenzie.

From then on he progressed step by step until now he is undoubtedly one of Canada's foremost financiers and administrators. For many years he has been the power behind the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company, the share-value of which had only been made possible by his policy of using earnings in improvements and enlargements instead of big dividends.

Sir Herbert Holt has been a very vital force in building the Royal Bank and placing it in its present solid financial position.

Despite his nearly three-score and ten years, he is as agile as ever, both mentally and physically, and Canada may have the advantage of his advice for many years yet.

Legal Information

This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

In response to a number of enquiries from different parts of the country we intend to devote this article to questions centreing around chattel mortgages. Next to agreements for sale and real property mortgages, no element of the law has been more to the front in western communities than that which surrounds our subject. With scant exception almost every person has in his day been either a chattel mortgagor or mortgagee. It is a form of security brought into existence by the exigencies of the case and has proved of great value in creating a flexible source of credit on the strength of tangible assets.

In the first instance let us advise definitely against the attempt of any party to draw up a chattel mortgage without the aid of skilled legal assistance. These conveyances, as they are called, depend for their validity upon a rigid adherence to the requirements of various provincial statutes and woe betide any mortgagee who fails to observe these statutory requirements. If attention is not paid to the regulations the mortgage may be absolutely void as against third parties, such as creditors and bona fide purchasers for value and subsequent mortgagees. To protect against the loss of the security by failure to observe these requirements, it is well to have some knowledge of the provisions surrounding the drawing and registration of chattel mortgages.

Every chattel mortgage must be registered within 30 days after its execution and it must contain a declaration or affidavit by the mortgagee that the transaction is bona fide and for good and valuable consideration, and not for the purpose of holding or enabling the mortgagee to hold the goods or book debts against the creditors of the mortgagor. In addition, there must be an affidavit of execution signed and sworn by a witness.

The mortgage must be registered in the judicial district in which the goods are ordinarily situated. If the goods are temporarily withdrawn from the district in which they are so situated, nevertheless the chattel mortgage must be registered in the former district. If the goods are permanently moved from one district to another a certified copy of the mortgage must be registered in the new district within three weeks, from the removal of the goods in Saskatchewan and Alberta, and within six months in Manitoba. If the goods are removed from one province to another, registration of the mortgage is not possible in the province to which the goods have been removed with the exception of Saskatchewan where provision is made for the registration of a mortgage made without the province. Mortgages must be renewed within 30 days after the expiration of two years from the date of registration and every year thereafter in Alberta and Saskatchewan and every two years thereafter in Manitoba.

It is essential that the goods mortgaged be described with that degree of certainty which will permit them to be readily and easily known, distinguished and identified. For instance, we have before us as we are writing a chattel mortgage which purports to pass the property in "Titan 10-20." Obviously one 10-20 Titan tractor is meant, but as the parties have failed to describe it with reasonable certainty, the chattel mortgage is void. In the same document there is an attempt to mortgage "Darky Black, age 4." Again, the parties meant a black horse named Darky, age 4 years, but the chattel mortgage does not say so, and for that reason it is null and void.

The effect of a chattel mortgage where the requirements of the statutes have not been complied with is as follows:

Between the parties it is perfectly good, but if any creditor or subsequent purchaser or mortgagee in good faith for valuable consideration wishes to dispute the mortgage he will be perfectly safe in doing so. Two illustrations will prove this statement. In one case "horses"

were described as "mares" and it was held that the chattel mortgage was invalid because of the improper description of the chattels mortgaged. In another case the commissioner who had taken the oath of the mortgagee in the affidavit of bona fides had failed to put his signature at the bottom of the affidavit in the copy which was registered in the court, although he had done so on the copy which was retained by the mortgagee. It was held that his failure to do so vitiated the mortgage.

We cannot close without referring our readers to a decision recently handed down by the Supreme Court of Canada. From the facts given in the judgment it appears that a certain farmer wished to buy some farming implements. The deal was closed out and the purchaser attended at the court to ascertain if the goods were mortgaged, and found that there was a mortgage in favor of the bank given over two years ago, but which had not been renewed, although the act required it to be renewed. The purchaser was under the impression that he had completed his whole duty in searching and finding that the mortgage had not been renewed, and he thereupon paid the vendor \$2,000.00. The Supreme Court held that he was not a purchaser in good faith and that the bank were entitled to rely upon their mortgage even though they had failed to renew it as the act required. In the meantime, the vendor had taken the \$2,000 and disappeared, leaving the purchaser to mourn his sad loss. This case serves to bring to your notice the necessity of the purchaser taking steps to see that all prior mortgages have been discharged. The courts will now hold from this date that any notice of a prior undischarged mortgage will taint the intending purchaser with lack of good faith and will void any purchase made by him as against the prior mortgagee.

1. Q.—I was working as hired man for a farmer who engaged me for two months. After I worked for him for just over six weeks I got another job that would be permanent, so I left him. He refuses to give me any wages. Can I collect them?

A.—Your employer was entitled to have you work for the full time and if you left sooner you cannot recover your wages unless he agreed to allow you to go.

2. Q.—When my wife's father died she inherited some money and we bought a farm with it. The farm was put in my name, but paid for with her money. She refuses to live with me now and claims that the farm is hers. Can I claim that the farm is mine?

A.—On the fact submitted it would appear that while your wife had paid for the farm she was really giving it to you, so that she cannot now claim that the farm is hers, unless she can establish that you were merely trustee for her.

3. Q.—A gave me a promissory note in 1915, but never paid me anything but interest and nothing at all since October, 1919. Is the note outlawed?

A.—A note is good for six years from the date of maturity or the last payment of interest or acknowledgment of the debt. As there was a payment in 1919 the note is not outlawed until October of this year. Better obtain a renewal or sue the note if you cannot collect.

4. Q.—My son worked for a grocer for six months and has not been able to get any wages for the last three months. What is the best way for me to obtain payment?

A.—In Manitoba you can apply to any Justice of the Peace or Police Magistrate in the district where the employer resides. If your son obtains judgment the law allows him very distinct priorities over other creditors of the employer and he should have no difficulty in collecting his wages. The claim could, of course, also be sued out in the County Court.

Continued on page 52

Practical Love

The most practical way that any man can show his love for his wife and family is by protecting their comfort—even in the event of his death.

For the average man there is only one sure method of doing this—Life Insurance.

Take the case of George Haddock for example. Twenty-eight years of age and married, George Haddock insured his life with a North American 20 Payment Life Policy.

For the next twenty years he paid the moderate annual premiums cheerfully and willingly—each payment a reminder of a trust being well discharged.

At forty-eight, he congratulated himself on his foresight in choosing this plan.

No more payments—and a future serene and secure.

The 20 Payment Life is an ideal plan for the young salaried man. Its premiums are low, yet payments are completed in twenty years.

We will be glad to furnish full particulars about this form of policy.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY
"Solid as the Continent"
Head Office—Toronto, Canada.



Agents in Every
Important Centre
in Canada

Send me your booklet—"The 20 Payment Life"

Name
Address
Occupation..... Age.....

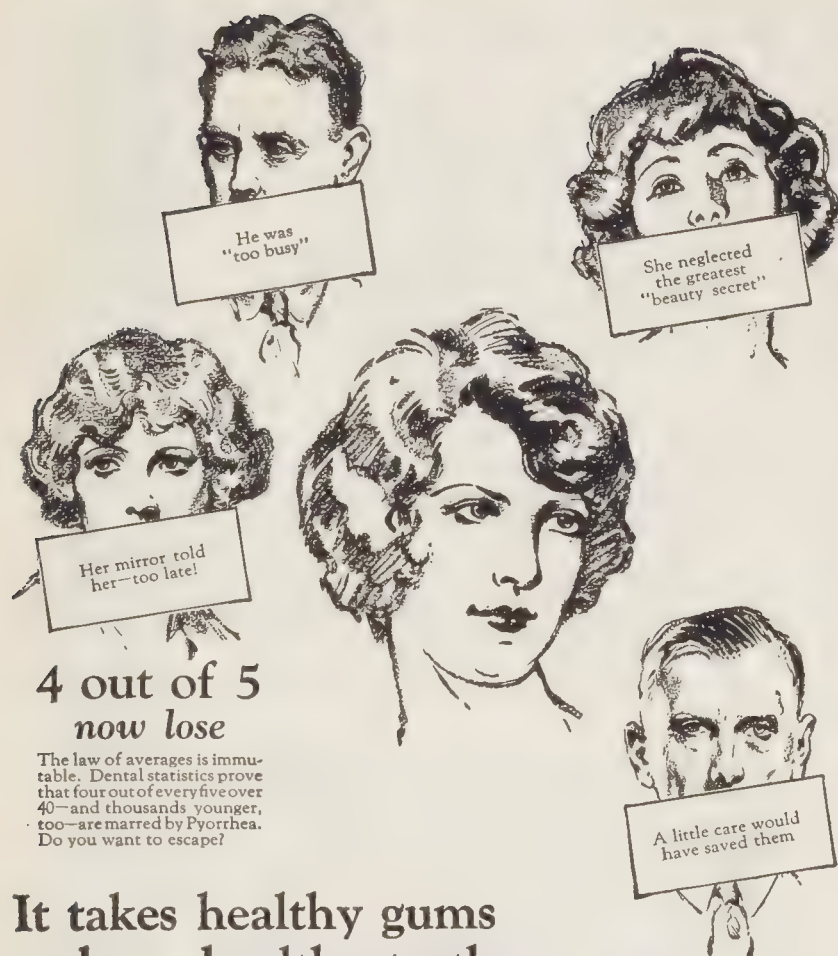
Your Property

The business of this Corporation is conducted in Departments in which the various classes of property are managed by a specially trained staff. We endeavour to secure the highest possible returns from property entrusted to our care.

Let us act as your agent in the management of your property. Our booklet *Your Financial Agent* fully explains the service. Send today for a copy.

The
TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS
CORPORATION

W. G. WATSON, General Manager. H. M. FORBES, Ass't. General Manager.
HEAD OFFICE: BAY & MELINDA STREETS, TORONTO
Branches:—Ottawa, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Vancouver.



4 out of 5 now lose

The law of averages is immutable. Dental statistics prove that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are marred by Pyorrhea. Do you want to escape?

It takes healthy gums to keep healthy teeth

If you neglect your gums—let them get in a "run-down" condition—you may soon be numbered among Pyorrhea's countless victims.

Bleeding gums are Nature's first warning. Then the gums begin to recede, lose that rich, healthy pink color. Poisons collect in pus pockets and often drain through the entire system, causing indigestion, anaemia, rheumatism and other serious diseases of mid-life. In the final stages the teeth loosen and fall out.

Take no chances—use Forhan's

If used in time and used consistently, Forhan's will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress—something ordinary tooth pastes are powerless to do. It contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent (as used by the dental profession in the treatment of Pyorrhea). It is safe, efficient and pleasant-tasting. Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start using Forhan's once a day.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea



"Making the Grade on High"

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

SHE has experienced the deeper emotions of life—in love, motherhood, home, business, society, art, the utilitarian and the aesthetic.

Wilhelmina Stitch, our W.H.M. Librarian, does not live in a house by the side of the road, but walks with the crowd along humanity's highway. Supremely talented naturally, with exceptional power of concentration and mental grasp, and a personality of charm—with rare conversational ability, she is equipped to know men and women in all stations of life.

Carefully—very cautiously—she admits acquaintances, but when she allows one to become her friend, the fortunate man or woman is a friend for life—greatly enriched in an atmosphere of culture.

I am writing this from an impartial point of view, for, though I have known her ten years or longer, I do not know that she classes me among her friends. Affectionately protected in a comfortable home with a husband who loved her, and a son in the early years of childhood, our W.H.M. Librarian lived happily the life of a home-maker.

Then death took from her the husband who was so companionable and with her child she faced the business world alone.

Armed with strength of mental poise, courage and her pen, she blazed the way for women in the advertising field in Winnipeg, and dignified the position—thus supporting her home materially while she spent her evenings directing the education of her son.

Meanwhile she continued her interest in the literary activities of the day until she became recognized as an authority on new books worth while.

She did not allow conditions to master her, but she mastered conditions.

In her busy life she found time to write for the daily papers a series of every-day poems.

Perhaps she would not allow me to call them poems.

But in them she makes us see "God and Love and Beauty and Life and Death in truer proportions," and brings the "desire of the heart within sight of the goal." Her writing is the "speech of soul to soul."

That's poetry.

These verses, written under the name of Wilhelmina Stitch, helped me. I used to put them in the corner of my mirror for a morning tonic.

A YEAR ago fortune again smiled on our W.H.M. Librarian. A doctor from London, England, visited Canada, met our Wilhelmina Stitch, and then and there decided he would "live happily ever after" if she would grace his home as his wife.

Canada's loss is London's gain—yet a blessing in disguise, for the Daily Graphic discovered in the verses of Wilhelmina Stitch, just the thing their readers wanted.

So, every morning her verses appear in the Daily Graphic.

The rich and poor, the laborer and the aristocrat, the lowly and the most cultured men and women in England write their appreciation of her verses to her. So popular are they that in answer to a constant appeal the Daily Graphic recently published thirty of her verses in a little book entitled: "The Fragrant Minute for Every Day."

It is this book the editor asked me to review. I could not bring the attention of her verses to our readers without this reference to her knowledge of life, because, as is stated in the introduction of the book: "No one pretends that it is a poetical gift alone which has brought such swift and wide-spread popularity to Wilhelmina Stitch. Her homely little verses, which appear day by day in the Daily Graphic, have touched the hearts of innumerable men and women because of the spirit of helpfulness which pervades them, and the charming, joyous personality they reveal. The simple virtues, implanted deep in the human soul, are what they exalt—courage, kindness, gratitude, faith, love and loyalty.

"Most of us are of common clay. We only desire to walk in seemly paths, and live serenely. It may be that Wilhelmina Stitch recovers for us the glamour of half-forgotten days, the sweetness of memories, the buoyancy of childhood. It may be that she reminds us of something fragrant within ourselves of which contact with life is prone to rob us."

There's the germ of hope in every verse she writes in this book and an urge to press on—that we can meet the problems of life as they come to us if we will—we are not alone in life's experiences.

"Fighting Fears," one of the verses in The Fragrant Minute for Every Day, illustrates this. It reads:

"We stood our fears up one by one; we stood our fears up in a row, and then we had the greatest fun—we knocked them down with one sure blow. We aimed at them; in turn we aimed. We treated them like ninepins small; as each one fell, our courage flamed. Why, fears are nothing, after all!"

"When all were lying flat and dead, we looked into each other's eyes; we smiled, and both together said: 'Those fears were just a pack of lies.' We took them by their useless feet; I carried eight, he carried eight; we flung them on the dusty street, and there we left them to their fate."

"And then before the fire we sat. Said I, 'You are a splendid shot!' Said he, 'You helped to knock them flat, and now we've killed the tiresome lot.'"

"I've gulped down fears," I said to him. 'I've locked them up in cupboards, too. And one that was extremely grim was chained to me a whole year through. But oh! this way was far the best—because we now can live with zest.'"

She expresses the meaning of Friendship in lines most sincere, and lovely are her Fireside Thoughts, An Act of Grace, A Thanksgiving and Along the Way—such friendly lights on the paths of every day.

It is difficult to choose the choicest from the book. I like every one, but I must quote "My Bank."

"I'm hoarding for my ripe old age, a bankrupt I refuse to be. Oh, I am canny, cool, and sage—my method's good, you will agree. I'm hoarding memories of fun, of joyous days when hearts beat high, of hours of ease when work was done, and rosy was the western sky."

"There is a bank within my heart; there is a bank within my mind; at finance I am very smart—I'm hoarding gentle words and kind! I'm saving lovely sights I've seen and lovely sounds my ears have heard: the trees bedecked in Springtime green, the song of human voice and bird. And grains of courage I invest; I'll draw upon them in my need. Old age is sometimes sore depressed, this Courage will my spirit feed."

"I saw a poster yesterday that urged great thrift each youthful hour. I'll bank a cheerful thought each day—so my old age won't turn me sour."

This copy of "The Fragrant Minute" is the first of a series of books that will follow. The writer of these verses has touched such a responsive chord in the hearts of the readers of the London Daily Graphic that she is swamped with invitations from literary and art clubs, from various banquets of important organizations, from titled ladies in their homes and from ordinary every-day people. Fortunate indeed are we in having Wilhelmina Stitch for our W.H.M. Librarian—for she says in one of her verses: "This my song of thankfulness, and this my song of praise—thank God for all the friendly books, for every magic phrase; for all the clever laughing books; for books that make one weep; for books one reads to little folks that they may sweetly sleep."

"To each his song of thankfulness; for me this song of praise—thank God for all the lilting books, the rhythmic, glowing lays; for all the rich romantic books; for books like gentle hands; for books that take us on winged words to spirit-healing lands!"

COME LET US READ AWHILE

By the W.H.M. Librarian

DEAR me! I am positively dripping apologies these days. No sooner did I re-instate myself with May Sinclair, than I received a letter from Alfred Tresidder Sheppard (whose name I had spelt correctly) to the effect that I had misinformed the readers of The Western Home Monthly as to the period of his historical novel "Brave Earth." I told you 1650 when it should have been 1550. Apologies, profuse and sincere, Alfred Tresidder Sheppard! I have this thought to comfort me in my humiliation: if my review encouraged any readers to buy, borrow or steal a copy of "Brave Earth"—their enjoyment would not have been one whit the less for the extra hundred years. Which reminds me of a story George Bernard Shaw told when I dined with him and the famous "bone setter," Sir Herbert Barker, a short while ago. A few men were discussing the distance of the moon from the earth. One scientist named one figure, another gave quite a different calculation. The argument widened into a discussion of the sun's distance as well as the moon's. No one could agree. Thereupon George Bernard Shaw turned to Sir Robert Ball, the famous astrologer, author of "In the High Heavens," and politely announced: "I'll give you 800 miles for the whole caboodle."

And having mentioned Sir Herbert Barker, I am further reminded, all in the same breath, as it were, that I have just read "The Outsider," by Joan Sutherland (Hodder and Stoughton). This is not a recent publication, but I was much interested in it because the "hero" is a bone-setter, outside the medical profession, working cures where the medical men fail, and as a result arousing intense prejudice and antagonism. This novel is an adaptation of a play of the same name by Dorothy Brandon. Dorothy Brandon spent much time with Sir Herbert Barker before writing it, and the actor who impersonated the bone-setter "Ragatsky" bore a striking resemblance to Sir Herbert. I noticed in the "Toronto Saturday Night" that "The Outsider" had been staged in Toronto and had called forth much favorable comment.

Three Volumes of Poetry

MY desk is running over with rhymes! Three little volumes have reached me in the last few days. One, "The Tent by the Lake," bears the name of Fred. G. Bowles. He has another name which I have heard often on the lips of the people of England. "The Poet of the North" they call him. Not only has he written hundreds of lyrics which have appeared in the daily press, more than half a dozen volumes of poetry including translations from the French and German, but many of his poems have been translated into Italian, French and Swedish. Perhaps what is even more noteworthy is the fact that dozens, scores, of Fred. G. Bowles' lyrics have been set to music, and form a large part of the Keith Prowse-Sam Fox song catalogue. Does not this prove that Mr. Bowles is a true lyricist, for it is this singing quality that marks the pure lyric as distinguished from verse of other types. Only the other day a gifted composer was telling me how difficult it was to find poems "that would sing." I have wandered away from "The Tent by the Lake." Let us return to where "two tall oaks stand sentinel," for it is "night inscrutable and wise" and, so our poet tells us, "one sweet star runs singing down God's abyss of blue." This paper-covered little volume published by Elkin Mathews, London, contains that widely known song.

I wonder if ever the rose
Remembers the days gone by?
I wonder if melody blows
From leaves that are perished and dry?
Ah! God makes His roses so sweet—
Their fragrance is shed
When the summer is dead.

Dormer Windows

THIS attractive title belongs to a charmingly illustrated volume of verse for children by Anne MacDonald.

Enchanting vistas through these windows! Winding avenues of childhood skirted by dream trees in full blossom. Down this avenue go a-dancing Little Blue Shoes, Little Wooden Face, The Mist Lady and The Dream Pedlar. As for young Hobble-de-Hoy—she's just tearing down the road! It was with regret that I reached the last of the well-printed, beautifully illustrated pages of this book (Oxford, Basil Blackwell). I would have preferred to linger and play with the children I caught sight of as I peered through Dormer Windows.

From Windows to Doors

I TURNED from peering through Dormer Windows and straightway passed "Through the Green Door"; I found myself in a wood, and who should I meet but Fairy Tinkle.

"Now the little Fairy Tinkle has a voice that's silver clear,
And when she breaks the silence,
naughty children pause to hear."

Anne MacDonald, for she is the author of this volume of verse also, then goes on to tell us a great deal about Fairy Tinkle which I would quote, did space permit. This is a most delightful volume to give to little children. The illustrations, in color and black and white, are most charming. The publisher is Basil Blackwood of Oxford.

Anthony's Education

"THE education of Anthony Dare," by Archibald Marshall (W. Collins Sons and Co.), is a masterly piece of character analysis. It says a good deal for Mr. Marshall's story that although nearly one hundred people flit across the stage; and although there is no real hero (as real heroes go), yet the reader's interest is sustained from the beginning to the end. It records the very ordinary life of a very ordinary young man, during the most formative period of his life, from the time he was about nineteen until he "went down" from Cambridge some years later.

Anthony Dare's boyhood has been already described in a previous novel by Mr. Marshall. Now we see him possessed of aesthetic temperament and very little will power. We see him cutting a poor figure in his brother's shipping office in London. He gives it up and goes to Cambridge where his weaknesses and incapacity to concentrate lead to fresh failures.

But at heart Anthony is sound and towards the end of the book we are left with the feeling that he has learned his lesson. Very realistic are the chapters devoted to Anthony's life as an undergraduate. Yet this novel is singularly devoid of dramatic episodes, presents no heroine, and runs to no exciting climax.

"Dragons Teeth"

A STORY of the French Revolution by Arthur Hood (Cassell and Co.). Insolent nobility, cringing peasantry, the guillotine and all the accessories of the Reign of Terror. The characters are somewhat sketchy—but as they nearly all meet violent deaths shortly after introduction, our feelings are not harrowed.

The women characters, when French, are invariably immoral. The only Englishman suffers from an overflow of rectitude and righteous indignation. We doubt if those accustomed to work among the feeble-minded ever met such a curious case as Calida, who flits through the book as a half-witted creature from her infancy. But for all that, she marries, and the double event of her husband's murder and the birth of her child, restores her to reason. A drastic treatment, and hardly likely to be followed by such happy results in all cases. There is plenty of stirring episode of the "Revolution" type.

"The George and the Crown."

SHEILA KAYE SMITH goes from strength to strength. This, her latest novel (Cassell and Co.), seems to me to eclipse her others; but how talk of "eclipse" in reference to this brilliant

Continued on page 41



Awarded first prize of \$13,500 in a world competition of writers. The judges, composed of eminent authorities, declared that of the 1,700 manuscripts submitted, Miss Ostenso's production was so far superior that none other seriously rivalled it. Easily the greatest novel in recent years. Will not for some time be published in book form.

The Western Home Monthly

has secured the exclusive serial rights for Canada, and the first of six generous installments will appear in the August number.

The author is a Manitoba girl, educated in the schools of Brandon, Winnipeg, and Manitoba University. Miss Ostenso taught for a period in one of the settlements of the Province. It is here that her novel found its inspiration and basis. It is written with such a knowledge and intimacy of things Western that everyone living west of the Lakes will find it a veritable delight. It is the output of an eager and sensitive imagination—it is exquisitely but simply written, and is rich and apt in imagery. Considered the finest contribution to Canadian fiction of the present age.

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WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Healthy, Wealthy and Wise

By Winnifred N. Whitlock

WHY should health be put first in the old rhyme? Because health is far more important than either wealth or wisdom, but people do not seem to realize this fact until they have either impaired or ruined their health by a senseless disregard of a few simple factors in the attainment or maintenance of that much to be desired condition. "Mens sana in corpore sano"—a sound mind in a sound body.

Heredity is one of the greatest factors in good health; that is why insurance companies are so insistent on securing the family history of a prospective risk, but no one need be unnecessarily alarmed if one of their ancestors or relations died of some dread disease. It is just as likely you take after someone that didn't.

The enormous sums of money spent on patent medicines and "cures" for every ailment under the sun show that people want to be healthy. But many don't seem to realize that quite a lot can be done without the expenditure of a cent.

The cheapest remedy for chest weakness, bronchial troubles and nerves is fresh air, and yet there are still a large number of people who sleep with the windows tightly closed. Fatalities from asphyxiation and inhaling of poisonous fumes from furnaces might have been averted if the victims had followed the rule of fresh air at night. In England very few people sleep in heated rooms and nearly always the windows are open. Of course, the climate is much milder than that of Canada, but even in below zero weather it is better to have the window open a tiny bit at night.

There is no exercise so conducive to good health as walking, yet now that so many own automobiles, walking will soon be a lost art. Many women and some men are constantly talking about dieting and reducing, yet few of them try the simple expedient of walking several miles every day. Don't make the mistake a lot of women make of thinking that housework is all the exercise you need; that isn't of the same benefit as even half a mile in the fresh air.

We once remarked to a woman that she had a lovely garden. "Yes," she said, "but I never go out in it. You see, with the children, I haven't any time." It doesn't take long to take a chair onto the back porch or to the verandah and peel vegetables, wash dishes or sew, and we know many women who do it, and the children would be all the stronger for playing in the fresh air instead of indoors.

Most women suffer from nerves at some time in their lives and we hear many of them lamenting that they cannot afford a change or a sea voyage. Fresh air is a wonderful tonic for nerves. The next time you feel inclined to sit down and have a good cry or get such a fit of the blues that you wish you were dead, go out and do a little gardening, or snow shovelling if it is winter and we'll guarantee you will feel a whole lot better when you come in.

We had nervous exhaustion once—more than once—and our doctor advised a rest. We told him we couldn't afford it and he said the only alternative to avoid a nervous breakdown was to go to bed at seven o'clock every night for at least a month. We tried it and it worked wonders. Another thing he advised was not reading or writing late at night, but sewing for the last hour before going to bed. Sleep is a wonderful tonic, and even resting with your eyes closed has a soothing effect on the nerves.

ONE of the most important items in the preservation of health is the diet.

"I haven't any patience with all this talk about vitamins and protein and such things," we often hear people say, "I just eat whatever I fancy." That's all right in its way and if you have a good digestion your stomach and intestines may stand that treatment for many years, but sooner or later you will pay for indiscretions in the diet.

Constipation is such a common complaint that people don't seem to think much about it, but it is the forerunner of many diseases and the cause of numerous operations.

Fruit is not eaten in sufficient quantities by the average person. Mother gives the children a cookie or a piece of candy when they would be far better with an

apple or an orange. "The cookie tin's so handy" is the excuse, or "My children don't like apples" and "Baby won't take orange juice" are reasons given.

People with high blood pressure should not eat much meat, nor children subject to convulsions or fits, in fact most people would be better with meat not more than once a day. Naturally diet should be varied to suit the system and its varying needs. Nervous people should not drink much tea or coffee and if you are troubled with insomnia hot milk before going to bed often has beneficial results.

The wonderful results obtained by diet in the treatment of diabetes and gastric ulcer show that judicious feeding has a vital bearing on the health of an individual, though there are still many people who do not realize the importance of food and just eat what they like and when they like.

Many illnesses have been traced to defective teeth. If the teeth are in poor condition they cannot do their work of mastication and impoverished blood often results. Pyorrhea can infect the whole system with poison and yet many people go on for years with teeth that they would be better without even if they couldn't afford to get false ones.

Going to the dentist can certainly run away with a lot of money, but it is false economy not to have your teeth attended to.

Children should be taught to clean their teeth at least every night and morning, parents thus co-operating with the school authorities who in many cities and country districts inspect the teeth of their pupils.

DON'T be too boastful about your eyesight. Most people when they reach middle life need glasses for close work, not on account of any defect in vision but on account of changing sight. If attention to this matter is not given, impaired sight may result with much suffering and expense. Many mothers strain their eyes doing dark work at night by a dim light. Good lighting is not always possible, but it is possible to so arrange the work that dark mending and sewing is done by daylight and only white work or none at all done by artificial light. After all it is no offence against the law to sew in the daytime and do housework at night though if you suggested such an innovation to some women they would decide you were a fit candidate for mental examination. Personally, we always do our washing in the evening in the summer time. We wouldn't wash in the heat of the day for a pension, though in Toronto one very hot summer, a young woman was found dead at noon by the side of her laundry tub, her death being attributed to the intense heat.

"My back aches so terribly sometimes," a woman complained to us once.

We asked her why she didn't sit down more and she said, "Well you can't sit down to housework," and when we told her we knew a woman who always sat down to paring vegetables, washing and drying dishes, and making pastry and a host of other things and had taken to the idea ourselves, she seemed horrified at such a departure from precedent. But why not?

Do you know that lying down and sitting down are easier on the heart than standing up and if you are lucky enough to have a heart in good condition, you should make every effort to keep it so. Two doctors have testified that our hearts are all right but we still refuse to stand up too much.

We know a woman with varicose veins. "Why don't you put your feet up when you're sewing?" we asked. "Oh, I just don't think of it," was the reply. "I suppose I should."

Simple food, fresh air and plenty of sleep are we believe, the essential elements in the maintenance of good health and these don't cost much, but when one goes about and sees the closed windows, overheated houses, indigestible food and the late hours kept by some folk, we wonder how it is they are still alive. More luck than good management about it. Well it's better to be born lucky than rich, isn't it?



The Theatre Beautiful

The splendid decorative plastering on the walls and ceilings of the new Capitol Theatre in Vancouver, B.C., was made possible by the use of Pedlar's Metal Lath. This theatre was designed by Thos. W. Lamb, of New York. The Dominion Construction Company and Geo. Rush Plastering Company, Vancouver, were the builders. Pedlar's Lath is used in all types of buildings. Its cost is moderate.

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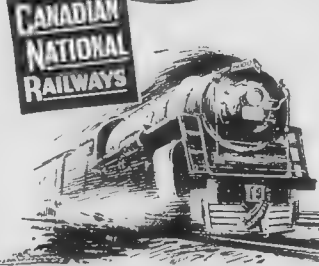
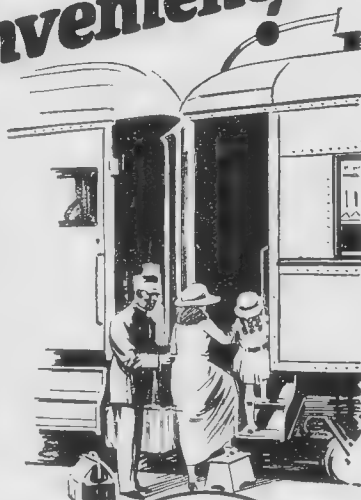
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A "Music Room" When Possible

THAT in planning a new home the architect or builder should give no little thought to suitable accommodation for a piano and try and "work in" a music room, if possible, is the contention of Mr. George Pingle, a well-known music-lover of Ottawa.

Mr. Pingle made a point recently of examining a considerable number of new homes in the Ottawa district, and he had been disappointed to find that a large percentage of the houses under construction, or just completed, did not have blank wall measurements of sufficient width to accommodate the average piano. In the living rooms of many houses there were the usual front windows, frequently three in a row. On the one side there was generally the wide archway leading into the front room from the hallway. On the other side there was invariably the fireplace and mantel, which occupied the greater portion of the wall space. Leading into the dining room of most homes, there was found the open archway or sliding or folding doors, which took up much of the inside wall. In many instances, this left only those sections of the four walls which formed the four corners of the living room, and the wall measurements were often insufficient for the placing of the piano.

If or when the piano is installed, the householder finds that it must stick out at an angle, a portion of the instrument blocking the pasageway into the hall or into the adjacent dining room. This forms a nuisance, and, at the same time, when the piano has to be placed at an angle it takes up valuable floor space, thus crowding the room. Mr. Pingle believes that the present tendency in house construction is a detriment to music. Mr. Pingle also has the suggestion to make that architects and builders should be encouraged to design modest residences in which there would be a room which could be designated as a "Music Room."

"The Maple Leaf"

A CANADIAN writer has been telling, recently, how the national song, "The Maple Leaf," came to be written. The composer, Alexander Muir, who was also the author of the words, was walking one day in his garden, when a maple leaf fell on his coat. Despite his brushing of it, the leaf stuck to his coat, a fact which led him to think of the lines he afterwards wrote. And when they were written he went to a music store to look for music likely to fit them, but could not find any, so he sat down and wrote his own tune to them. The song became popular at once, and has remained so.

Bass Voice Requires the Most Energy

AN eminent physician, presenting before the Academy of Medicine in Paris the result of an investigation of the amount of work performed by orators and singers, said he found from his experiments that a bass voice, in order to produce the same impression upon the ears of an audience in a hall requires the performance of about eighteen times more work than is required of a baritone or tenor voice. A bass voice is always at a disadvantage with regard to the amount of work demanded of it, he said. It was also found, he added, that men are always more fatigued than women and children by an equal effort of the voice, and men with bass voices suffer the most fatigue.

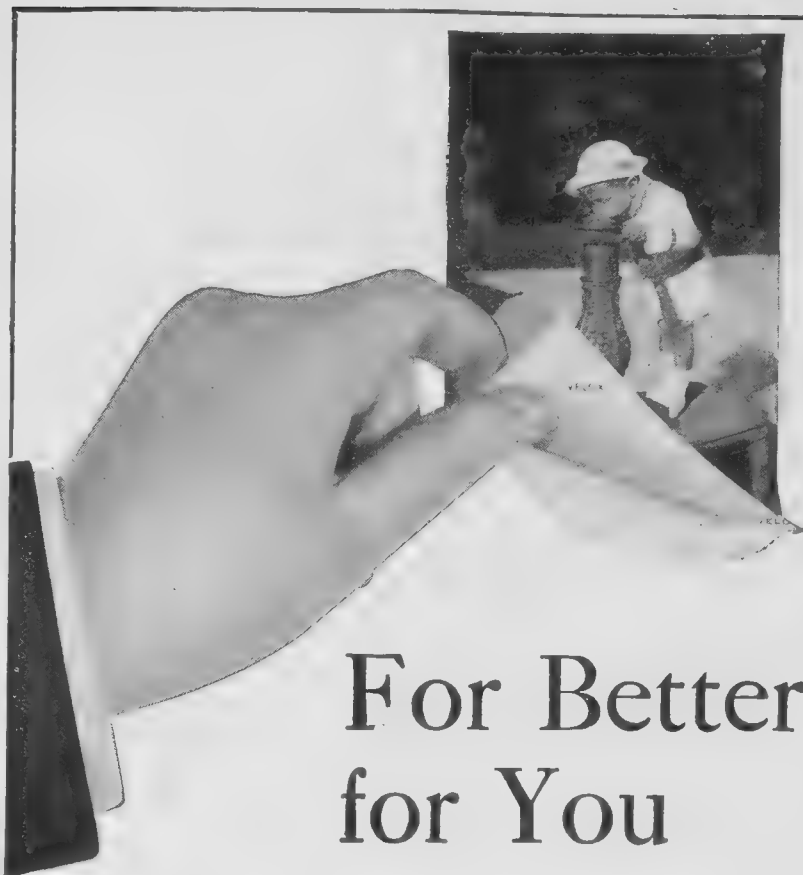
He Could Not Explain

A short time before the war Gen. Korniloff, while distributing prizes at a gymnasium class for cadets at Petrograd, seized the opportunity to give the students a lecture in regard to the softness of the rising generation as contrasted with the toughness of the generation to which he himself belonged.

"Why, when I was a cadet here," he said, "we made it a rule to gather on the banks of the Neva every morning in the spring, summer and autumn and swim three times across the river."

The statement was received in chilling silence, followed by a burst of applause when a student asked in puzzled tones.

"In that case, sir, may I inquire how you managed about your clothes?"



"A trademark is a mark by which the wares of the owner are known in trade. Its object is two-fold: . . . to protect the public from imposition. . . The trademark brands the goods as genuine, just as the signature to a letter stamps it as authentic."—From a famous court decision.

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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg



GERTRUDE DUTTON
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Hot Weather Meals

EVERY possible bit of drudgery should be eliminated from the serving of meals in hot weather. Daintiness is especially necessary when appetites are "finicky." As the digestive system is probably below par, only foods not too difficult to digest should be selected.

Eating out of doors is a habit well worth cultivating. Everything tastes better, every member of the family is getting the fresh air, there are fewer dishes to wash, and there will be a strong tendency to simplify the meals. Some place can be found which is suitable, on a porch, in the garden, or on the lawn. It is not advisable to go far enough from home to make the carrying of the meal a burden. It might be possible to place permanently in some favorite spot a table and rustic seats which will stand all kinds of weather. We find now on the market very pretty oilcloth table cloths, either round or square, decorated usually in blue, or beautiful imitation of figured damask, in oilcloth, which comes by the yard, both of them quite inexpensive. The single plate meal is growing in popularity. They look attractive, and save a great deal of work. Each plate may be carried to the dining room or out to the porch or garden table. It is an excellent way to serve a vegetable dinner. Divided plates are used in many restaurants and hotels, but for home use, if one does not wish to incur the expense, dinner plates answer the purpose very well.

There are unlimited combinations which may be tried, one or two hot foods, some hot and some cold, or all cold foods for a very hot day, with hot tea or ice-cold milk to drink. Even on the hottest day our food digests better if part of it is warm.

The One-Plate Dinner

I

Creamed eggs Potato Salad
Spinach

At breakfast time, cook the desired number of eggs till hard. Shell them and cut in sixths lengthwise. Re-heat in white sauce, and sprinkle with parsley. Or, if more convenient, cook at dinner time, then place in cold water till cool enough to remove the shell.

Wash spinach till thoroughly clean, cook in a kettle without adding any water. That which adheres to the leaves will be sufficient. Chop, and season with butter, salt and pepper, and, if wished, a little vinegar.

II

Cottage cheese with nuts String Beans
Potato salad

Add nut meats to cottage cheese. Mold in brick form. When ready to serve, cut in slices, and serve on a lettuce leaf.

Cook the string beans till tender, leaving them whole. Drain, arrange in a neat pile on the plate, season with butter, salt and pepper.

Garnish the potato salad with a few slices of hard cooked eggs, or a few slices of radish.

III

Salmon Peas
Sliced cucumber

Use either canned or boiled salmon. If served hot, put on each serving a spoonful of white or tomato sauce. If cold, a spoonful of salad dressing may be added, or a section of lemon. Beside it place a mound of green peas, cooked till tender in a very small amount of water.

The cucumbers are sliced and allowed to stand in vinegar for a few minutes.

IV

Macaroni and cheese Jellyed salad
Stuffed tomato

For the jellyed salad, any left-over vegetables, celery, peas, beans, shredded cabbage, etc., or bits of meat or fish, may be molded in lemon jelly, and placed on a lettuce leaf, with salad dressing.

Ripe tomatoes may have the centres scooped out and



Creamed Eggs Spinach Potato Salad

the cavities filled with cabbage salad, hard-cooked eggs chopped and mixed with salad dressing and shredded lettuce, or with any other desired filling.

V

Chicken patty Buttered beets
Mashed potato Cabbage salad

VI

Salmon salad Asparagus tips
Hashed brown potatoes

VII

Poached eggs on potato cakes Cold slaw
Buttered new carrots



Cottage Cheese with Nuts String Beans Potato Salad

VIII

Spanish potatoes Jellyed veal
Scalloped cabbage

For jellyed veal, select inexpensive stewing veal, with some bone and gristle. Simmer gently till ready to fall to pieces. While cooking add an onion, two

carrots and a piece of bay leaf for flavor. While still warm, shred the meat with two forks and pack into individual molds, adding some of the stock which should have simmered long enough to stiffen when cold.

For Spanish potatoes, to mashed potatoes add finely chopped pimiento.

IX

Stuffed eggs on lettuce leaves
Creamed potato with parsley
Buttered string beans

Cut hard-cooked eggs in halves after removing the shells. Remove the yolks, mash, season with salt and pepper, and add any chopped left-over meat or fish or cheese. Pack into the whites again. Serve on lettuce leaves.

X

Bacon salad Mashed potatoes
Beet greens

Cut bacon in small cubes, and fry. Skim out the pieces of bacon, and drain on brown paper. Heat 6 tb. of the fat and 2 tb. vinegar or lemon juice. Beat the yolks of 3 eggs with $\frac{1}{4}$ t. paprika and $\frac{1}{4}$ t. mustard. Cook with the fat over hot water till slightly thickened. When the dressing is cold, mix with shredded lettuce and bits of bacon, tossing together lightly with a fork.

XI

Pineapple and cheese salad
Hashed brown potatoes String beans

XII

Cold Sliced ham Creamed potatoes
Buttered carrots and peas

Bread or rolls may be buttered before meal time, wrapped up closely to prevent drying out. Something to drink, and any desired dessert will complete a very satisfying dinner.

BERRY TIME

DURING the summer months we have an abundance of berries of many kinds.

Strawberries are perhaps the most popular. Since we have learned that our Western prairies are so well adapted to the "Everbearing" variety, it is possible for us to enjoy them for several months. The acids they contain make strawberries a very valuable food, although some unfortunate people are unable to eat them.

Gooseberries and currants are excellent tonics. Black currants are an effective, old-fashioned remedy for sore throat.

Raspberries are supposed to be valuable as a cure for liver troubles. Blackberries and blueberries and loganberries are other favorites.

All berries are juicy and have, when ripe, very soft pulp, so must be kept in a cool dry place, and handled as little as possible. Dampness will cause them to mold quickly. All berries are better if spread out on the platter till ready for use, if at all possible.

Blackberries, strawberries and currants should be washed before hulling, in a fine spray of water, or in a large bowl of water from which they may be quickly removed. They should not stand in water any longer than can be helped, as they become soaked and lose flavor.

If the fruit is to be stewed the sugar is not added

Continued on page 32

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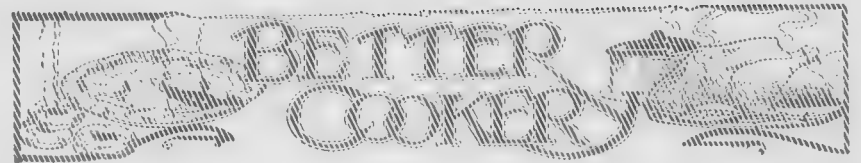
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Continued from page 30

till it is removed from the fire, or a larger amount of it will be required. The acids change part of the sugar during the cooking.

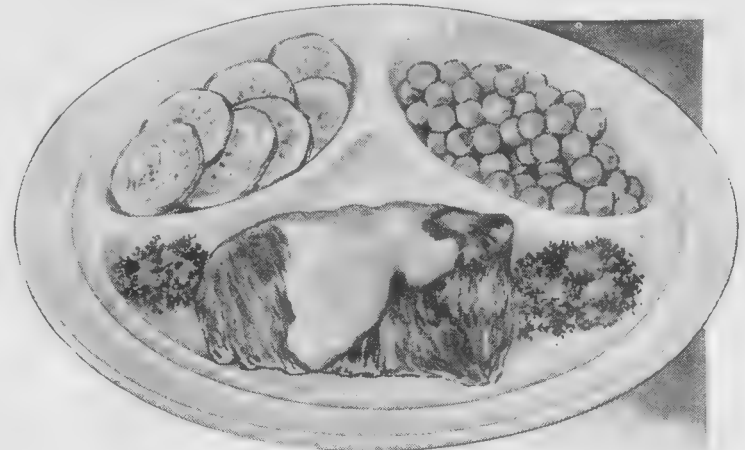
Gooseberries and Currants for Future Use

Wash the berries well, either gooseberries, red or white currants, pack in sterilized jars, fill to overflowing with cold water and seal. They will keep a long time in this way, and we have, thus, fresh fruit available when we want it. Store in a dark place to prevent fading.

Blackberry Mist

Blackberries 1 qt. Water 2 c.
Cornstarch 3 tb. Sugar 1 c.

Wash and hull the berries. Add the water and simmer gently without stirring, for 15 minutes. Mix the cornstarch and sugar, and stir carefully into the liquid, being careful not to crush the berries. Cook in a double boiler for half an hour. Set aside to cool, then pour into individual glass dishes. Chill and serve with whipped cream.



Sliced Cucumbers

Green Peas

Salmon

Strawberries with Cottage Cheese

Cottage cheese 2 c.
Sugar 1 tb. Cream ¼ c.
Salt ½ t. Strawberries 1 qt.

Add the salt, sugar and cream to the cheese, and mix till smooth, adding more seasoning or cream if necessary. Pile in a large glass dish and surround with crushed berries.

Served with graham bread and butter sandwiches and tea, this makes a good hot weather Sunday night supper.

Strawberry Roll

Eggs 3
Sugar 3 tb. Flour 3 tb.
Strawberries 2 c. Baking powder ½ t.
Cream ½ pint, whipped.

Beat the egg yolks well, with the sugar. Stir in the flour and baking powder mixed and sifted together, and fold in

Strawberry Charlotte

Gelatin 2 tb. Powdered sugar ½ c.
Cold water 4 tb. Lemon juice 1 t.
Boiling water 1/3 c. Whipped cream 2 c.
Crushed berries 2 c. Lady fingers.

Moisten a quart mold with water and line with lady fingers or strips of sponge cake. Set aside to chill. Soak the gelatin in cold water, then dissolve in the boiling water. Wash and crush the berries, add the sugar, lemon juice and dissolved gelatin. Stir the mixture frequently. When it begins to thicken, fold in the whipped cream, and pack into the lined mold. Turn into a serving dish, and garnish with whole berries.

Raspberry Charlotte

Raspberries 1 c. Gelatin 1 tb.
Powdered sugar 4 tb. Cold water 2 tb.
Lady fingers. Salt ¼ t. Cream 1 c.



Macaroni and Cheese

Jellied Salad

Stuffed Tomatoes

the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a shallow pan, lined with greased paper. Bake in a moderate oven till done (about 15 minutes). Turn on a damp cloth sprinkled with powdered sugar. Cool, trim off the edges, spread with the whipped cream, slightly sweetened, and mixed with the berries cut in pieces. Roll like a jelly roll.

Soak granulated gelatin in the cold water, then set the cup containing it over hot water till the gelatin is dissolved. Crush the berries, add the sugar and salt, then add to the dissolved gelatin. When beginning to thicken, fold in the stiffly whipped cream, and pile in sherbet cups lined with lady fingers or strips of sponge cake.

Berry Roly Poly

Rich biscuit dough Sugar
Blackberries, raspberries or blueberries.

Make a good baking powder biscuit dough, roll in an oblong about ¼ inch thick. Put the berries on it and sprinkle with sugar. Moisten the edges and roll up the dough. Lay in a baking dish, brush over with milk, and bake in a rather hot oven. Serve with pudding sauce or cream.

Raspberry Delight

Sugar 2 c. Juice of 2 lemons.
Water 2 c. Juice of 2 oranges
Orange rind 1 Red raspberries 1 qt.

Mix the sugar and water, boil five minutes, add the grated rind of 1 orange, then cool. Add the orange and lemon juice, and the juice of the crushed raspberries, strained through cheesecloth. Serve in tall glasses, with sufficient ice water to make a delicious drink.

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**Raspberry Ice**

Water 2 c. Sugar ½ c.
Sugar 1 c. Juice of 1 lemon
Ripe raspberries 2 c. Whites of 2 eggs.

Mix the sugar and water, boil for 5 minutes, then cool. Pick over and wash the berries, sprinkle with the half cup of sugar and the lemon juice and let stand an hour. Mash thoroughly, then squeeze through cheesecloth, and add to the syrup. Freeze till it begins to stiffen, add egg whites and finish freezing. Let ripen for at least half an hour before serving.

Raspberries in Rice Nests

Milk 1 qt. Grated rind of 1 lemon
Rice 1 c. Salt ½ t.
Sugar ½ c. Eggs 2.
Raspberries 1 qt.

Scald the milk, add the rice, salt, sugar and lemon rind and cork till the rice is tender and the milk absorbed. Stir in the well beaten eggs, remove from the fire and cool. When nearly cool, shape into six nests with a table spoon. Fill with sugared raspberries, and, if wished, put a spoonful of whipped cream on top of each.

Gooseberry Preserves

Remove the stems and tails of perfect gooseberries, weigh, and allow an equal weight of sugar. Add to the sugar just enough water to dissolve it. Boil for 10 minutes. Add the gooseberries carefully, and simmer till the juice is thick enough to coat the spoon. Seal in small sterilized jars.

Gooseberry Tart

Pastry Sugar 1½ c.
Gooseberries 1 qt. Water ½ c.

Remove the stems and "noses" from the gooseberries, add the water and cork till tender. Add the sugar, and pour into a pastry-lined pie plate. Cover the top with a lattice-work of pie crust, and bake in a hot oven. Serve with whipped cream piled on top.

Blueberry Pie

Pastry Sugar 1 c.
Blueberries 1 qt. Grated lemon rind 1 t

Mix together the well washed berries, sugar and lemon rind. Put in a pie plate lined with pastry, and either cover with an upper crust, or lattice strips. If an upper crust is preferred, little "chimneys" of macaroni will prevent the juice from running out into the oven.

Blueberry Muffins

To your favorite muffin recipe, add 1 c. of blueberries which have been picked over, washed and well drained.

Blueberry Gingerbread

Blueberries 1½ c. Flour 2½ c.
Molasses 1 c. Salt ½ t.
Sour milk 1 c. Egg 1.
Melted fat 4 tb. Ginger 1 t.
Baking soda 1 t.

Heat the molasses, add the fat, and when slightly cool, stir in the sour milk and beaten egg. Stir in the sifted flour, salt, soda and ginger, and beat well. Add the berries, and bake in a shallow pan in a moderate oven.

Why Sauce?

By Betty Barclay

WHY are sauces constantly served with meat, fish and vegetable dishes? Is it because of their contrasting flavor, or is there something back of it all that a dietitian in the dim and distant past is responsible for?

Apparently the latter supposition is correct. No doubt the contrasting flavor is indispensable in order that we may properly relish the dish, yet there is an excellent dietetic reason for parsley butter sauce for steak, Cumberland sauce for duck, orange mint sauce for lamb and lemon sauce for the hundred and one dishes where this sauce fits in.

Fish and meats are acid-forming foods. With them, therefore, it is wise to eat other foods which are alkaline in their reaction in the body—foods like lemons and oranges particularly. Although most of us look at the slice of lemon served with our bluepoints as merely a condiment, it is in reality a neutralizer that we actually need. The popular custom which we have accepted is after all founded on the principles of nutrition.

The gourmand, with his second helping of oysters before him, smiles jovially as he liberally sprinkles each bivalve with juice from the lemon section. We admire his ability to eat so heartily, feel disgusted with his willingness to do it, but do not recognize the fact that his "sauce" is responsible for his freedom from indigestion or gas.

Sauces, therefore, should be featured. They are easily prepared, and add so much to a dish, that they should be served constantly.

For hot fish or steak, or for vegetables, parsley butter sauce fits in wonderfully well. Five constituents are all that are required. Three tablespoons butter, a quarter teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, two tablespoons lemon juice and one tablespoon finely chopped parsley will fill the bill. Work butter until creamy, add salt and pepper, then lemon juice and parsley. That is all there is to it, yet it makes up into an unusual yet desirable sauce that will be greatly appreciated by guests.

For lamb, the usual mint sauce may be amplified into an orange mint sauce with ease. One-quarter cup each of finely chopped mint, orange juice and lemon juice, with one tablespoon powdered sugar is usually sufficient. Add sugar and fruit juice to mint and let

stand in warm place for half an hour. It is then ready to serve.

A good lemon sauce is a little more elaborate, yet this recipe should be placed where available—it is useful for so many dishes:

Lemon Sauce

½ teaspoon salt. 3 tablespoons flour.
¼ teaspoon paprika. 2 tablespoons butter.
1½ cups water or meat stock.
3 tablespoons lemon juice.
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley.

Melt butter, add flour, salt and paprika and when well mixed add water or meat stock. Bring to boiling point, stirring constantly, add lemon juice and parsley and serve. This sauce may be used with fish, meat or with vegetables.

For the palatable duck, Cumberland sauce is ideal. This is gifted with a flavor all its own. Some of the ingredients mentioned in the above sauces are here also, but others, such as fruit rind, horseradish and jelly, are added.

Cumberland Sauce

1 cup powdered sugar.
2 tablespoons currant jelly.
1/3 cup orange juice.
¼ cup lemon juice.
Grated rind one orange.
Grated rind one lemon.
Grated horseradish—one tablespoon.

Mix these ingredients. Beat thoroughly. Heat and serve. The preparation is simple, yet the sauce blends with the flavor of a duck as does apple sauce with roast pork or mint with lamb.

Often, instead of serving a sauce, a slice or section of lemon may be placed on the side of the dish, and the pure juice used as a sauce. This is often done with fish and is now becoming popular with such greens as spinach.

A simple garnish consisting of a slice of lemon may be procured sometimes when time does not permit the making of a sauce. The garnish, however, can use up more time if this is available—and with the using, comes added attractiveness, which, after all, helps digestion.

Instead of serving a slice of lemon, or a quartered lemon, serve attractive designs. A sharp knife will quickly cut out a Maltese Cross, a Swastika, a curved handle slice, or any one of a dozen fancy designs that will add greatly to the appearance of any dish.

With spinach, several designs may be spread over the dish, and when each



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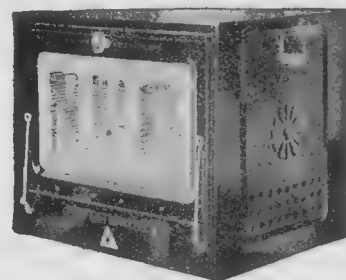
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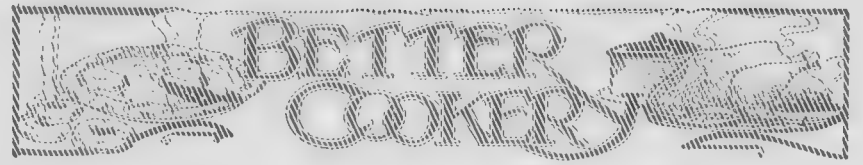
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guest or each member of the family is served, one portion of lemon may be spooned to the individual dish.

Any article on sauces would not be complete without touching on sauces for dessert. Housewives as a rule know several delicious sauces of this kind, yet many are prone to adhere too closely to one or two, rather than changing often.

Variety is the spice of a meal, however, and this should not be forgotten.

An excellent coffee sauce which blends with either vanilla or lemon ice-cream, is very tasty. Three egg yolks, one-third cup of sugar and a cup of good black coffee may quickly be made into a soft custard that will add greatly to the helping of either of these ices.

Storing Vitamines and Mineral for Winter

By Josephine L. Perry

"GOOD health and good sense are two of life's greatest blessings."

During the summer and autumn days of plenty, the thrifty housewife is busy storing vitamines and minerals for the winter days to come, knowing that she is storing health for her family.

In the last decade or two much experimental work has been done in the attempt to determine just what part vitamines and minerals play in the cycle of health. There is still a great deal to be learned, but it is an established fact that the body cannot remain in a state of normality with only proteins, fats and carbohydrates, but must have vitamines and minerals. These substances might be termed "body regulators" and without them the other food principals cannot perform their functions and there can be no physical well-being. The growth of children is stunted both mentally and physically with resultant nutritional diseases such as rickets. The health of adults is impaired, with lowered resistance to disease if not more serious disturbances.

What foods furnish these essential substances? Milk, butter, eggs, fresh fruits, and fresh vegetables. For good health these foods should be eaten daily.

Milk and butter can be readily had in winter. The question of eggs may be more serious. With care, however, eggs, during the days when they are cheap, may be preserved by such methods as the use of water glass. This does not affect the chemical composition, and they are quite

as palatable and satisfactory for cooking purposes as fresh eggs.

Keeping fresh fruits and fresh vegetables for the winter is a very important factor towards good health. Of fresh fruits apples and oranges are the stand-bys. Oranges are possibly the most valuable of all fruits. Orange juice should be included in the daily diet of all growing children. Even the three-months-old baby should have his quota. Apples eaten raw are rich in vitamines and minerals. Of fresh vegetables, cabbage and celery head the list as they may be eaten raw. There is a question as to whether vitamines are not destroyed by heat. They are very sensitive to high temperatures. Thus some raw fruit and vegetable eaten daily insures the body against vitamin deficiency. Canned tomatoes are very valuable as heat does not destroy their vitamin content. They can be substituted for fresh vegetables. Carrots, beets, parsnips, squash, and potatoes can be easily saved through the winter. They are valuable for their mineral content. With the addition of canned fruits and vegetables, and dried apples, peaches, apricots, and prunes, the needed minerals are furnished.

In planning the year round diet, the housewife should remember that each day her family should have milk, butter, eggs, fresh fruit, fresh vegetables, some cooked vegetable and white potato. With these foods eaten daily she may rest assured that a strong fortification against disease has been built up.

Prairie Berries

MANITOBA'S great pioneer in fruit growing once said that the strawberry was the favorite among our prairie grown cultivated fruit. It was said long ago, well said, and said once for all, "Doubtless, God could have made a better berry than the strawberry, but, doubtless, God never did." These are old words, often misquoted, but suggesting that even in long gone days this best-of-all-berries was accorded its due measure of appreciation. Now prairie Canada is beginning also in no uncertain voice to attest to the lack of flattery in those choicely descriptive words. This new testimony comes not only from the authority quoted but from farm folk and city folk alike, for this fruit, in its lineage an aristocrat of the aristocrats, is a true democrat in its habits. It belongs to the common people, and like other things of which one reads, its roots strike deeply in the soil.

Indeed, all kinds of soils, so they be rich, seem to look good to the strawberry. It appears to be nowise particular. All districts from east to west of our prairies, from the international boundary to the northern limits of wheat growing, appear to look good to the strawberry; in all these districts, certain varieties prosper, multiply, and bear fruit; and, incidentally, add to the profit and pleasure of their growers. Of this there can be no question. Were not fruit growing so new a venture to us, there would seem no point to the statement. It is the newness of the venture which emphasizes the fact. Testimony on the matter is given freely, with a quiet convincing unanimity, on this point. Comparative old-timers, residents of our oldest settlements, and homesteaders on the outer frontiers of

farming, alike join in the rising song of praise to the strawberry. For now at last the era of almost miraculous development of grain growing shows unmistakable signs of broadening out, and horticultural duties begin to be attended to.

Coincident with this comes into recognition the essential place that fruits (and flowers, too, but we speak now of fruits), hold in changing our too-naked farm houses into genuine cheery farm homes such as children remember with affection and grand-parents are loath to leave. Thus the democratic strawberry comes into its own, holding, with its companion fruits, a not unimportant place in the social evolution of the farm, signs of which are already fairly apparent, though its first and more direct mission is simple enough—to bring freshly-ripened, full-flavored berries to all those prairie farm and city homes which have been, so far, dependent on the less luscious import fruit.

Let us here lay down, dogmatically, one law; no strawberry can be grown in any of the distant berry-growing districts from which we import them, be shipped to us, and still reach us in a condition to compare at all favorably with the berries we pick off our own plants in our own garden patch. These imported berries cannot be allowed to ripen before being picked. Were they allowed to do so they would spoil before reaching our markets. To get them here in saleable condition they must be picked when merely flushed red, before they are ripe, and, therefore, before they have developed the delicious flavor which most endears them to our palates.

Our prairie grown strawberries are picked fully ripened from the plants; they have taken in from earth and sun

a rich fine flavor; they exhale an aroma than which there is none more fragrant; they are deliciously fresh and firm: having tasted them once who can resist their luscious crimson sweetness? The berry lover who has tasted them that once, inevitably comes back for more.

AND he does come back, for like Mahomet to his mountain, if the prairie berry lover cannot for any reason make the berries come to his own home and grow there, he goes to the berries wherever they may be. That great distances are not too great, let berry growers bear witness. There are two great experimental nurseries in Manitoba, one in the south and one in the north. A summer visit to either of these takes one by an Aladdin-like stroke of wizardry from the ordinary prairie landscape to scenes similar to those common in British Columbia or Ontario—small fruits, bush fruits, tree fruits: strawberry plants bearing flower-buds, flowers, green fruits and ripe fruits at one time; raspberry canes loaded with red, luscious, appetite-exciting berries; cherry, plum, crab-apple, and apple trees by the hundred, their branches laden and bent with fruit; and, in these later days, grape vines hung thickly with large purple bunches of delightful grapes.

These nurseries in fruit season are Romes to which all roads lead; to these fruit centres travel literally hundreds of cars, and all with the one purpose—fresh fruit. Many of these cars come fifty miles, some further; for among the chief things which the auto has done for country districts must be reckoned this lengthening of the traversable radii around the farm. Where Dobbin in buggy or democrat used to take the farm family to village church or village dance distant but a few miles, now it is the Ford or more pretentious machine, and those few miles have been multiplied by ten or twenty. Trips to the nearest town are nothing to the car; the nearest city has attractions for young folks and old folks too. Country roads are improving, and city parks, rivers, and lake-side resorts all draw the farm car with its load of better-living, healthful, pleasure-seeking young and old folks, and to berry-growers too, comes a full share of this long stream of cars. It would seem that while prairie residents have cars there is small danger of prairie-grown berries becoming a drug on the market. Berry crops are good, too. Yields varying from around five hundred dollars per acre up to nearly a thousand dollars are talked of. No doubt as the industry develops these yields will be increased. Newer methods of growing, irrigation, etc., will tend to add to these already satisfactory yields, which do not even now suffer in comparison with those of present exporting districts.

SO much for commercial growing though we might well say more. The real test of this berry's democratic habit, however, is not its response to the care of horticultural genius but its response to the care of busy farm and city people, who, having little time, plant but few plants and often fail to give these few the care really due them. If these ordinary horticulturists succeed with strawberries then indeed is this fruit of really adaptable character. But we find among these people the most enthusiastic of strawberry growers. Farm folk, town and city folk, from close to Manitoba's eastern boundary to the very foothills of the Rockies, and from the 49th parallel away into northern latitudes—over this huge territory with all its great differences in soil, rainfall, and altitude, the strawberry grows with success in the small gardens of farm, town and city, proving hardy, thriving vigorously, bearing abundantly. For this is not only a democratic berry; it is the berry for a democracy.

No more need those whose mouths water for this delicious fruit feel that in planting strawberries they are pioneering in horticulture; neither need they fear to plant them because of ignorance of cultural methods. The trail to successful berry-growing on the prairie is at last well blazed. Agricultural colleges and experimental stations

are reliable guides and willing advisers; nurserymen are, in the main, equally so. The Manitoba Horticultural Association, now a large and influential body, is also doing a notable work disseminating horticultural knowledge, not confining its work to Manitoba.

A people who neighbor with successful berry-growers are no longer, logically, able to say "You can't grow berries here," the rock upon which progress in berry growing has for long been wrecked. That berries can be grown, there is already a great cloud of witnesses, and of the best kind—those who grow them. A country which can, in a season as unkindly as that of 1924, produce a bountiful crop of strawberries from July to November—thanks to the Everbearers—is no longer justified in withholding from itself hope of a horticultural future. That it has a future, horticulturally, is becoming certain. Should anyone doubt this let him delve into farm papers. The contents of such papers are a good index to the subjects farmers give thought to, and in these publications appear an ever-increasing number of articles on prairie fruit-growing, most of them written by farmers themselves, describing that this new fruit-growing habit is one that gains ground rapidly from year to year, in which gain berry-growing bears no small part.

So, as for the strawberry, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry"—doubtless, too, God made this good one for us.

Enhancing Credit in Times of Financial Stringency

ENDOWMENT insurance proves useful as a means of accumulating a substantial fund without the insured being conscious of any sacrifice. In the same way other forms of life insurance policies contain a savings feature. Nearly all policies are paid for by an annual premium which is uniform throughout life or at least during the premium paying period. Owing to this the company gradually accumulates through overcharges in the early years, when the premium is more than sufficient to meet the current cost of insurance, a fund which improved in interest at an assumed rate will just enable the company to meet all claims maturing. During the course of years this cash reserve reaches large figures on a whole life policy. As a consequence of this the assured has a gradually increasing cash or loan value which is obtainable at any time by the surrender of the policy or by borrowing against its cash value.

The habit of borrowing the loan values on policies should be deprecated, as in many cases the privilege is exercised unnecessarily, usually because some luxury is desired or because some other opportunity presents itself for making money quickly. Even when these motives are not in evidence the insured frequently uses the asset because it is easily obtained and completely overlooks the fact that he is defeating the object for which the insurance was purchased and to that extent defrauding his beneficiary.

However, there are times when the surrender or loan value of a policy is a real asset which enhances the credit of a business man: because it is available on demand irrespective of any financial condition which may prevail at the time.

Bankers and other creditors always regard the cash value of a business man's policies as an additional asset justifying larger extension of credit on his firm's paper. Assuming however, that the borrower needs additional credit when the condition of the money market is such as to make it highly inconvenient for the banks to meet his requirements, then it is at such times that the loan privilege in insurance contracts affords a convenient and most excellent means of relief.

Liz: "I wish yer'd go in fer a collar instead of that scarf, Alf. After all, collars are quite cheap."

Alf: "Ah, but you 'aven't only the cost of the collar ter consider—there's all the upkeep it needs."

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Nestlé's is a perfect blend of both milk and cereals. It makes feeding as easy as A.B.C. All you do is add water, boil and fill the bottle.

Nestlé's is a perfectly safe food for summer—always pure, and sealed for safety in air-tight packages.

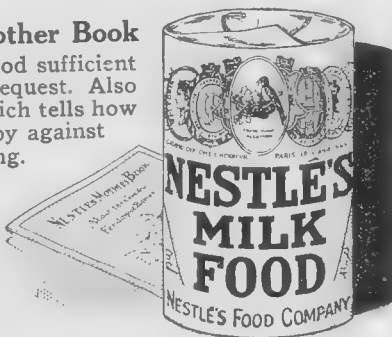
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63

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Town or City..... Prov.....

My baby is.....months old.



When Parents Co-operate

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

I WAS visiting the other day where there was a small boy. I noticed that the mother told him not to do a certain thing. Immediately the father said:—"Oh, let him do it!"

The natural consequence of this was an argument between the parents. In the end, the boy had his way; but it would have been much better for him if he had obeyed his mother in the first place.

"I never can manage my children when their father is at home," remarked a young woman to me one day.

I have often noticed that this is the case. The father is away all day, and when he comes home tired in the evening, he wants "anything for peace," so he is too much inclined to give in to the children.

This is bad for both boys and girls. They know very well that they will have their way when their father returns. This makes Sundays and holidays most tiring for the mother.

Women should not be the only ones responsible for the bringing up of their children. The father should co-operate in the training as well. If he pretends not to understand children, then the least he can do is to agree with his wife. Once she has said that a thing must not be, no amount of persuasion on the children's side should induce the father to take sides against the mother.

There are little things which a man does not understand in the raising of children. He is inclined to say: "It doesn't matter," and yet a mother knows

that people are often judged by their exactness in little things.

When baby is small, he may make the family laugh by the way he raises his spoon in the air and thumps the table with his small fists, but a sensible mother will correct these things from the start. Good manners, especially during meals, can never be taught too young. It is a good plan to allow the children to have the mid-day meal downstairs, especially when both parents are there. In this way, they learn manners by following the example of their elders. Father also gets a chance to put in a word, here and there, and show how thoroughly he agrees with mother.

If, as sometimes may be the case, there is a difference of opinion, it should never be discussed in presence of the children. Nor should parents talk about a teacher if they do not agree with her methods. The mother could go and see her alone and then, if she be too strongly opposed to something, she is free to send her children to another school.

Everyone knows that while we are training very young children, our meals cannot be as peaceful as they would otherwise be. We must sacrifice ourselves a good deal at the beginning, but it is worth while in the end.

When both parents unite, there is less danger of their having spoilt children. When both say "Yes" together, the child feels that there is nothing for him to do but to obey.

Both parents are responsible for the birth of the children, therefore, it is only fair that both be answerable for their education in manners and morals.

The Imaginative Child

By Ruth Valerie

THE imaginative child is one that requires a great deal of sympathetic understanding from the parents. The very treatment that may be best for the lively, practical brother or sister may be the very worst for the other.

Imagination is a divine quality, and like a tender plant it should be trained and guided along the right path, that, instead of running riot it may bear the finest fruit. The child that has a vivid imagination is usually very sensitive and should never be snubbed or made fun of; often a sense of humour will keep him from becoming too self-centred and introspective.

In the older countries steeped in folklore and legends and rich in beautiful old historic buildings, the imaginative mind feeds upon the glories of the past; weaves romantic stories around the ancient battlements and crumbling ruins of the old castles, and receiving encouragement from those around it leading leisured lives, sometimes develops gifts that not only bring fame, but enrich all humanity with their beauty.

Conditions in the newer countries still in the making are often quite different; there is so much work to be done; the people are of a necessity more practical, hard work and worry and the continual struggle against the forces of nature leave little time for flights of the imagination.

An imaginative child among these surroundings is often misunderstood and unhappy; he is condemned at home as slow, useless, and lazy; at school he is unpopular because he is "different." A loving, sympathetic parent can do much to develop the finest in him, and remembering that vision is necessary before any great work can be accomplished should not discourage "day-dreams," but encourage him to have constructive

vision, and determination enough to make his dreams come true. A wonderful bond, and one that years can never sever, is built up between the child and the parent who always "just understands."

It is sometimes difficult for a child possessing a vivid imagination to realize just where the line is that divides pretence and truth. Such children live in a world of their own, creating in their minds the kind of world they would like it to be. Perhaps the love of danger and adventure that prompted their ancestors to brave the dangers of an unknown continent and blaze the trail for civilization, is strong within them; leading quiet uneventful lives and without an outlet for their desires, they imagine the adventures they long to have and these become so real that they are surprised and hurt when accused of telling lies.

ONE day last summer my small son of eight told me a harrowing tale of adventure he and his brother had gone through. The few discrepancies I noticed in the story he explained away without a moment's hesitation. When he had thoroughly enjoyed my horrified exclamations and I was warning him never to do such things again, he remarked calmly that he had made it all up. For a moment I was annoyed at having my feelings harrowed so unnecessarily, then asked him gravely why he told such lies. "Those weren't lies," he said airily, "I was just training my imagination." I told him it was a very good idea and I loved being told stories, but it would be much better if we both understood from the first that they were just "make-believe," so with that understanding he continued to entertain me, and I was amazed at the vivid little imagination.

Training the imagination is a delightful pastime and always enjoyed by the children. Making up stories to fit the

music; playing simple tunes and asking the children to tell what it suggests to them; making up stories to well-known pictures; seeing pictures in the fire and clouds; turning the flowers into little fairy people, always appeal to children and teaches them the beauty of the life surrounding them and of the so-called commonplace things.

"I wish I could tell my little girl stories," the mother of a beautiful little girl said to me wistfully. "In my home we were never allowed to read fairy stories, or believe in Santa Claus or anything of that kind, I don't even know the old rhymes to tell her, and I haven't a scrap of imagination," she ended bitterly. What a pity it seemed, the

child turning to mother for companionship in her wonderful world of "make-believe," and finding mother couldn't understand.

She turned to the many excellent fairy-tale books for her stories and in time learned to tell these in her own words, but stories made up in a moment about the things around them appeal strongly to children and open up wider vistas of imaginative creation to them.

If we help and encourage our children to cultivate their imaginations we will have given them a priceless gift; they will have a fuller, deeper joy in life, a finer appreciation of beauty, will be richer in sympathy, and will develop into finer men and women.

An Educational Problem

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

THERE are distinct advantages connected with the farming business or else the farms would have been depopulated long ago. This present depression is, perhaps, the greatest that has ever hit the industry, and yet a tremendous number, and of a very intelligent class at that, are staying with the game.

But there are disadvantages connected with farming, aside from financial considerations even, and these must be met and combated. Two serious disadvantages, which may be taken together, are lack of amusement for young people and dearth of good educational facilities. Too many quit school too young and the only diversion seems to be dancing. Now dancing is very well in its way but not as a post-graduate course in education. Quitting school too young is the great thing to cope with. The farm is a good place for growing children and the rural school as good as any, up to a certain point, but I think that, if very far out, the farmer and his wife should plan so that when the eldest child nears the completion of the rural school course,

they can rent their farm or sell it and move to one close to a town for a few years until the children get the advantage of a High School course. Even if a slight sacrifice is made, or even a little debt taken on, the returns—a High School course for each of the family—would be tremendous. And then it will not be a matter of keeping the boys and girls on the farm, against their will, but leaving them to choose for themselves, as after that much education they can enter any calling if they will, or stay with farming, which they are just as apt to do as not.

The standard of education aimed at should be no longer High School Entrance, but Matriculation, and no one who wishes that much education should be deprived of the opportunity of getting it. Education is easily carried, and raising the standard would raise the prestige of the business of farming out of the "hick" or "hay-seed" category. Some of the most successful farmers I know are educated men and it is proverbial in the West that school-teachers make wise, ambitious, farmers' wives.

Stepping Stones

By Ethel Hudson

JUST as when you take a nut and extract and "accept" the kernel, throwing away or "rejecting" the shell, so in everything in life must we "accept and reject." We read a book or a paper, and out of it pick something which appeals to us. It may only be a sentence or a paragraph, but we "accept" it for ourselves, and throw away the rest. We attend a place of amusement and there is generally something that pleases us, while all the rest seems to bore us in comparison. So we may go on thinking of illustrations, on to the actual experiences of life, which is a long succession of acceptances and rejections, which form, if we are seeking to live according to our highest instincts, our stepping stones.

Each one of us can turn and look back on the steps thus taken in the upward climb. This stone was an incident which had guided us as to which step to select and accept; that one was a sorrow which we had to undergo before we could see our next stepping stone clearly. Another was a temptation, and here, perhaps, we had the greatest difficulty in selecting our step, for others lay so thick around leading off to such apparently pleasant ways that it needed all our fortitude and resolution to accept the one which our inner consciousness told us was the right one. Then someone does us a good turn and we are so grateful and happy over it that we jump joyously on to the next stepping stone from which we seek to give back again some love or kindness received, and thus step lightly over many stones, for these are so smooth and easy to take. Sometimes we arrive at a cross road, and here perhaps meet a friend, a kindred spirit, and what a joy it is to travel on together for a while on the road of life.

Let us never be discouraged though the way is sometimes rough and steep. We know that thousands have trod it before us, and though we have not arrived as far as those who have been

the leaders and the forerunners—the great men and women of the world—yet we know if we have done our best, the same welcome will be ours when we make the final halt and camp for the last time.

"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life," said our Master.

DOORS

Oaken doors with knobs of bronze,
And knockers huge and grim,
That open slow with dignity,
To let the great come in.

Panelled doors, with glass above
And a shrill electric bell,
A fussy curtain, starched and stiff,
Calls those with things to sell.

Painted doors, all scratched and worn,
With a bell that will never ring,
But they open wide when small fists pound,
And let the children in.

Oaken doors and doors of pine,
Dull dead doors, and gay,
Opening and closing on the world,
Through every night and day.

Opening to let a new life in,
Or to pass an old life on;
Closing to shut in sorrow and grief,
And opening, to let out song.

They open for welcome, or close for goodbye,
They shut in a home or a hell;
Behind their panels are secret things,
And stories no book could tell.

Beauty and horror, and hate and love,
Ignorance, learning and sin;
All are hidden behind the doors
That open to let us in.

Hilda Hesson.

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For 10-day Tube
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Mother! Watch out for film on child's teeth

That's a danger signal. If the dentifrice you are using doesn't successfully remove it, do this
—the new tooth care children's dentists advise.

FOREMOST dental authorities now advise a new way in caring for a child's teeth. A way different in formula, action and effect from any other method.

As a nation-wide hygienic movement, a 10-day test is offered mothers free.

You are urged to make it. To see what modern science is doing for the better protection of children's teeth and gums. Simply use the coupon.

What film indicates. Why it must be fought several times daily

Look at your child's teeth. If cloudy, dull, discolored, there is a film. And that film is often a danger sign. The child can feel it by running his tongue across his teeth.

Ordinary tooth pastes won't combat it successfully. Try the one you now use. See if the film does not still remain.

* * *

Film is a viscous coat that clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It makes pearly teeth ugly, discolored—dingy. Many a naturally pretty child is handicapped in this way.

Film also holds food substance

which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs by millions breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and gum troubles.

**New way removes it.
And Firms the Gums**

Now modern science has found a safe way to combat film. Super-gritty substances are judged dangerous to the teeth. Soap and chalk methods are inadequate.

This new method, embodied in the tooth paste called Pepsodent, provides the scientifically proved combatant that is being adopted by the people of some 50 nations. Its action is to curdle the film, then harmlessly to remove it.

Test Tube Free

Don't you think it worth while, in justice to your children, and in fairness to yourself, to try it for ten days? The test will cost you nothing. Use the coupon for a 10-day tube, free.

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Fashions of the Season

THE "ensemble" still reigns as a splendid example of an "all time" style, and it certainly is a costume both attractive and dignified. One sees ensembles in cotton, silk and crepe as well as in flannel and charmeen, and as a rule such suits are made in straight line effects, varied, perhaps, by godets or circular flounces.

A new suit style comprises a suspender skirt and short jacket, worn with a shirt blouse or a peasant blouse. The suspender skirt will be ever so popular this season, because it is so well suited to fabrics now in vogue and goes so well with contrasting materials.

The new printed silks lend themselves attractively to all types of dresses. Tunic blouses, too, may be developed from these materials.

A dainty summery combination may be had in green and white, using the white for the dress and the green for the trimming. On a dress of white crepe, the hem, collar, cuffs and belt are of green. Other colors are attractive combined in the same manner. Taffeta coats and dresses are in vogue.

Long sleeves prevail on afternoon dresses, while sports dresses show little or no sleeves. Skirts were never so scant or so short as prevailing styles in tailored skirts. The coats with these skirts are usually mannish in cut, plainly finished with small collars and no cuffs. A smart blouse or waist coat with high collars and cravats are worn with such suits.

Plaided woolen materials are used for one-piece straightline dresses. Plaits are used in every conceivable way. Belts and sashes are shown in all widths. The scarf, too, in all widths and lengths is still in vogue.

The peasant dress is a new and youthful style made with gathered neck edge and gathers repeated at the waistline. It has long peasant sleeves gathered at the wrist above a narrow band cuff or a frill.

Bordered materials in wool and silk are lovely for simple frocks. Circular effects are apparent on many of the new models. Lace is extensively used for trimming for tunics and apron effects.

For general wear in town or country a tub frock of silk is very desirable. For house wear frocks of cotton and linen are worn in the city, but in the country such materials are also good for general wear. A smart frock may be made with a long tunic blouse over a costume slip.

The blouse ensemble or two-piece jumper frock is splendid for informal day wear and a very important style of this season. It has a blouse or sweater upper portion and a skirt made with a front inverted plait or with clusters of plaits at the sides.

For travelling and for general day-time wear, the little one-piece dresses of tub silk or light weight woolens are most correct and serviceable. The separate coat for summer is usually of the sports style and is good for motoring, travelling and for country wear. Summer evening frocks are of flowered georgettes and chiffons and are sleeveless.

A very attractive ensemble suit was developed from plain and figured crepe. The coat and a circular flounce on the one-piece dress were of the plain crepe, the figured material was used for the body of the dress and for the coat lining. Checked homespun made a very smart suspender dress. It was trimmed with silk braid and worn with a simple short-sleeved blouse.

Novelty bordered crepe was used for a coat dress, made with bell sleeves and a narrow notched coat collar. Black taffeta made a very attractive top coat: squares of the material picot edged formed a novel border trimming on sleeves and at the lower edge.

A blouse ensemble of striped sports silk was made with a simple shirt blouse and a box pleated skirt. A blouse of printed silk and a skirt of natural kasha made a very attractive daytime costume. Dresses with flaring lines are especially attractive for slender figures.

Silk pongee is a serviceable and attractive material for a tailored blouse. Sleeveless jackets and sleeveless coats are much in vogue.



4992



5131



5139—This model in crepe or voile with lace or embroidery will make a very attractive "graduation" or "dance" frock. It is also good for linen or batiste, and the new print fabrics. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 3 yards of 32-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5144—Striped tub silk was used in this instance. The trimming is of white broadcloth. This is a good style for flannel, gingham, or percale. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material with ½ yard of 27-inch material for collar, cuffs and pocket facings. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2½ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5141—The new printed materials as well as tub silk, and pongee will be very satisfactory for this style. The sleeve facings may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 1¾ yard of 36-inch material with ¾ yard of contrasting material for collar and sleeve facings. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5133—Here is a smart jumper dress with a circular skirt, and a pretty blouse that may be worn with any other skirt. The sleeve may be finished with or without the peasant portion. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the dress as illustrated in the large view for an 18-year size will require 3½ yards of 32-inch material for the jumper and skirt and 2¾ yards for the blouse. Without the peasant sleeves the blouse requires 1½ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5146—Kasha, tub silk, crepe, flannel or linen could be used for this design. Bordered flannel is shown in the illustration. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4 yards of 32-inch material. The width at the foot is 1¾ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5149—This model has a short "vest" or "corselet" portions to which gathered skirt portions are joined. One could use nainsook, batiste, crepe or crepe de chine for this style, with lace, hemstitching or embroidery for trimming. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 2½ yards of 32 or 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

5131—Printed crepe, or challie would be good for this design. The bloomers may be joined to an underbody. The smock may be finished with sleeves in short or wrist length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size requires 3 yards of 27-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for collar facing and leg bands, if made with long sleeves. With short sleeves $\frac{1}{2}$ yard less is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

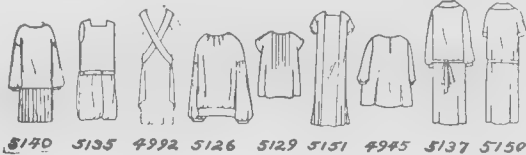
5130—This jaunty model has "Peter Pan" collar and cuffs. It is a good style for linen, velvet, flannel, gingham or chambray. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size if made as illustrated will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4883—Checked gingham is here shown with binding of white linen. This is also a good style for cretonne, unbleached muslin and percale. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, medium, large and extra large. A medium size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5126—Voile, crepe or crepe de chine would be very pleasing for this design. It may be developed with or without the peasant sleeve portion. It is a youthful model, especially adapted to slender figures. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make as shown in the large view, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material will be required for a 38-inch size. If made with peasant sleeves $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5150—One could use crepe, percale, gingham or linen for this style. The closing is reversible from left to right or right to left. The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. To make a 42-inch size as portrayed, will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material. The width at the foot is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4945—Crepe de chine, or chiffon voile would be very pretty for this style. It could be in white or in the pastel shades so attractive. Frills of the material or lace may serve as trimming. As pictured, peach color voile was



4945



5149



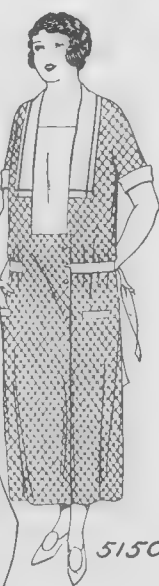
5129



5137



5130



5150

5151—Faille, crepe, satin or metal brocades could be used for this smart style. The godets and sleeve puffs may be of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size if made as illustrated in the large view will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for the godets. Sleeve puffs require $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material. The width at the foot is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5140—Figured and plain silk will combine well in this model. It is also attractive in kasha or crepe. The peasant sleeves may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8-year size requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material for the waist portions and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for the skirt, if made as illustrated in the large view. With peasant sleeves $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard will be required for the waist. If made of one material the entire dress will require 3 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

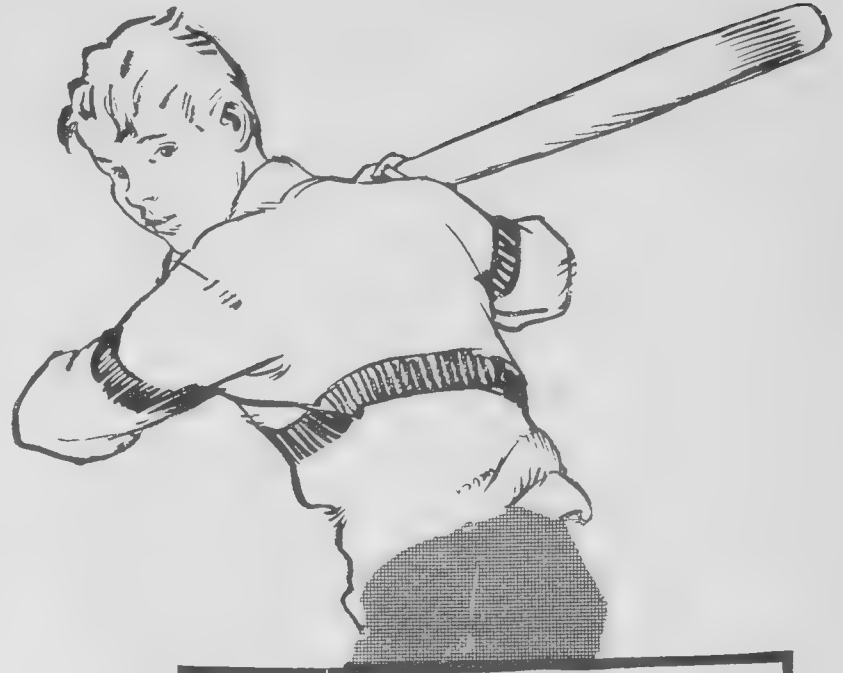
5129—Very little material and very little time go into the making of a little dress of this kind. Voile or batiste are favorite materials, but one could use chambray or the new printed tissues—or tub silk. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 3-year size will require $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 27-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5137—This is a very good model for kasha, tub silk, linen or rep. The sleeve may be short or in wrist length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 3 yards of 40-inch material, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material for collar, cuffs, plait and pocket facings, if made as illustrated. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4992—Dotted percale with bands of sateen in a color to match the dots, is a very good suggestion for the development of this style. Cretonne or chintz, unbleached muslin and dotted Swiss could also be used. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, medium, large and extra large. A medium size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

used, with frills of the voile in a contrasting shade. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5135—Muslin, cambric, batiste, crepe or crepe de chine may be used for this model. The model is cut with the front in one piece, while the back has the blouse portion buttoned to a waist portion. The pattern for this attractive design is cut in 6 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



The Big Hit of breakfast is the *flavor* of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Each spoonful scores a *flavor* home-run. Delicious! Delightful! It starts the day right!

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For the Needleworker

NOVELTIES THAT ARE USEFUL AND DECORATIVE

A NEW SERVICE

WE are presenting this month a number of needlework features in a new kind of service, which we believe will be of great interest to our readers.

The following paragraphs present ideas from some of the most popular crochet books we have been able to find, and also stamped needlework pieces. These books may be obtained at 15 cents each by addressing the Fancy Work Department of the Western Home Monthly, or the stamped needlework pieces and the necklace scheme may also be ordered by sending remittance at prices quoted. Be sure to mention color and give the number of articles desired.

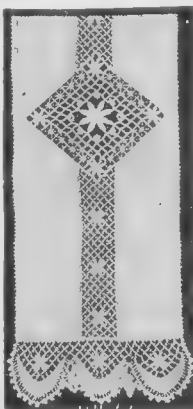
AN EASILY MADE NECKLACE

This necklace scheme has met instant favor everywhere it has been seen. It lies flat and is just over 1/2 inch wide; it is more than forty inches long and the tassel can be made as much longer as you desire with the oversupply of beads. It is a scheme of sewing or stringing beads and is so much more quickly worked than crocheted models. This package, No. 2,000, provides everything required, and our very simple instruction sheet makes it possible for even a child to work it. We offer this in colors that are not readily obtained, gold, Russian red, turquoise blue, and jet black in the highest quality of cut beads.

The package includes four bunches of beads, an imported fancy jewel pendant of the same color as desired in the beads, two spools of the proper silk twist, two special head needles, and, as a premium, we are including the wonderful bead bag book No. 13, which shows the very prettiest models in crocheted and knitted bags with very explicit and illustrated instructions for crocheting with beads, which has been so hard for many persons to learn. This entire offer is 60 cents.

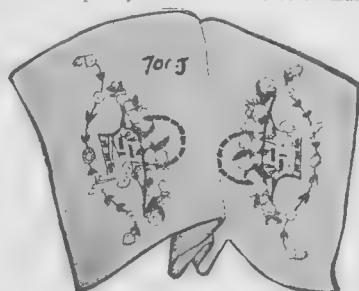
THIS PRETTY CLUNY SCARF

In book No. 04 we have this wonderful cluny scarf—the most wanted design in needlework today. With all its beauty it is simply made and to learn this stitch is to use it in preference to filet and the older pattern. This lace is applied to round centre pieces, yokes, boudoir caps, curtains, all shown in the book which has been the most popular of all in the past season.



A SCARF IN TINTED DESIGN

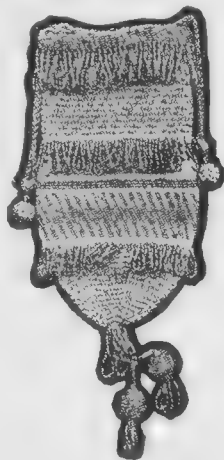
This lovely design is tinted in five colors at each end of the 17 by 42 scarf, on excellent quality of Tan Art Cloth. Large



skins of No. 5 Perle Cotton for the five colors are included in the packet No. 701J. Some of the beautiful edgings in book No. 12, mentioned below, will be well adapted to this scarf.

NEW BEADED BAGS

Our picture shows one of the lovely crocheted models in beaded bag book No. 13. There are seven other beautiful patterns easily followed from the clearly given instructions, and the very large illustrations.



Beaded bags promise to be popular for a long time to come, and all of our needleworkers will be delighted with this wonderful selection in book No. 13.

THE CHILD'S PLAY APRON

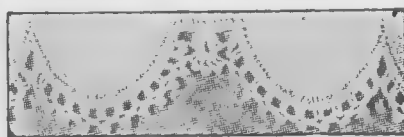
Here we show a dainty play apron for the tot of five years or under. It is the Noah's Ark apron, showing the various animals, which are so interesting to baby, and the elephant teacher standing on the circus tub will greatly amuse the tots, with his school for duckie, doggie and kittie.

The apron is stamped on a good quality unbleached muslin, and includes five yards of blue bias tape of the new double fold style, which is easily applied for the entire edging and collar line. Full instructions are given. Thread is furnished in several colors, and the circus tub on which the elephant stands is finished with bands of bias tape, alternated red and blue, all of which makes the apron a joy for our kiddies. It will launder forever and will be a keepsake in after life.



NEW SCALLOPED EDGINGS

The beautiful crocheted scallop edging shown here is just one of sixteen neat schemes of this same sort shown in the edgings book No. 12. Scalloped edges of



this sort are beautiful when applied to pillow slips and household linens, and so many workers have never been able to get the diversion in these rounding edges. The scallops are shown actual size in this book, with fullest instructions. The book also contains many good features for the embroidery worker.

REGARDING ORDERS

Books Nos. 04, 13 and 12 are sent postpaid at 15 cents each.

The Needlework Packets No. 2,000, No. 71 and No. 701J may be had with all supplies mentioned, at 60 cents each.

Be sure to mention colors, and the numbers of the articles wanted.

Address the Fancy Work Department of this magazine.

Home Dressmaking Lessons

By Margaret Smith

LESSON V

Cutting Striped and Flowered Materials.

WHEN cutting striped and plaid materials, great care must be exercised to have the stripes and figures matching and running the same way in every part of the garment and at the seams. Before starting to cut a pattern from such material, examine the goods carefully and see that the exact centre of the design comes in the centre back and front. Otherwise the garment will have a one-sided appearance. The same rule applies to the sleeve and collar. They should have the middle of the plaid down the centre. The material is

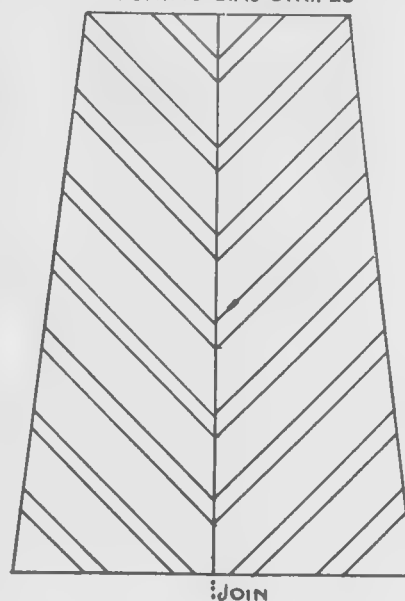
If the design is not uniform or very pronounced, it will not be noticed if not perfectly matched, but if the design is large and distinct, the cutting is of the utmost importance.

The seams of all these materials must be matched perfectly. Much of the success of the garment depends on how the stripes or flowers meet at the seams. For matching at the seams, see diagrams 1, 2, 3, 4.

Never use one kind of plaid to trim another, or any fancy goods. Use plain trimming, such as braid, silk or velvet. The plainer a plaid dress is made the better it will look. Its style depends entirely on the cut, and when well made and worn by the tall, slender type, it can be stunning.

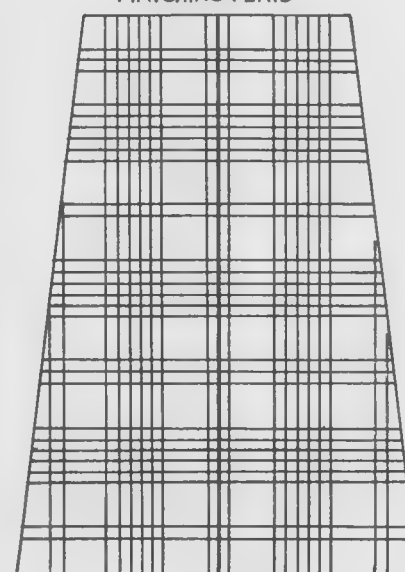
When choosing figured goods for a dress, the type of figure must be taken into consideration. Flowered materials can be worn by almost anyone although those with a large pattern should be left to the slender woman. Those with a small pattern can be worn by any figure, and there is an almost illimitable choice.

DIAG. 1
MATCHING BIAS STRIPES



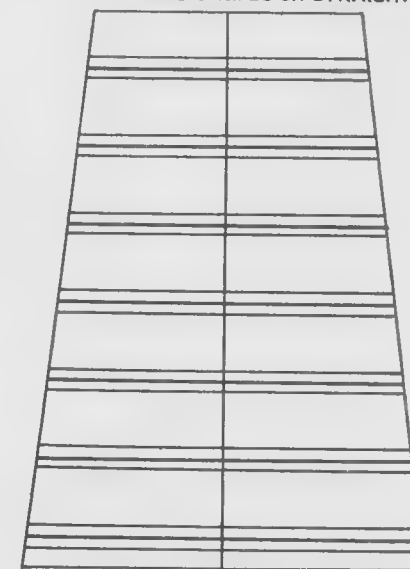
JOIN

DIAG. 2
MATCHING PLAID



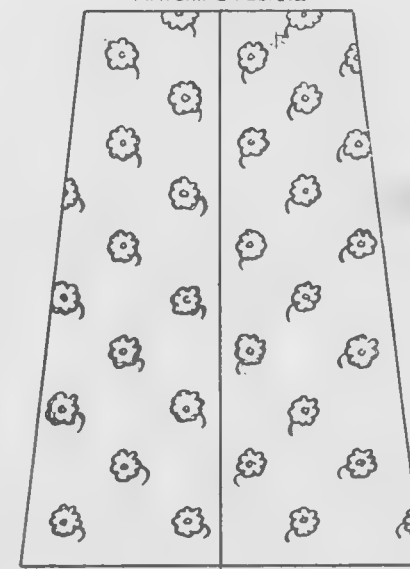
JOIN

DIAG. 3
MATCHING STRIPES ON STRAIGHT



JOIN

DIAG. 4
MATCHING FLORAL



JOIN

not always folded in the centre of the design, so before starting to cut, fold correctly. It depends very much on the width of the square, stripe or figure in the goods, whether the material is difficult to cut. The wider the stripe, the more care is required.

Round collars are cut with the centre back placed on a stripe; that is, with the stripes running up and down. Square collars have the stripes going across. Girdles and belts should have the stripes running around, never across.

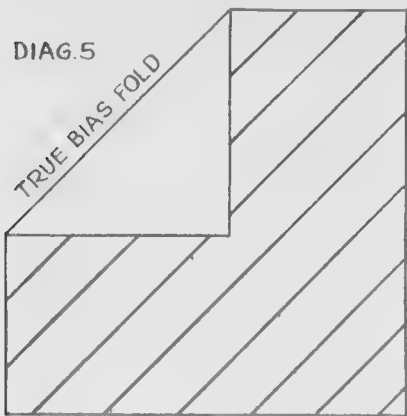
Flowered materials are more difficult to cut as some have the flowers scattered irregularly, others have the design in even rows with the flowers all going the same way, and still others have the flowers going up one row and down the next, alternately. Fold the flowered material so that a row of flowers is in the centre of the front, back and sleeves. The sleeves must be cut the same way of the material as the front and back. Collar, cuffs and belt can be cut either way of the material.

The same rule holds good with stripes and plaids. Wide stripes and large checks add to the apparent size of the wearer, and should therefore be avoided by the stout woman, whereas they can be worn to advantage by the slim figure. Small plaids and checks, however, can be worn by the large woman, and stripes may be cut to give slenderizing lines. Stripes running around give the appearance of slenderness and height. Stripes on the bias also give the appearance of height, but are rather extreme and are best suited to the small woman.

Very charming and pretty dresses may be made of striped material using one way of the goods for the body of the dress, and the opposite way for side sections, a pleated flounce at the bottom of the skirt, or a vestee, and collar and cuffs.

DIAG. 5

TRUE BIAS FOLD



Cutting on the Bias

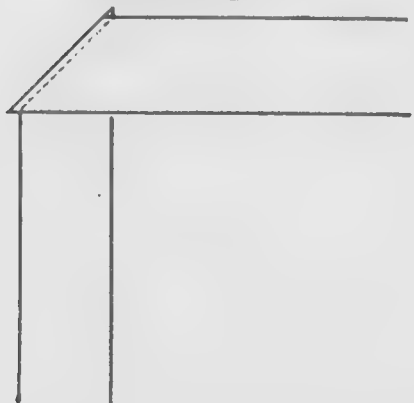
BIAS material is very necessary for some parts of dressmaking, such as bindings, folds, frills, facings, or any place where a piece of material has to be stretched to fit a curve. It is important to cut on what is called a true bias to prevent the folds twisting. To cut a true bias, turn one corner so that the selvedge edge is even with a crosswise thread of the material. Measure both edges of the corner piece and make them exactly the same length to ensure a perfect bias.

When cutting twilled material on the bias, cut across the twill, never the same way as the twill or it will be sure to twist.

To join bias pieces together, raise the pointed edge the width of the seam at both edges. When stitched the two edges will be perfectly even.

To stretch bias folds to fit a curve, hold one edge between the fingers and stretch to shape. If the material will not stretch in this way, use a hot iron, holding the edge to be stretched with the fingers to form a curve.

For cutting and joining on the bias, see diagrams 5 and 6. If material is striped or figured, match carefully at the seams. When joining bias and straight pieces together, always hold the bias edge toward you and ease into the straight piece.

DIAG. 6
JOINING BIAS

All garments for the stout woman should be easy-fitting. Especially is this necessary across the bust, hips and upper arm, for if there is the slightest suggestion of tightness it gives the impression of bursting, which scarcely improves the general appearance.

Styles Suitable for the Stout Woman

Surplice blouses.
Long narrow collars.
Tailored collars.
Narrow girdles and belts.
Narrow vests.
Narrow panels.
V-shaped neck-lines.
Lengthwise pleats.
Lengthwise tucks.
Long, straight lines.
One-piece dresses.
Coat dresses.
Long tunics.
Long, close-fitting sleeves.
Three-quarter sleeves.
Cuffs shaped over the hand.

Styles Suitable for the Slim Woman

The slim woman is favored by Fashion at the present time, as present styles are designed to suit her, and very few are made suitable for the stout woman.

Round and square collars.
Bertha and cape collars.
Round and oval neck-lines.
Bell sleeves.
Bishop sleeves.
Elbow sleeves.
Flared cuffs.
Yokes.
Frills, wide and narrow.
Tucks, or folds going around.
Wide girdles or belts.
Wide panels.
Cascades.
Flares.
Gathers.
Scarves.
Flared tunics.
Draped skirts.

Come Let Us Read Awhile

Continued from page 26

woman whose genius burns steadily like unto Mars.

This is the story of two public houses: of one that rose to the status of a hotel, and one that sank to the level of a "pub."

This is a story of the Ouse valley and of the island of Sark. Of clash of temperaments; of differences in religion. And there is the soft mist of the valley and the hard lines of the island cliffs for backgrounds.

This is the story of Tom Sheather of Sussex and Kitty le Couteur of Sark, whose marriage was responsible for all that follows in this engrossing novel.

The story, for instance, of Daniel Sheather, who loved and lost Belle Shackford; of Eruley Munk who betrayed and won her. In fine, the story of the noblest and the most degraded aspects of love.

The fortunes of the two public houses run through the story like accompaniments to the fortunes of Dan and Eruley, sons of the publicans. Hence the title—the George and the Crown.

This is a story to rejoice in, to talk about, to write about in the hope that one may influence others to read—and in their turn to rejoice in the existence of that consummate artist, Sheila Kaye Smith.

I noticed a few days ago that "J.C." writing in the Birmingham Post says: "The three main influences of Sheila Kaye Smith's work—religion, ambition and the soil, and the greatest of these is perhaps the last. Nowadays Sussex and Sheila Kaye Smith are synonymous terms."

The writer then went on to say that, next to Arnold Bennett she is the most successful of religious novelists, and pictures brutality and sordidness with that strength one associates with writers of the opposite sex only. "J.C." finds her whole outlook definitely masculine but he admits that she has in addition that feminine sympathy and tenderness, that insight into human nature, that ability to appraise its weaknesses and withal a charm of expression that lift her work far above that of male novelists in the "genre."

Married Not Buried!

"MARRIED ALIVE," by Ralph Straus (Chapman and Hall Ltd.) is certainly full of the unexpected. A plausible villain named Duxbury goes through the ceremony of marriage with four women, each of whom believes herself the legal wife. It is the misfortune of Mr. C. Aloysius Orme, a world-famed Cambridge don, that he should come in contact with three of these wives—and fall in love with each of them in turn! This gives his aunt, Lady Rocket, grave concern and occasion for much caustic comment.

It all ends happily, however, with the disappearance for good (in a double sense) of the peccant Bluebeard and the happy union of the Cambridge professor with the most charming and incidentally the wealthiest, of the pseudo-wives of the vanished Duxbury.

A bald statement of the plot hardly does justice to the extremely clever working out by the author which makes it all seem sweetly reasonable.

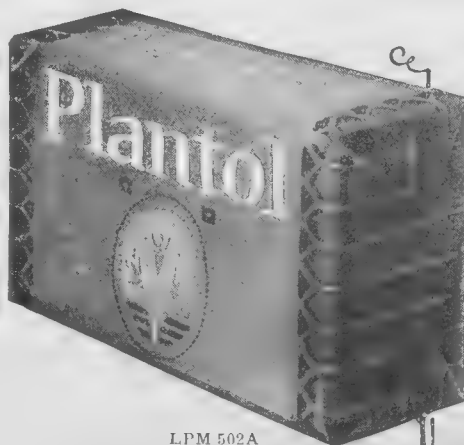
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WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO



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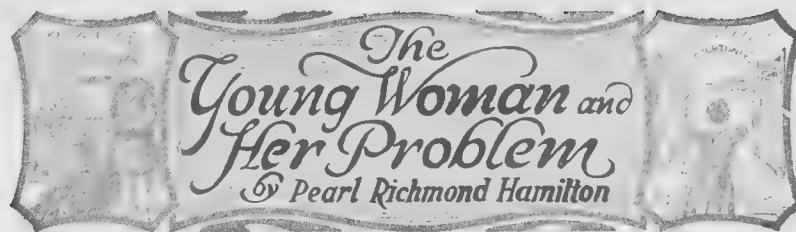
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For Calendar and Booklet apply to Rev. F. L. Farewell, B.A., Principal



Our Library

A YOUNG woman's club in Augustine Presbyterian Church has started a circulating library for the members. The young women expressed a desire for a chance to read the best books. Each member contributed fifty cents, some friends contributed a few of their choicest books and now the young women have an opportunity at little cost for a good course in literature. The library is composed of biography, essays, the best fiction and history.

It is the ambition of the members to add from time to time more books.

Sometimes the leader reviews a book for a lesson. This creates a popular request for the book. There is a fine feeling of pride over a library of choice books and no doubt will mean real constructive accomplishment in the lives of the members. It is astonishing to see how eager young women are for good reading. This club meets Tuesday evenings and one activity of the programme is a Sunday afternoon hour in the church for girls whose homes are not in the city or who want to meet other girls. Tea and refreshments are served and a social atmosphere of fine help is felt. Another activity of this club is definite work among the blind.

Another church in the city that provides a social hour in the church Sunday afternoon for young women is Knox Presbyterian Church. This is a popular club for Old Country girls and is doing splendid "welcome" work. The real "at home" atmosphere is there.

This One Thing I Do

BY singleness of purpose we mean a decision to reach a definite aim.

When Paul said: "This one thing I do"—that single purpose took possession of his soul and all the powers of his nature combined and bent to accomplishment. In his triumphant declaration, "I press toward the mark for the prize," is not only a dauntless spirit, but also the lofty aim that never knows defeat.

The wise man put it well when: "Let thine eyes look right on, ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left."

That is singleness of purpose. Men and women under the control of a lofty aim have made the British nation.

As a burning glass focalizes the rays of the sun upon a single point—increasing the heat a hundred fold—so singleness of purpose concentrates the power of our natural forces and pushes us to victory. It is lack of purpose that leaves thousands of girls to waste their energies.

Someone said: "The master of our trade will support a wife and seven children—the apprentice of seven trades will not support himself." A boy with a few cents walked to Boston to attend school. Promoted from janitor to teacher—in ten years more he owned the institution.

The girl who keeps her destiny before her eyes and sacrifices neither duty nor principle will make a success of life.

Last year I knew a clean, pure girl—this year a wreck. In one short year she failed. Why? She sacrificed her dignity.

A girl who makes dates on the corner never gets much farther than those dates take her.

Ask yourself: "What will my yielding to temptation mean to me ten years from now?" The consciousness of purity of action gives one music in daily life.

Measure things by their lasting value—permanent, not transient, happiness.

How long does stolen happiness last? Is your boarding place happier because you are in it? Is your little circle of friends better because of you? Partnership with people of noble purpose creates

optimism. Is your life dominated by the feeling that God is near you? With this satisfaction one can dignify her occupation. She who feels her occupation is beneath her will surely fall below it. If a girl would be successful she must work in line with God's laws. What happens if she tells a falsehood? What happens if she steals the happiness of others? Little things that detract from singleness of purpose.

A teacher used incorrect language. She lost her position.

A girl in service appeared in untidy dress. She was dismissed.

A stenographer wrote a poor letter. She was told her services were no longer required.

Little causes produce great results. Parrots changed the course of Columbus.

A child's soap bubbles inspired Newton to the discovery of the force of gravity.

This one thing I do—let me do it with definite purpose. Next month I am going to tell our readers of five young women who started with a definite purpose and are today at the top of their profession.

Heart Treasures

RECENTLY while visiting the Jewish Orphanage in Winnipeg, the superintendent unlocked a room lined with lockers. He said as he stood at the door: "You know every child has his treasures—things that are all his own, and they should be regarded as sacred, so we give each child a place to keep them. His treasures may be a few buttons, marbles, or some stones, but to him they are valuable. Then he opened the door of one and there was a white bag filled with all sorts of things he had picked up, nothing of value to any one else. The sympathetic interest in the treasures of a little child shown by the superintendent of the Jewish Orphanage is the secret of the home atmosphere created in this institution. As I waited in the hall I heard the laughter of little children. There was nothing of the stiffness of cold discipline there. The staff and children moved about with the freedom of a family in a home. Discipline supreme because of its absence of effort. Happy children, healthy activity and interest in work and play appealed to me in outstanding evidence. There was the library of carefully selected books where girls and boys were busy at home work, for they all attended the public school near the orphanage. I do not like to call it by an institutional name. It seemed like a big fine home with a big fine family, and the superintendent a real father. I have never seen a dormitory so well placed. It is not in the customary attic, but on the second floor with high ceilings and windows everywhere. The attic is used as an assembly room and there, every Tuesday evening the girls and boys give a musical programme, for their orchestra is well-known, it forms a large part of the public school orchestra. When the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir James Aikins, was the guest of honor there recently, he expressed surprise at the efficiency of the orchestra while they played patriotic songs. I liked the Big Sister affection of the older girls. They were genuine sisters to the younger members of this big family, numbering one hundred and thirty. And they entered happily into the children's games in the cheerful play rooms. There is no uniform. The children are not robbed of their individuality. Pride there is in the system and attention given their clothing and their equipment for physical cleanliness. The hospital equipment so complete is remarkable because the wards are nearly always vacant. There was no one in the cots for the sick. The isolation ward,

too, was empty. Emphasis is concentrated on prevention of sickness, and the children are healthy and happy. There is a dental clinic where dentists give their services free. Every child has his teeth examined four times a year. Racks on which are hung numbered tooth brushes are silent reminders of the "brush your teeth" slogan. Shower baths, liquid soap over every wash basin, lockers filled with clean clothing, towels marked with the child's number, all suggest a sanitary system of protection and training.

The Young Women's Auxilliary, composed of a group of interested girls, work with kind regard for the welfare of the home. They have done excellent service in their work in the library. The superintendent was anxious for a choice collection of books carefully protected in bookcases, a library that would be of use to the children and a credit to the home. So with this definite idea as their ambition these young women determined to make the superintendent's "cherished dream" come true. The library had been closed because there were no bookcases. The Girl's Auxiliary changed the entire appearance of the library by having built a heavy solid oak bookcase along the wall of the library and they have 500 books well selected. They inaugurated a system similar to that used at The Public Library. Every book is numbered and catalogued by card index, also in a separate book a record is kept of every child who attends the library, and of the books that he or she reads. It was a beautiful sight to see the boys and girls around the library doing their home work, reading books or magazines that were at the disposal of the children. I thought it a striking picture of happy home life, free from institutional atmosphere. Surely this is a most beautiful accomplishment of an organization of girls. This auxiliary of young women also plan amusements and recreation for the children in the way of parties, automobile rides and picnics. They provide skates and sleds and enter wholeheartedly into the sports of the home.

The superintendent, Mr. A. Osovsky, works for a home in truth to the child. "Let the child be a child, and the man will be a man." And so he and his wife have created the atmosphere of a family home where the boys and girls regard them with the affection due a father and mother.

The picture of the home that is a credit to its supporters is one that I shall never forget. Think of the musical training! Sixty per cent. of the children are taught music. The choir has forty-two voices, full-sized senior and junior bands, and a string orchestra. A Boy Scout Troop, a Wolf Cub Pack, a Girl Guides Group, and Brownies. There is rugby, football, basketball, tennis, hockey. (Five and a half acres of ground well-treed, make possible the cultivation of gardens and the study of nature.

This is the atmosphere that is true discipline, for it builds up self-respect and self-reliance. One has only to see their healthy appearance, their smiling faces, and their natural freedom, to realize the home ideal.

A Girl's Tonic

THERE is nothing that helps a girl over the hard places so much as praise—genuine and sincere—not flattery. Note the difference. In a recent article by the noted journalist—Rupert Hughes—he expresses his appreciation of the home life of his youth. Referring to his father, he says:

"I have never known him to laugh at any of his children's misfortunes, or even at their most sublimely ridiculous ambitions. We were always treated at home as if we were the world's best and greatest geniuses, and the result has been meekness on our part—surprising as it may seem to those benighted parents who imagine that extravagant praise builds conceit. I have never known this to be true. Contempt, dispraise, faint praise, and abuse arouse conceit as nature's self-protective shell. But warm enthusiasm always melts and meekens."

There are teachers who think bitter criticism will bring out the best response from their pupils.

I have known, personally, intelligent girls to give up their school work because of the constantly fault finding teacher, while, on the other hand, I have known girls who were naturally dull, who were spurred on to a successful educational profession through the praise of a true teacher.

The pessimist commits mental treason. The soul is dyed by the thoughts. It is a fine art to inspire a girl with the "I can" feeling.

Ordering the Family Round

That raw recruits are sometimes not so raw as their captains think is proved by an incident that took place in the Philippine Islands while the Fifteenth Cavalry was stationed there. A recruit was on sentry duty for the first time, and the officer of the day, with his wife, his daughter and his dog, was passing.

The sentry called, "Who goes there?"

The captain replied promptly, "Capt. Jones, wife, daughter and pup."

The recruit hesitated only an instant and then said curtly, "Captain, advance and be recognized! Wife and daughter, mark time! Pup, at ease!"

Somewhat Scattered but All There

Apropos of the death of the Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Twichell of Hartford, friend of Mark Twain and the original Harris of *A Tramp Abroad*, the Argonaut tells this story of the humorist:

Some years ago Dr. J. M. Buckley, the noted Methodist editor, took some of his clerical brethren severely to task for their tendency to draw on the ideas and even the language of Joseph Parker without due acknowledgment. While the discussion was at its height Mark Twain attended Joe Twichell's church and heard one of the latter's finest efforts. After the sermon he came forward, grasped the preacher's hand and said:

"Joe, that was a good sermon, but I have a book at home that contains every word of it."

Dr. Twichell was taken aback, and then he waxed indignant. "If you can show me the book, I'd certainly like to see it," he rejoined. "I gave a great deal of brain sweat to that sermon."

The next day Mark Twain sent him a copy of Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary*.

A Rainbow on the Saskatchewan

Much has he missed who has not seen
The rainbow on thy breast,
Saskatchewan! Great quiet queen
Of Canada's Northwest!

The storm in chaos gray swept down
Thy steely-gleaming path,
Blotting thee out beneath its frown
Of seething, swirling wrath.

Then burst the sun 'mid falling rain,
Thro' drifting vapors blue
Thy trees and banks appeared again
All freshened with the dew.

And o'er thy torn and trembling tide
That bridge of flowers was flung.
'Gainst whirling cloud and meadows wide
How glorious it sprung!

Beyond the bright horizon's trees
One seven-fold pillar stood,
And one unshaken by the breeze,
Sank in thy tumbling flood.

We plainly saw each mystic strand
Of color clear and pure,
Forming that gay ephem'ral band,
Wild Fancy's gleaming lure.

As seen thro' many tinted pane
Of some cathedral old,
Thy spruces flashed with jewelled stain
In splendor manifold.

And o'er the laughing arch that dreamed
Time was Eternity,
Its airy double wraith-like streamed
Across the topmost sky

Saskatchewan! Of stately mien,
In fairest beauty dressed,
Much has he missed who has not seen
The rainbow on thy breast!

—Mrs. F. W. Perras.



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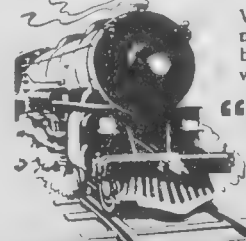
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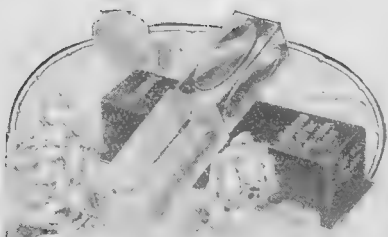
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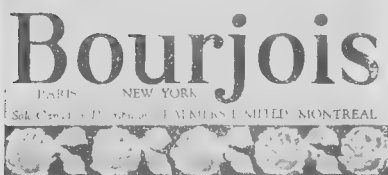
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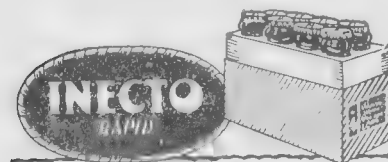
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Reports of the Women's Institutes Of Manitoba, Alberta and British Columbia and the Homemaker's Clubs of Saskatchewan



Mrs. David Watt, National President

National Convention

THE fourth annual convention of the Federated Institutes of Canada was held in Victoria, British Columbia, from June 23rd to June 27th. The B.C. Institutes held their provincial convention the same week and arrangements were made to combine the open sessions of the two conventions as far as possible. Alberta had two representatives there, the provincial secretary, Mrs. A. H. Rogers, Ft. Saskatchewan, who is also the national corresponding secretary, and past president Mrs. J. N. Beaubier of Champion. Manitoba was represented by the national president, Mrs. David Watt, Birtle, Man., and Mrs. H. Speechley, Winnipeg corresponding secretary. Other delegates were the national treasurer, Mrs. Crocker, Moncton, first vice-president Miss A. Stewart, Grand Pre, Nova Scotia, Mrs. Wm. Todd, second vice-president, Orillia, Ontario, while Prince Edward Island, Saskatchewan, Quebec and B.C. sent official delegates, these being financed by the Federation. In addition each province was asked to have as many representatives present as possible. Each province has two votes, or equal voting power.

World Made Over for Women During Past Twenty-five Years

Owing to limited space we are unable to publish all of the address but have given some of the special features.

At the annual convention of the Women's Institutes of Manitoba, held at the Manitoba Agricultural College, a splendid address was given by the president, Mrs. T. A. Cohoe, Pilot Mound.

As president of your organization it becomes my duty as well as my pleasure to welcome you this morning to the fifteenth annual convention of the Women's Institutes of Manitoba. I need not assure you that I appreciate the privilege. To be counted worthy of the trust is no small honor. In an organization such as this, whose ethical ideals are of the highest, and whose chief aim is that of unselfish service, there is no room anywhere for the self-seeking adventurer, either in its highest elective position or in the rank and file of its membership.

It might be interesting this morning to review the progress of the institute movement. It is always interesting to analyze the growth of great movements—to look back over their progress and try to discover the reason for their existence. The feminine movement, of which the W.I. is a part, is one of the greatest movements of modern times. We, who have been privileged to live through it, have seen a world made over for women during the past 25 years.

The W.I. is the instrument through which rural women are endeavoring to keep abreast of the times, are en-

deavoring to keep informed as to community influences and interests, the instrument through which we are endeavoring to exert a wholesome influence upon community life in general.

It is no small order, but an order which must be filled if we are to measure up to modern requirements and to our home and country motto.

Our mothers filled a big order when they faced the hardships and loneliness of this new country; but I know they would agree with us that in this one particular theirs was the easier task. Whenever their home surroundings became unclean they tackled them with the scrubbing brush. It took some muscle and determination to clean up those old bare floors, but their end was accomplished when the thing was done.

The home, which today is bounded by its own four walls, and does not allow its influences to reach out in an effort to control or suppress those influences in community life which tend to destroy if neglected, and to strengthen and promote those forces which contribute to the building of strong character—namely, clean sport, pure movies, modest dress, public health, education, child welfare—that home is a slacker home, and is not filling the bill in so far as modern requirements are concerned.

Influence in Civic Life

This brings us right out into the centre of civic life. The W.I. as an organization, realizes that government, whether national, provincial or civic, in order to be truly ideal, must reflect in part the feminine intelligence, not necessarily because it is a superior intelligence, but because it is feminine, and acts as a complement to the male, supplying the view points which he lacks. As a class we are accused of exhibiting a peculiar apathy or indifference toward civic matters and, as an organization, shall we be absolutely fair and admit freely that this is true. As women our civic conscience is not yet fully awakened. It is many years now since we adopted the slogan of a woman on every school and municipal board in the province. Re the former, we have gratifying evidence of progress, though we are as yet far short of our mark, while as to the latter we have scarcely made a beginning. Does this mean that the civic government in every town and village in Manitoba is all that could be desired; or does it mean that as women we have found it much more pleasant to live the protected life—that we have become intimidated by exposure to public criticism, with the result that there has been a falling away from the high moral attitude with which we first regarded our obligation of citizenship? These are matters which call for our most careful consideration.

A Challenge

We do appreciate the fact that the W.I. is helping women to meet the obligation of true citizenship. It is for every member to be loyal in its allegiance. Let us not be among those who are content with the framing of resolutions, but let us be instrumental in carrying out those resolutions in the small corner of the world where we live. Let us go home prepared to do something about the weaknesses existing in our own communities. It is a challenge, one of the most difficult we are called upon to face.

The Higher Aims

Having attained this national spirit it is but a step to the acquiring of the international viewpoint. That viewpoint which realizes that the cause of humanity supersedes that of any one class or nation. We must work for the substitution of judicial methods for those of force. We must support with our full strength all measures which tend to bring about a reconciliation of nations and consequent world peace.

In conclusion, permit me to say, on behalf of the provincial board, that in so far as the outlook for our provincial body is concerned, we have this year every reason to feel gratified. Prospects were never brighter for a successful and



N. C. McKay, Minister of Extension Service for Manitoba

prosperous year of activity and consequent progress.

We have cause for congratulation in the appointment of our new director of Women's Extension work. We are confident that with Miss Thompson's invaluable assistance our work may reach a still higher standard of excellence than has been heretofore obtained.

We are pardonably proud of the distinction which is ours this year in having two of our gifted Manitoba women occupying the chief executive offices of the Dominion organization, and we await with confidence the report of the deliberations of this great body in Victoria.

Shall we again this morning, at the opening of the 15th annual convention of our magnificent organization, pledge our unflinching loyalty to the work, whether it be in the local, the provincial, the national or the international interests, knowing, as we do, that the ultimate success of their efforts depends directly upon the mutual tolerance, unity and goodwill of our membership.

ALBERTA

An Alberta Pantry

The Alberta Women's Institutes have accepted the invitation of the Exhibition Board of the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, to send an exhibit typical of that province. Plans are being made to arrange a display of home-grown and manufacturers' products that may be found in an Alberta pantry. All the home products, such as canned vegetables, canned wild fruits from the Peace River country, dairy products from Central Alberta, will be supplied by Women's Institutes throughout the country. The manufacturers in the various cities will be asked to supply samples of their products. Along with the exhibit the W.I. will send a good speaker, while the Canadian National Railway has agreed to carry it to Toronto free of charge. In order to help finance it and get material the various city boards of trade are being approached. The exhibition will take place in Toronto, Aug. 29th to Sept. 12th.

Girls' Club Convention

Members of the W.I. Girls' Clubs throughout Alberta are looking forward eagerly to the second park convention, which is being held in Banff, July 2nd to 6th. Such is the enthusiasm that Duchess, one club near Calgary, is sending its entire membership, sixteen or more, McClennan branch, in the Peace River country, is sending nine delegates, while in another district the Institute has donated \$50.00 in order that more delegates of the local G.C. may attend. Some of the features of the out-of-door

programme that will take place around a camp fire, will be the early history of Banff, by an old timer, and an out-of-door two act play by the Excelsior G.C. of Alliance, this branch sending two car-loads of girls. Three of the girls will give addresses. There will be special supervisors for the games and sports. Mr. McAllister of the staff of the University of Alberta will conduct the nature study hikes. An auto trip to Lake Louise is another pleasant feature and the majority of the girls will visit Calgary for the first day of the Stampede in order to see the historical pageant, depicting the fifty years' history of the development of Southern Alberta. "Meet me in Banff," is the slogan of the members of the W.I. Girls' Clubs these days.

Song Competition

The Calgary Women's Institute is offering a prize for the best song, which must have for its theme a subject that pertains to history of Calgary during the last half century. This may be submitted to the composer's own music or adapted to a popular tune. This is open to all of Alberta, and entries should be sent to Mrs. F. G. Grevett, secretary of the Calgary W. I., Cor. 13th Ave. and Second St.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Boswell Sanca are interesting themselves in Immigration and Child Welfare. They are conducting a war on queen wasps, a payment of 5 cents for real queens to be made. (This is a most interesting line of community betterment. Wasps are rapidly becoming a great menace to the small fruits, the loss annually from the damage done by these insects amounting into the thousands of dollars.) Mrs. Cummings, convenor on Agriculture, read a paper on garden peas, how to have a succession of green peas from eight to nine weeks, but all planted the same day.

West Saanich W.I. held monthly meeting and discussed ways and means of raising money to reduce the debt on the hall. Two card parties and two concerts given by Social Club netted \$52.00.

Agassiz W.I. held interesting meeting on April 17th. Letter from "Save the Children's Fund" asking for the Institute to donate old clothes was read, and arrangements made to secure these donations. From the Institute charity fund \$25.00 was donated to the Crippled Children's Fund, \$10.00 to Save the Children's Fund, \$10.00 to the V.O.N., and \$10.00 to the Cape Breton Miners. Mrs. Cuthbert then addressed the meeting on "Music in Relation to the Mother in the Home." A committee was appointed to arrange prizes for the school children's work at the Agricultural Fair.

Kalamalka W.I. held interesting meeting. Topics discussed, Canvassing for Subscriptions for the Women's Hospital Auxiliary; Proceeds of Convert \$40.00, sent to Dr. Williams; Proceeds of "Vernon News" sent half to Hospital, quarter to Crippled Children's Fund, and quarter to Save the Children's Fund; Distribution of seeds and plants. In regard to the "Vernon News" the Kalamalka Women's Institute organized a movement to advertise the activities of group of Institutes in the Okanagan Valley. A special edition of the "Vernon News" of February 19th contains reports of the activities of most of the Institutes in the Okanagan Valley and is a splendid advertisement of the Institute movement. Any Institute in the Province desiring a copy will receive it upon application to the Secretary of Institutes.

Creston and District W.I. held meeting on May 8th, when Mrs. M. E. Lyne gave a paper on "Federated and Provincial Conferences and the Good they do." Secretary reports members decided not to compete at the Provincial Potato Show. Endorsed resolution of the Fund for Crippled Children in their plan to incorporate as a Society under Societies Act, to be known as "Women's Institute Hospital Association for Crippled Children." Voted to pay the levy of 15 cents per member for the Dominion Federation. The members voted \$30.00 for the living expenses for their delegate to the Provincial Conference and elected Mrs. Cherrington to represent them. Donated \$10.00 to the Chautauqua Committee. Mrs. Lashley Hall of Trail is to be invited to address members and friends

Continued on page 46



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Reports of the Women's Institutes

Continued from page 45

on the subject of "Mental Hygiene." The local Women's Institutes are to hold their Annual Flower Show on Saturday, July 4th, paying all their own expenses and applying to the Department of Agriculture for the books they supply.

Royal Oak W.I. held meeting and discussed the Women's Institute Hospital Association for Crippled Children and Solarium for Vancouver Island, Provincial Potato Show, Dance, and Ward Exhibition and Flower Show. The Secretary reports: Mrs. Nicholson reported the Annual Meeting of the Local Council of Women, which was full of interesting topics, particularly mentioning Dr. Irene Bastow Hudson on Public Health, the success of the Local Council in raising funds to endow an operating table at the Royal Jubilee Hospital for one year for minor operations of children and Dr. Wace's address describing the proposed Solarium. Members will again enter the Provincial Potato Show. The members of Royal Oak Women's Institute will co-operate with Saanich Health Centre in holding a dance on April 1st—proceeds towards the milk fund. Mrs. Pedan addressed meeting on the Women's Institute Hospital Association for Crippled Children and the Solarium for Vancouver Island. Mr. G. Charlesworth gave a talk on "The Education of the Child Before and After School." Mrs. E. W. Bewell spoke on "Certified Seed Potatoes."

SASKATCHEWAN

Banner Club, near Bender, has done a vast amount of relief work. They also entered a team of boys for Stock Judging at Regina. One of the boys won a silver medal in horse judging. This club has only thirteen members.

Bear Hill, Springwater, held a Baby Clinic and Dressmaking course.

Belton Club, near Unity, has contributed eggs, butter, dressed poultry, and vegetables to their local hospital. They have also sewn for it and provided an Easter treat for the inmates.

Cadillac has thirty-eight members. They sent \$50.00 to the Red Cross and 24 pounds of butter and 60 dozen eggs to the Qu'Appelle Sanatorium. They have undertaken to improve driveways at their cemetery and also had the tree belt cultivated and improved.

Cannington Manor has forty-seven members. They have held a Baby Clinic and look after social affairs for the community.

Dubuc Club has eighteen members, keep up a Library and Rest Room.

Dundurn is planning an extensive program on the League of Nations. They are preparing a play for the Provincial Convention.

Drinkwater has a Rest Room and Library taken care of by the Club. They held a Baby Clinic at which children were examined. One Club day was devoted to sewing for those in need and substantial donations have been sent to the Red Cross, Everywoman Fund, Institute for Blind, and Local Relief.

Grenfell has a membership of forty-three. Throughout the Club year they have sent donations to the Mental Hospital at Battleford, the Sanatorium, Fort Qu'Appelle and contributed largely towards home relief.

Halbrite took up a Red Cross Nursing class.

Hay Creek, Maple Creek, gave assistance to local Red Cross, Institute for Blind, Everywoman Fund, and Local Relief. They have had valuable papers on Marketing of Poultry, Butter Packing, Schedule for Housekeeping and Home Reading.

Mair contributed \$34.00 to Maryfield Hospital.

Meola has sixty members. They have undertaken the beautifying and care of cemetery. They had a Clinic where 77 children were examined.

Nokomis Clubs, (two in number) together keep up a Rest Room and a Library of 708 volumes.

Robart provided a basket ball outfit for the children and heated a hall twice a week for them to play.

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Quaint Kitchen Cupboards Have Character and Charm

Continued from page 16

I like it to be very easy to keep right." Another fascinating kitchen that took its text from a fine upstanding old cupboard, was done in gray, black and Chinese red. It was stunning! The walls were painted gray, with a black base-board. The table, covered with white oil-cloth, had gray legs and the chairs were painted gray. The cupboard was gray, with a black line in the grooves, and through its glass doors glowed the fine, clear Chinese red with which the inside was painted.

Blue will always be a favorite kitchen color—particularly what is so often called "Dutch blue." I know a fascinating wide cupboard—almost a small side-board—that stands about five feet high and has a low panelled back; the kind of cupboard which I have said seems to have some kinship with the old low-boy. It is painted in solid blue, with a darker blue in the grooves. The dark blue reappears in checked blue and white gingham curtains. The furniture is maple, with which blue looks particularly well.

Another fabric that seems to vie with the popular gingham for favor, and which is a little newer, is coarse linen. I have seen such good-looking kitchen curtains of it recently. In one case, plain natural-colored linen was used, the coarse kind sold for tea towelling, with bands of Dutch blue linen (of good, fade-proof quality, for it pays to use the more expensive material for the little bit required for trimming). Another effective window was hung with cool green and white striped linen and still another with the red-checked tea towel linen for

I believe it was really linen and cotton mixture). Very often napkins and a tablecloth or set of doilies are made of the same linen, if there is a corner in the big kitchen that is used for casual meals.

A runner of it looks very well on the lower cupboards we have been discussing and if you have a copper or brass or pewter bowl to put on it, to fill with flowers or fruit, you will make it a picture indeed. There are also pieces of pottery modelled on peasant types, that are delightful for kitchen use. I remember seeing a row of squat little brown bowls that looked as though they might belong to a Brittany farm house, ranged along the back of a soft old yellow cupboard—each bowl holding a narcissus bulb for winter blooming. Pitchers and bigger bowls are very good in the strong pure colors that seem to belong so properly in the cheerful kitchen—blue, red, green, yellow, orange, and often the colors appear as bands on a white or cream ground—to be equally effective.

One bit of good color like this may well give you the right note for your kitchen—a bit of innocent gaiety that just gathers cheer about it. Try it in your white or cream or gray kitchen, and see how promptly it will change its atmosphere! Put a black and white tile linoleum on the floor, wax its surface, and see what new significance your shiny black range will acquire. Echo the bright note at the windows, perhaps, and in your painted shelves for pots and pans. You will be delighted at the characterful effect you will achieve by such simple methods.

The Ghost of Blue Canyon

Continued from page 5

"And you are walking far too fast!" "I'm sorry,"—and hesitated up at once. "Are you so bored with my company that you're trying to—to shorten the time?" I asked, still exasperated. My throat felt tight. I was going to say more but was afraid to trust my voice.

I'm going East on the early morning train," he stated then, and his voice, too, sounded queer and trembly. "I'm in a hurry and forgot that a girl can't tramp as fast as a man."

"Going East?" I echoed, stopping in my tracks.

"Yes." "For—good?" "For good—or bad," he replied, stopping also and looking away to the tips of the Ragged Range.

"But you were to stay in Blue Canyon till Fall!" I wailed.

He was silent.

"And how about that claim of yours that's turning out so well? The one over at Rabbit Foot mine. Don't you have to stay and—look after it?"

"Oh, that," he said, indifferently.

What had happened? For that Rabbit Foot claim had been one of his pet enthusiasms! Slowly now we plodded on and in dazed wonderment and with a heavy heart I realized that I was to be left alone—alone at Blue Canyon with the bell!

"Here we are at the poplars," Doctor North remarked at length.

I'd never known his voice so listless.

"It's dark in there I suppose—even with the moon up," I observed, shudderingly.

"It may not be. Would you care to go through?"

"With the bell ringing?"

"Best time. We run a chance of laying the ghost then. And I've got my pocket flashlight."

"I'm game." I forced myself to say, though even with the sense of well-being his company always gave me, fear, deadly fear, clutched at my timid heart.

He started on ahead to pick out the best path, his straight figure looming larger than ever through the thin mist that rose from the swamp. He knew his way like an Indian and we groped steadily along through a tangle of underbrush and of spruce and cedar, wolf-willow and poplar. The torch sent out a long cone

of light ahead and saved us many a stumble over a fallen tree-trunk. Bye-and-bye I sank on a boulder, exhausted. My companion considerably waited till I'd regained my breath. We hadn't heard the bell for at least ten minutes, but we both felt we were headed in its direction—unless, indeed, it were a will-o'-the-wisp after all. It had had a sternly practical sound tonight. There had never been anything euphonious about it at any time but here in the grove, following it up, I'd sensed a familiar quality in that flat ding-dong. Somewhere, sometime I'd heard a bell like it! Childhood memories poured over me, saddened me a little, too. I sighed. Doctor North moved restlessly. I rose, tripped on a root and caught at his arm. The torch that he held dropped from his grasp.

"Excuse me," I said humbly. "I know you don't like being seized suddenly but I—I nearly fell."

"Perhaps we'd better give up the chase. It must be late," he broke in hurriedly, moving away.

I buttoned my sweater coat closer and as I did so my hand struck against the letters in the pocket.

"Oh, Miss Smithson's married," I said to make conversation. "The news was in one of those letters you brought the other day. To Don. McCann, an old friend of mine. It was a whirlwind affair and they've gone to Seattle and up the coast to Alaska for a honeymoon."

"Poor little school," said the doctor, sadly.

"Oh I don't know!" I said with spirit. "It's still got me."

He turned quickly. I could hear him breathing, thickly, rapidly.

"Has it?" he cried. "Are you going to stay?"

"What will it matter to you?" I returned, puzzled at his eagerness.

"Well I—I've been a sort of a chief steward, have I not? Naturally I'm attached to the district. My stewardship has been—"

"And you are throwing it over to—to go East and m-marry some simpering little—"

"I am not," he said tensely as I broke off, gulping.

"Well anyway you're going away and I-leaving me here all alone! Not another soul to speak to in miles and miles!" I wailed.

Continued on page 53



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Getting Acquainted With Our Contributors

THE editor asks me to write about "I." My first lesson in composition was taught me by my mother. She said to capitalize "I" and write "I" thus: "I." My first literary experience was with my composition class thirty-five years ago when I was years old. Regularly I took my classmates on a journey to

the moon—always in an airship. Sometimes I had difficulty in getting them back. Once I remember we greased the rainbow and made a slide of it. We returned with glowing colors.

Later I attempted poetry. I wrote a "pome" on a bachelor member in our debating society. Though his name was not mentioned it was so true in character delineation that he recognized himself and came to see me the next day to tell me what he thought about my poetry.

There was no harmony in the "meeting." It was not my fault. My inspiration was not hitched to a star. I never wrote any poetry after that.

Yes—I did write one verse since. When I was a child I was taught the "Now I lay me down to sleep" prayer and I lay awake half the night for fear I would die before I awoke. (That's Irish—my father was born in Ireland.)

That prayer filled me with so much fear that I determined when my first child was old enough to pray I would teach her a different prayer. So I composed the following:

"God bless all I love—and me,
Make me happy as can be—

Make me good and make me strong,
And make my life a helpful song."

Later she herself added: "God make everybody in the world well and happy. Make everybody kind to everybody else." Perhaps that is the reason when she was a little older she elected herself chairman of an organization she formed known as the "Kind People."

That prayer may not be correct in literary technique but it led the child to include all humanity in her talks with God. One time I published the little prayer in my department in another magazine and a reader returned it to me—set to music. I have always wanted to thank him for that.

Then I had an experience as an artist in black and white. One time a classmate was on the debating team against another school. He had worked so hard that he had no time to finish his maps, so I offered to help. A year later he asked me to help him draw the map of life. For twenty years we have worked together on the hills and in the valleys of that map. It is not yet complete, but, my dear girl readers, let me tell you this: The richest blessing that can come into the life of a woman is the love of a good man.

The editor asked me for my picture. I am sending one taken during the happiest period of my life—when I held in my arms my little babe. Motherhood is woman's most beautiful experience.

I appreciate the wealth of friendship—loyal, sincere and true. How I value my friends. I've belonged to the Canadian Women's Press Club for seventeen years. It is the best women's club in the world. We wear a gold pin shaped like a feather pen on which are the letters C.W.P.C. One of my daughters translates the meaning of the letters into "Canadian Women's Poverty Club." But there is no poverty of love, sympathetic interest



Pearl Richmond Hamilton

in one another, and womanly loyalty in this club. Isn't that true, Kenneth Haig? She is the Dominion president and she is very modest of her ability, but I'll tell you she is one of the keenest intellectually among the young women of Canada. She writes "Over the Tea Cups" in the Free Press and she is editor of the

Woman's Department there. I'll tell you another secret about her. She never criticizes another unkindly—always speaks a word to defend the absent one.

E. Cora Hind, the commercial editor of the Free Press, belongs to this club. In our future history of Canada her name shall be recorded as one of Canada's great women. She has blazed the trail for the business woman. I like her for the real woman that she is—with the heart of a mother so genuine that little children cling to her. I named my little girl "Cora" after her and Miss Hind's name child loves her. The love of little children is the finest compliment that can be paid a woman.

Nellie McClung belongs to this club. She has first mothered successfully her own family, then with that big heart of hers she has mothered all progressive movements for better manhood and womanhood. Her name, too, shall be recorded on the page of Canadian history.

Then there is Carolyn Cornell of the Tribune. She's one of our most capable journalists and she has many friends.

Mrs. C. P. Walker, of the Walker Theatre, is a charter member. She breathes and lives for others—so busy helping everybody else that she never has time to think of herself.

Mrs. Patriarche, Canada's first moving picture censor, is one of our most popular members. Her natural wit and humorous interpretation of every day life always chases the gloom away.

Nan Moulton, who writes short stories and gets cheques of a hundred dollars for them, and whose conversation sparkles with wit, is another choice friend.

Margaret Bemister, the popular author of children's stories, and a lovely dainty lady she is, fulfils every definition of friendship. Amy Roe, of the Grain Growers' Guide, who was our capable president last year; Elizabeth Long, president this year; Hilda Hesson, whose work in the Community Theatre is fast making her a dramatic leader and playwright; and that group of young journalists who have joined our club in recent years—I'll challenge anyone to find young women more charming or more progressive. These women of the pen are my friends and I love them everyone. They have stood the test of time. They know my faults and still remain my friends.

I like our editor, too, because during the fifteen years I have worked for him I have been impressed with the sincerity of his effort to give the very best to the Western Home Monthly readers. I like everybody, I believe, except the banker who told me the other day that Western Canada does not want people who do not "make good." My bank balance was 39 cents.

Is good citizenship measured by the balance in the bank book?

Please, dear readers, define good citizenship—I want to know.

—Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

Sir Hugh John Macdonald

By R. G. Macbeth

THE other day in Winnipeg Sir Hugh John Macdonald, K.C., K.C.B., passed the 75th milestone in his life pilgrimage. He has been for some years now Police Magistrate in that city and the occasion of his birthday was the signal for a sort of city-wide celebration quite unique in the records of our Canadian life. Because "Kind hearts are more than coronets" "Hugh John," as everybody affectionately calls him, was acclaimed in a way generally reserved for royal personages. The Canadian Club, with a great assemblage of leading citizens, gave him a special dinner where, in reply to a toast to his health, he asserted in his own unassuming way that he did not deserve the tribute, but said also that it filled his heart with gladness to be so praised by the people he loved so well. Later in the day the Police Commissioners at a meeting in the Court Room made him a handsome presentation. During the meeting, the Mayor and several aldermen being also present, the legal profession paid a high tribute through two of its leading members, and then the Police Force followed with an address and another fine gift. All that day I can see him shaking hands with all classes of the population, for it is universally acknowledged that "Hugh John" is Winnipeg's most popular and best loved citizen. Though in good health, which he attributes largely to a life-long habit of walking, he is of somewhat frail build. And I can imagine his going home that evening, tired but glad, to tell the news of the day to Lady Macdonald who has been, for some years, an invalid.

His house, though modest, is solidly comfortable. It has many books and papers about and an air of genial welcome is over it all.

"Hugh John" is, of course, the son of the famous Sir John A. Macdonald, the first premier of Canada after Confederation. Sir John was generally known amongst his followers as "The Chieftain" and to his beck and nod indicating his wish, those followers, for the most part, were "obedient as Highland clansmen." In any case he had an extraordinary magnetism and an amazing influence over those who were of his political party. His only son, Hugh John, resembles his distinguished father in such well-known features as the prominent nose and alert manner, manifested in the great art of listening to others and taking interest in what they were saying. But Hugh John never had the liking for public life that his father had, and he took part in it very much more to help and oblige his friends than to please himself. He preferred the quieter life though he had extraordinary capacity for winning and holding the devotion of his following.

I came to know Sir Hugh John in a personal way when he was practicing law in Winnipeg in the '80's, and I entered on the study of law in his office and was articled to him during my full course. The law firm of which he was head was double-barreled, being Macdonald and Tupper (the late Sir Stewart, son of Sir Charles) and McArthur and Dexter. And, to be quite impartial, it was equally divided according to political party, Macdonald and Tupper being Conservatives and McArthur and Dexter being of the Liberal persuasion. I was the first student in their office (which gave me good practice), and when the question as to whom I should be articled came up, McArthur said: "Always article to the best natured man in the firm, who in this case is Macdonald."

The firm was a good one to work for, as they had a wide connection and extensive practice. Macdonald did not frequent the law courts as he was a specialist on land titles in those days before the "Real Property Act" or Torrens system had simplified matters of that kind. All through the law course I found Mr. Macdonald to be what McArthur had indicated in his semi-jocular remark. He was to the last degree considerate and helpful.

The secret of his popularity lay in a large measure in his affable and approachable attitude towards everybody who came his way. A bank manager or a railway director found no more cordial greeting from Macdonald than some struggling homesteader from the back townships who came in with considerable

trepidation to see the solicitor for the land company to which he was indebted. If there was any difference the homesteader had the advantage, because Macdonald was always ready to listen to a tale of woe—and find some way to tide the man over his difficulty.

I recall particularly an old soldier, possibly of the Crimea, who was living, somewhat as a dependent, with some people on a farm twenty miles out of the city. These people were probably kind enough but they had not

much patience with the reminiscences of the old soldier, who "lagged superfluous on the stage." In some way or other the old man found Mr. Macdonald, probably in some pension matter, and thereafter once a month, when the sleighing was good, a neighboring farmer brought the veteran into the city about his pension. On such occasions he spent all the time with Mr. Macdonald in the inside office of the latter for an hour or more until the neighbor would call back for the veteran. And the old soldier found a good listener in Mr. Macdonald, who would ask questions and start some new train of recollection. Together they talked and laughed over the old familiar stories and when the neighbor called I would knock at Mr. Macdonald's door. Then Mr. Macdonald would take the old man's arm and escort him through the outer office to the door, where he would shake hands heartily and tell the veteran to be sure to call whenever he came to town. The old man would go away with his face beaming, and no doubt he would find eager listeners on the farm when he would tell them of his long talks with the son of the famous Sir "John A." Thus the veteran was cheered on his lonely way by the path being lit up with a new interest.

Mr. Macdonald has been quite a soldier himself. He started in when he was only 16 and wore a uniform in the Fenian Raid time of 1866. When he was only just over 20 he joined the expedition under Wolseley to put an end to the first Riel Rebellion. At that time he doubtless felt the call of the new West so strongly that when the Canadian Pacific Railway was opening up the country he came to Winnipeg, where he has stayed ever since, with no desire to move. Again in 1885 Mr. Macdonald, who was captain in the 90th Rifles of Winnipeg, went out with his regiment to help crush the second Riel Rebellion on the Saskatchewan. He was under hot fire at Fish Creek and Batoche and his company lost heavily. The fighting was of the skirmishing type, when officers and men found themselves in the same rush or taking temporary cover together. Captain



Sir Hugh John Macdonald



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Continued on page 57

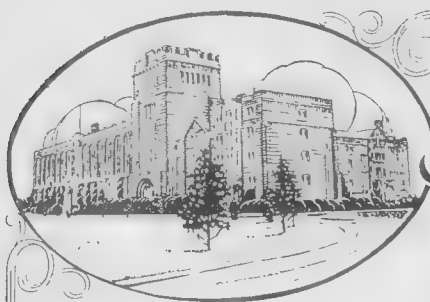
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A Mere Matter of Honor

Continued from page 10

camp, and fed the dogs on the frozen fish, then built a fire and had his own supper.

The sky was cold and gray and the forecast of snow. Elgbert hoped that it wouldn't come until next day, for by then he hoped to be well in the mountain, and there would be sheltered by the evergreens. Jim shouldn't be so far ahead. Hugh figured that, for to one side of where he had built his own fire he had discovered the blackened remains of a one-day-old blaze. Jim, as likely as not, had camped here, not considering such speedy pursuit.

Night was cloaking the land. Hugh decided that in a couple of hours, if there was sufficient light, he would break camp and get on his way.

Lighting his pipe he stared moodily into the fire.

HE must have dozed, for it was only when a mass of snow-flakes dashed against his face that he realized that his dread had come upon him. He couldn't see two feet in front of his face. Elgbert drew the dogs further back into the cave, and looked anxiously, and ruefully, at the whirling whiteness outside.

This meant delay. Until the frenzied blizzard quietened he could not expect to continue his journey. Well, it couldn't be helped. The fire that he had built was out, so collecting some comparatively dry brushwood he lit another fire, further back in the cave, and out of the full force of the blizzard.

Some hours later as he went to feed the dogs he discovered that the bundle of frozen fish had disappeared. It was not on the sleigh where he had left it. Perhaps it had fallen off outside. He went to the entrance, but could see nothing, and it would be dangerous to go out in that blizzard; not for any chance harm it might do his personal body, but if he couldn't find his way back to the cave—

For a moment he puzzled, then came light as he saw the lazy, contented attitude, and the guilty looks on the faces of the dogs; and with the light came a sudden anger.

"You pack of thieves! You miserable curs! You can go hungry till we get back to the Post. You got that fish when I was sleeping, didn't you? You bet you did, twisting your dirty necks around. If I'm anything of a judge, you'll be mighty hungry before we get back to the Post."

He glared wrathfully, then went and sat by the fire, lifting his eyes now and then from the pitiful blaze to glance uneasily at the whirling mass of whiteness outside.

All that day and the following night it snowed heavily; but about ten the next morning the wind fell, and one hour later the snow had almost ceased. Elgbert threw back his gear onto the sleigh and led the dogs outside.

The country was wrapped in a beautiful white blanket. In some places the snow was piled into twenty-foot drifts. Elgbert found it necessary to break trail for the dogs; but after getting away from the river, and becoming well sheltered by the mountain evergreens, he found that the snow had fallen but gently. Hopping onto the sleigh he unapologetically lashed the dogs into a swift pace.

The blizzard had been an unfortunate check, for as Jim would likely have been in the mountain when the blizzard struck he would still be able to carry on. Yet, Jim was inexperienced, and something might have happened. With a tightening of his mouth Hugh hoped that something might have happened. It would save a lot of unhappy things.

LATER in the afternoon the dogs began to show signs of hunger, at first only by a gnawing of the harness, then later by a reluctance to proceed on their way. Elgbert ignored them. He had nothing for them anyway, and just enough for himself. He had no pity in his heart. They had eaten the frozen fish while he slept, and what they hadn't eaten they had wasted, so it served them right. As time passed it became evident

that they were foot-sore, but they dreaded to stop, for if they did that whip would tear the skin from their backs. Yes, Elgbert was a changed man. Usually he was kind to the dogs, treating them with all due concern; but now everything was changed, everything was different.

Dusk fell and Elgbert made camp. He built a fire and had his own supper, all the time scowling at the dogs. For a few hours he slept, then awoke as a cold, frosty moon slipped past the zenith. The moon gave a sort of light, so Elgbert started on the trail.

That day was a repetition of the former. The dogs snapped and snarled, then again were surly and sullen. Sometimes they stopped, and not until that cruel whip was circling around their bodies did they move; and once did the leader turn as if to spring at the man behind.

That night as Elgbert was about making camp he suddenly stopped his preparations. Ahead, scarce half a mile away, there flickered a red point, which as Elgbert gazed, spread into a deeper glow, to fade, and break out again.

Elgbert knew that the only thing it could be was a fire. Despite the knowledge that his dogs needed rest badly he jumped onto the sleigh again, and by whip and curse started the team off. Their bodies were masses of red, raw wales and broken flesh. But Elgbert either didn't notice or didn't care. They had not travelled far before they gave evidence of being fighting mad. One thing, they were hungry, and when huskies are hungry they are all wolf, and the driver has to know his business.

Elgbert stopped as he came abreast of a clump of pine. Getting off the sleigh he walked past the leading huskie, unconscious that the dog drew back, every hair bristling, fangs bared.

On noiseless feet the Mounty drew near to the figure sitting by the small blaze. The figure was wrapped in a parka and was smoking a pipe. He apparently had not heard the team's approach, for he showed by no glance or movement that he had. Nor did he hear the approach of Hugh. Hugh noticed that tied to a nearby tree was another team of dogs; and just then one of them growled at Hugh's approach, and the man by the fire quickly lifted his head. His eyes met Hugh's, and for a moment he stared, then he cursed softly beneath his breath. His hand went for his gun, but stopped as Hugh spoke, his voice cracked, but hard, his lips blue and scabbled.

"THE game's up, Jim."

"Oh, my God! You—you!"

"Yes, me—your brother."

"They sent you—to bring me back?"

"That's why I'm here. Oh, I suppose you think that because I'm your brother that I'll let you go."

"Won't you—Hugh?"

The other's face grew stern.

"Would you expect it?"

It seemed a long time to Hugh before the answer came.

"No—I don't."

The older man's face softened a little.

"Why in God's name did you murder the Indian, Jim?"

"I don't know," the other muttered.

"I saw the gold—and—and I guess I was mad—and the blamed Indian tried to stop me."

"You think he should have let you walk off with it—huh? You fool, you! Where were you going to when you did the killing?"

"To you."

"Me!"

"Yes. I didn't have money to carry me on at the diggings. I lost what I had gambling with a couple of crooks; and I was pretty hard up."

"Where did you get the dogs?"

"Stole 'em."

"Uh-huh. Now, what were you saying?"

"Nothing much." His face flushed. "I was thinking of—mother."

"Thinking of her—now. Why the blazes didn't you think of her before?"

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There was a pause, then Jim whispered:

"A hanging job—I suppose."

"I guess. At least twenty years—and dishonour." He looked expectantly at the other. "Got any frozen fish? My dogs are pretty well starved."

The young man motioned to his sleigh. Hugh nodded, and his face grew even harder than before.

"I'm not going to handcuff you, Jim. And—you can keep your gun. Hang it, man, it's the only way out. Jim, Jim, play the game, for the sake of—mother. I guess—I guess I'll go now and feed my dogs."

The boy's eyes followed his brother as the latter walked to the sleigh. Then the boy shivered, and his eyes searched for the gun at his side.

Listlessly the big Mounty picked up the frozen fish and made as if to throw some to the dogs. But before the fish had left his hand the leader of the team was springing through the air. The dog struck him in the face, and he fell, as one corner of the heavy sleigh struck him on the legs; then the whole pack of dogs were squirming over his body, fighting, biting, snarling. The big leader's teeth snapped in his wrist. The fish went unheeded. Hugh felt the sharp teeth sinking deeper into his flesh, and his wrist was twisted around until he almost screamed with the pain. He saw the red-rimmed, ferocious eyes of the dogs, and sticking in his face, its teeth tightening on his wrist, the murderous face of the big huskie. Then a numbness seemed to penetrate his brain.

There came the high, shrill report of a rifle, and the grip on his wrist relaxed; then the stinking body was gone. There came another report and another, and

two of the dogs howled, and leaped and fell. Then fell a silence, and Hugh moved painfully, just as another report startled the air.

After a moment of heavy breathing, Hugh lifted his aching head, raised himself on his elbow, and struggled to arise. On his feet he swayed, one hand rubbing the blindness from his eyes. He shook his head to clear it.

When his vision cleared he saw three dogs stretched out upon the snow; and over the scattered fish the remaining dogs snapping and fighting. Then he turned his eyes on the camp.

"—and he could'a shot me in the back—he could'a shot me in the back. Jim—he saved my life—"

"THEN he didn't take him back, did he?" I prompted, when the voice of the old man ceased, as if the story ended there.

"No—he didn't take him back."

Big Jim showed an immense satisfaction.

"Then yuh see I'm right—what I said was right."

The old man lifted his dull, lifeless eyes to the big man's face.

"Only partly, my friend—." He added as if to himself: "A man may be a weakling—but, he dies a man." He lifted his hand in a tired gesture as if warning Big Jim to say no more. "My friends," he said to us all, "the code of the Northwest Mounted Police—is one of the greatest little things on earth."

Big Jim was leaning far over in his seat, as if he was hanging on high tension. I followed his eyes—and I, myself, stared.

Circling the old man's twisted and shapeless wrist was a deep red scar, interlaced with the teeth marks of a dog.

"Back to Mrs. Methusaleh"

Continued from page 13

"We broke three dates to do this," Jean told him, severely, then patted his hand under the tablecloth.

"Girls," said Dad, "I'm game! I can go through anything. The only things I won't countenance are fainting and hysterics. None of that, remember!"

"But, oh daddy, if you could have seen yourself in that phaeton! That's what kept mother and Jean from coming out. They were killing themselves upstairs! And now open up your gifts," said Jean, kissing him.

"You'll find your real presents up in your room, father," Babs went on, sedately, "and many happy returns!"

Dad spent the afternoon playing dominoes, checkers, croquet, charades and chess with his family. Tennis was suggested once, but Babs shook a dubious head. It sounded too tempting, so, therefore, must be wrong for an early Victorian maiden, she told them. Besides Dad might enjoy it.

Poor Dad had received continuous little shocks of disappointment with each succeeding gift. These were not golf sticks, cigars and new novels, but comprised one knitted pink neck tie, one embroidered night cap, one red flannel chest protector and one copy of "Pilgrim's Progress."

Family prayers went off in fine style. The servants were called in and went out convinced that "Mr. Middleton had got religion." It was a nine days' wonder.

"And now Daddy," Babs said, as the clock tolled nine, "I guess we'll knock off and call it a day, what?"

"I'll be mighty glad to get my hair back to normal," mother remarked. "It's made my head ache horribly."

"Well," said Dad, winding up his watch, "the grub wasn't half bad and I rather enjoyed the phaeton ride. The family prayers was all right, too. But for the rest—I'm cured."

They all kissed him good night.

"We're pretty awful, Daddy, I know," Jean said repentantly. "But so were the Victorian heroines, now weren't they? Silly things!"

"Remember, father," said mother, "that while I don't side altogether with the girls, I'm convinced that much of this flapper talk is flap-doodle. Men don't notice any women above the flapper

age, therefore they think the world is peopled with the jeune fille. Men have made the flapper so let men find the remedy for her!"

"Here endeth the second lesson," murmured Dad, with a deep yawn.

Babs took the pins out of her hair and shook the bob loose with a sigh of relief. To her father she threw a kiss from the stairs.

"Night, daddy!" she called. "And many happy returns of the day."

Dad sent her the sort of glare he assumed for insubordinates at the office.

"Not on your life," he returned grimly.

An Ill Wind

"If any man here," shouted the temperance speaker, "can name an honest business that has been helped by the public house, I will agree to spend the rest of my life working for the liquor interests."

At this point, says the Windsor Magazine, a man in the audience rose.

"I consider my business honest," he said, "and it has been helped by the public house."

"What is your business?" asked the orator.

"I, sir," responded the man, "am an undertaker."

A Misunderstanding

A certain English foreman in one of the Kensington textile factories is in the habit of having an apprentice heat his luncheon for him. The other day he called a new apprentice.

"Go downstairs and eat up my lunch for me," ordered the foreman.

The boy—a typical young American, with no knowledge of cockney English—obeyed with alacrity. He was hungry.

Ten minutes later the foreman came down. He also was hungry.

"Where's my lunch?" he demanded.

The boy gazed at him in amazement.

"You told me to eat it up—and I eat it," he stated.

"I didn't tell you to heat it up!" roared the irate foreman. "I told you to eat it up."

"Well, I didn't heat it up," maintained the apprentice.

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A Present From Peter

Continued from page 6

III

IN Billy's big chair by the fire sat Peter. Truth to tell, Peter was asleep. Now Peter in his sleep looked rather different from Peter awake. He looked quieter, of course—most people do. But he also looked, somehow, as if he needed protection.

There was nothing aggressive about him. He was very tired, because, since he had loved Sylvia, he hadn't slept half enough. He had been so busy planning things and carrying them out, that it hadn't left him much time to rest. The warmth of the fire, the easy-chair, the peaceful quiet, the odor of the flowers from the little sun-parlor off the music-room, all stole over Peter's senses. His head fell back against Billy's leather head-cushion, his body relaxed, and the slumber goddess herself pressed his eyelids down and sealed them.

Sleeping, he dreamed of Sylvia. Oddly enough, he wasn't doing anything for her. She was doing something for him. She was smoothing his hair from his forehead. It seemed a wonderful thing for Sylvia to do. And Peter smiled a little in his sleep, he was so grateful.

IV

WHEN Sylvia discovered that it was Peter and not Billy in the big chair by the fire, her first impulse was to get out of the room as quickly as possible. Then a sudden courage possessed her—a courage like that she had felt in the morning when she demanded that Peter should be excluded from the family dinner and that she should be left in peace. Now she would have it out with Peter himself; here was her opportunity.

When a non-aggressive person finds himself suddenly possessed by a determination to fight, he is quite likely to win. For one thing, he takes his opponent by surprise; for another, there is an exhilaration, a sudden setting free of unexpected power, that carries him over the crest of the wave and leaves the vanquished enemy floundering in a sea of doubt as to how it all happened.

Sylvia, with slightly tightened lips and brilliant eyes, and with her skirts trailing softly behind her, swept across to Peter's chair. If Peter had been awake, it is probable that he would shortly have wended his sorrowful way back through the pine-tree lane and have dined in solitary misery, if indeed he dined at all. But Peter still slept.

You cannot awaken a peacefully sleeping man and tell him that he must stop monopolizing you. You can't shake him by the shoulder and say: "I don't want you to make love to me; it annoys me."

SYLVIA sat down and looked at Peter. She didn't know why, but she looked at him a long time. She saw Peter's face in repose, his form relaxed. There was a boyish look about Peter. He didn't seem to be the man who wanted to marry her. He was some one to be looked out for. There ought to be somebody to look out for him—and Peter was all alone! Sylvia's face softened. Her glance of disapproval faded away. She rose noiselessly, and pulled a curtain closer; there was always a draft at that window. Then she sat down again.

Peter sighed in his sleep. Sylvia sighed in sympathy. She looked anxiously about. Then she screened a lamp on the piano, and crept back to her chair, which she pulled a little nearer to Peter's. A lock of hair had fallen across his forehead. She looked about the room; there was no one to see. She reached forward, and, with fairy fingers, gently brushed his forehead.

She wished there was something she could do for him. She breathed very softly. Of a sudden she remembered she had not wanted him to come to dinner. A pang went through her at the remembrance, then a feeling of gratitude to Billy and his wife that they had taken no notice of her wild and foolish words.

All was still for a long time. A lump of coal fell from the grate; Sylvia frowned at it. In the distance a bell rang; she winced. Then she sat, silent and happy, and watched by Peter.

AFTER a while he stirred. He did not quite know where he was, but he knew Sylvia.

"Sylvia," he whispered softly, not moving.

"Did I wake you?" Sylvia whispered back.

"No, dear." Then he reached out his hand and she put hers in it. "I brought you a bracelet," he said.

The two chairs being very near together, Sylvia leaned over the arm of Peter's. His eyes looked different—dreamy, tender, asking, half-believing, half-doubting.

"Am I awake?" asked Peter.

"You're awake, dear," said Sylvia.

Then he was awake. His hands held Sylvia's tight; but Sylvia did not mind. He looked straight into Sylvia's eyes; and she looked straight into his.

"I need you," he said.

"Yes," said Sylvia.

Peter slipped the bracelet on her wrist, kissing her slender white fingers; and Sylvia kissed the bracelet.

WHEN Billy Grey reconnoitered, an hour later—the cook having reported that dinner was getting spoiled—he saw, by the light of a screened lamp and the flickering fire, his friend Peter and his sister Sylvia. They still occupied two chairs that were very close together.

Sylvia heard him.

"Oh, Billy!" she called. "Billy! Come here and see this lovely bracelet Peter has given me!"

Billy clutched at a convenient portière.

"Come along," called Peter. "Got something to tell you."

Billy gasped.

"Wait," he managed to call back. "Wait till I get Kathleen!"

Legal Information

Continued from page 25

5. Q.—I was witness to an automobile accident. The driver of the car was prosecuted for driving the car while intoxicated. The police summoned me as a witness and in attending at the court I was away from my work for a whole day and had to pay another person to take my place. Also, I had to pay car fare as it was a long distance to go. I received nothing for this and wondered if I could collect for the loss.

A.—You must obey a summons to a criminal court. The magistrate sometimes allows something to the witnesses to cover their expenses in attending, but is not obliged to do so. If it had been a civil action you could demand your conduct money before attending at the court.

6. Q.—I am 19 years of age and have been working away from home doing housework for another family. I go home every night and go to work in the morning. My parents insist on my giving them all but \$5.00 a month of my wages. Can they do this?

A.—Until you are twenty-one your parents have a right to control you. They have also the right to require you to pay them a sufficient amount to be reasonable payment for your lodging. At your age they should not require anything more than this when you are self-supporting.

7. Q.—I rented my house to a man and he got behind in his rent. When he was two months behind I threatened to put in the bailiff and he moved to another house. What is the best way for me to collect the rent?

A.—In Manitoba the landlord can have his bailiff follow his goods for 30 days from their removal from the rented house and within that time he can seize the goods wherever found. The landlord can only do this, however, if he can prove that the goods were fraudulently removed. If the tenant had promised to give you a chattel mortgage and thus prevail on you to delay seizing this might be considered fraud.

The Ghost of Blue Canyon

Continued from page 47

"How about the man who writes from the city? Won't he be running up?"—this in savage tone.

"What man from the city?" I demanded, wondering.

"The man you're engaged to—who writes you all those letters. I know a man's handwriting when I see it. This one's had character—damn him! He's a millionaire I suppose. Someone who's a big success of some sort."

"Well, Daddy is a success, though he's not quite a millionaire," I answered, demurely.

"What do you mean?" said he in a strained voice. "I'm not feeling in a mood for jokes—"

"Why I just mean those letters were from Dad," I said simply.

"Your father!"

"And he's coming up as soon as he can to see if I'm well and happy. He's just home from the coast. I told him I was ridiculously happy up here and he's coming to see if I really mean it."

"And—are you?"

"I—I was."

And a tiny sob slipped out then. The doctor took a long breath—I could distinctly hear it—and then I don't know just how it happened but we were clinging together like two long-separated orphans and I was so happy I was afraid to speak! But then that was almost impossible anyway.

"I'm not going away—now," said the doctor and held me very close.

"I'm not either," I whispered. "Though, I believe I would have gone."

"You're the bravest little girl in all the world!"

"No—just the happiest," I said softly.

And as our lips met again a third voice spoke:

Clang!

It was the bell! Right behind us!

We turned at the startling sound.

The brassy reverberation beat against the eardrums almost painfully. Doctor North stooped and retrieved his torch and he shot its strong ray into the darkness ahead.

"There it is!" we cried in unison.

Less than a yard away, caught in a crotch of a sturdy poplar and hardly four feet from the ground, was a large, brass cowbell! It was square-shaped and it hung there suspended by a bit of leather strap, just as it had been, wrenched from the animal's neck when she had assayed to reach some tender morsel of herbage that had been a little too far away. The tree had grown and clutched the strap closer, so that even the wild winds of March had been unable to wrest the bell loose. It was so caught that it was visible only from the side where we stood.

We had laid the ghost!

Dear Miss Holloway

Continued from page 5

While she read his letters they brought him so near that she could almost hear the inflection of his voice, his quick laugh, see him watching her for a responsive smile.

SOMETHING else was creeping into his letters, something that made her heart flutter as though it had wings. She was frightened, too, for she knew that as he wrote he was seeing Carol with her bright hair, and her gay laugh. He never dreamed that he was writing to someone with dark eyes and a wide, serious mouth.

But wasn't some of that feeling that was beginning to flow over every sheet meant for her? When he told her that he loved her dear funny mind that was so different to everyone else's mind; when he told her that he often burst out laughing in the middle of his work, remembering some ridiculous thing that she had told him; when he told her that she made him think of a little fairy thing that had escaped into a big difficult world, bringing some of the magic of fairyland in both her dear hands—wasn't he writing to her?

She wasn't very much surprised when it came. But she sat for a long time without moving, the letter in her lap, while the room darkened, and an attentive maid slipped in noiselessly to turn on the lamps. Now she would have to tell him the truth. He didn't even ask her if she could love him. He took that for granted.

He couldn't come to her. They were so busy, in the middle of the grinding season, that it would be impossible for him to get away. Why should they wait until he could come? Couldn't she come to him? He was so terribly impatient. They would be married just as soon as the boat touched at Havana. He had even arranged about the bungalow on the plantation. It was dreadful the way he was taking everything for granted. But she had never known that anyone could be so tender and say such dear things in love.

She would have to write and tell him it was all a mistake. She saw the bungalow hung with vines beneath those blue, blue skies, and tears filled her eyes and dropped on the pages on her knee. She would have to try and write a letter that would end it all. But it would be like taking her heart out of her body, and crushing it between her two hands. She didn't see how she was ever going to write it.

IT was two days later that Carol dropped in unexpectedly to stay for a few days and do some shopping. The letter was still unwritten. Now Carol would be able to tell her what to say.

"Whatever is the matter, Cricket?" Carol inquired almost as soon as she had kissed her, "you look as though you hadn't slept for ages."

"I'll tell you what's happened. Oh, Carol dear, I'm so glad you've come. I've done something dreadful. I want you to tell me what to do."

She didn't know how Carol would take it now that it had ended so seriously, but she never expected the peal of laughter that greeted the end of her poor little story. Carol simply rushed at her, laughing and kissing her at the same time.

"Dear little Cricket. How perfectly delicious. Why, of course there is only one thing to do. You must sail at once. Won't Dudley laugh when I tell him? He always said that if a man could only get to know you, why he'd be mad about you. I'm going right out to send a cable to Peter." She laughed and pulled Cricket down on the couch beside her. "Isn't it a joke? Isn't it just the most delicious joke?"

"But it's not really a joke," Cricket said even smiling a little herself. Carol always managed to strip everything of tragedy and make it funny. If there were only more people like Carol it would be such a delightfully simple world. "You see," she went on, "he thinks it's you. Whatever is he going to say when he knows it's only me?"

"You absurd little person. He never cared a bit for me. He's fallen in love with your letters. You know you do write wonderful letters. They're so much more you than you are yourself. I'll send the cable and get Dudley to buy the tickets and arrange about everything. He'll be just as excited as I am. It's no use writing, there wouldn't be time. You must catch the next boat. What fun it's going to be. We'll get you the most wonderful trousseau. Oh, Cricket, darling, I am so glad."

THE next week was like a mad whirlwind dream. Carol didn't leave her a second in which to think of what she was doing.

"Get up, Cricket, for goodness sake get up," Carol would cry appearing at her bedroom door as soon as she was awake. "We've got dozens of things to do."

They would spend the whole day in the shops, Carol ordering so lavishly that Cricket was aghast.

Continued on page 54

A Hard Day's Work Should Not Leave You Tired and Worn!

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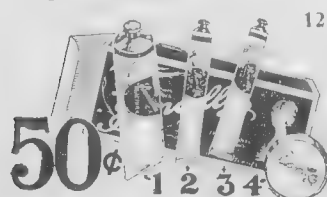
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A Boncilla Today
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"It's a mercy you have such a practical sister," Carol exclaimed as she opened box after box in Cricket's room one evening after a day's expedition in the shops. "If I left you alone you'd probably have started off with one frock. Peter's got to think you the most wonderful, adorable thing he's ever seen. How is he ever going to think it if you haven't got just piles of clothes? A woman is just made by her clothes. I'm glad we got this ermine cape. They say it's dreadfully cold in the evenings in Cuba. Slip on this green net and let me see if it's as becoming as I thought it would be. We forgot to get you some silver slippers to go with it. Come and look at yourself. Now, don't you think Peter will be pleased with his bride?"

Cricket looked in the long mirror opposite. It seemed for a moment as though it wasn't herself at all that she saw there. Carol has fastened a silver band in her dark hair and there were queer flowing silver sleeves and sash ends of silver. She wondered if Peter would be pleased. And then she turned to Carol with a little cry.

"Oh, Carol, I can't go. What on earth is he going to think? What will he say? I simply can't do it."

"Don't be a baby, Cricket. I think this little French suit will be just the thing for you to wear when you meet him. We must get you a big gray woolly coat. I saw a lamb of a one the other day. We haven't even thought about hats. And then there are all your negligees to think about. Try on this white lace. You might be married in this?"

"Carol, I simply can't."

"Cricket, dear, I'm not going to let you be silly. I know if I left you alone you'd write and spoil everything. You always run away from everything you want very much. You're not going to do it this time if I have to get Dudley to carry you on the ship. Of course Peter's in love with you. You'll spoil his life and your own, too, if you don't do what I say. Don't be a silly little goose."

She was too tired when she went to bed at night to think about anything. She would drop asleep in a few minutes to dream about a little bungalow hung with vines under a blue, blue sky; of Peter looking at her with a dear smile in his eyes.

There had been answering cables from Cuba, but although she carried them about with her they didn't quite calm her fears that rushed at her whenever Carol left her alone for a minute.

WHEN Dudley and Carol kissed her goodbye on the ship, she felt a lost, sinking sensation. She hadn't really realized until this moment what she was doing. It seemed to her that Carol had just pushed and pulled her about as though she were a puppet worked by a string.

Her cabin was piled high with flowers that Peter had cabled to be sent to her. She touched the heavy-headed roses softly and felt happy because he had sent them. And then that black thought would come, blotting out her joy in them; he hadn't sent them to her; he had sent them to Carol.

The voyage was like a strange sunlit dream. Every day the sun grew warmer, the sky brighter, the sea a more translucent blue. She lay on the deck, watching the silver band of the horizon, feeling the sun soak through her clothes, while she thought of Peter. Every word he had spoken to her was stored away in her mind. But it was what he had said to her in his letters that she chiefly remembered.

As they went further and further south she began to be more and more afraid. She was trembling with nervousness as the boat steamed slowly past Morro Castle, its walls mottled and eaten by time. The sky was a clear, hard blue. Everything stood out startlingly sharp. The light-colored buildings, the green roofs, the blue-green water, were so fantastically strange. They seemed to be a part of what she was feeling, as unreal as herself.

The ship came to anchor some distance from shore. She could see the tender for the passengers coming out to meet them. Small boats immediately sur-

rounded the steamer, and swarms of dark-skinned boys looked up at the passengers begging for pennies to be thrown into the clear water so that they might dive for them. Cricket smiled down at a small urchin whose skin was like pale amber, and tossed some silver into the water. It made her laugh to see him come up with it between his teeth. For a moment she forgot what was before her. Then remembering again was like a sharp stab. Why had Carol made her do such a thing?

COMPLETELY dazed, she climbed down into the tender to go ashore. She saw Peter as they came alongside the pier and her heart gave a quick throb. He stood out from the crowd, tall and straight, in a light colored suit and a panama hat. His face was more bronzed than when she had last seen him. It made his eyes even a clearer blue.

He was searching the crowd of passengers grouped along the rail while the tender was being made fast to the wharf. She saw that he had suddenly caught sight of her. She took a quick step backwards and almost threw herself into the arms of a man standing behind her, trying to escape from the sight of the surprise that she knew would sweep across his face immediately he saw her. But to her absolute amazement she saw him smiling at her, lifting his hat, without the slightest vestige of astonishment.

The deck seemed to be slipping away from beneath her feet. What could be the meaning of it? Had he known all along then that she was writing the letters, and not Carol at all? That was what it must mean. The sudden overwhelming relief made her dizzy. Everything spun before her in wheeling circles. She walked down the gangway to the pier, feeling as though she were floating on air. He was there in front of her, looking down into her face with that smile of which she had dreamed so long. Mechanically she gave him her hand, her heart beating fast as she looked into his face to see again if it were really true that there was no surprise there.

She knew now that if he had shown the least surprise she could not have gone on with it. She would have simply turned back on the next steamer. Carol had thrust her into an impossible situation. She had allowed Carol to manage her the way Carol had always managed her. But since he showed no glimmer of astonishment it was clear that he had expected her and not Carol. All her fears and dreads were swallowed up in an immense happiness.

She didn't hear what he was saying. It was something about the trip—how tired she must be—how splendid of her to come to him like this. She couldn't find words with which to answer him.

SHE sat very still as the motor threaded its way up the crowded streets, where gay striped awnings hung out over the shops, and dark-skinned Cubans jostled each other on the narrow sidewalks. She loved the bright colors, the blue blaze of the sky, the gay irresponsibility of the people who stared into their motor with unabashed curiosity. It was all strange even as Peter was strange. Only his laugh rang out familiarly, the first familiar thing in all this strangeness.

She hadn't remembered that he was quite so tall, that his eyes were so blue. She could feel him looking at her most of the time, and when she turned quickly, wondering what she would see in his face, there was only kindness and tenderness there. Just before they reached the hotel he took one of her hands and held it closely for the remainder of the way. She felt herself weak with happiness.

"Dear, dear Peter," she whispered, "are you really glad I've come?"

"I'm only beginning to know how glad I am, little fairy thing."

THEY were married next day. He apologized for having to take her down to the plantation immediately instead of spending a week or so in Havana as he would have liked to have done.

"You should see something of the island first," he said, "but we're so frightfully busy at this season. I'm afraid I'll have to take you right down to the plantation."

"I don't want to see anything—except you," she said in a little breathless voice, the color staining her face.

He laughed tenderly.

He did love her, and he had expected her all along. How silly she had been to have all those ridiculous fears.

"You're so small, Cricket, to take such a great hold on a man's heart."

She was so deliriously happy in the little bungalow to which he took her. It was a world bathed in sunshine, where every day was sparkling blue and silver. Days slipped into weeks. It was almost impossible to believe that she had been there for two months. Life seemed to her one great shining moment of joy.

"It's all so beautiful," she cried, one night as she lay in the hammock, her arms flung in a white wraith above her head, while Peter lay smoking in a long deck chair beside her. With every puff of his cigar the outline of his face would flash out of the surrounding darkness. She had asked him to keep knocking off the ash so that she could see him clearly.

The rumble of the mill grinding on and on jarred the stillness of the night that had settled down in thick velvet shadow. Occasionally the faint tinkle of a banjo from the rows of workmen's cottages broke in, answered by the deeper notes of a piano. Fireflies with wings of dripping fire shone among the palms that bordered the cement walk that ran in front of the bungalows.

"Are you really happy, Cricket?"

"How could I be anything else?"

She felt that she would like to tell him to-night of how silly she had been thinking that he had imagined that he was writing to Carol. It would make him laugh and she loved to hear the strong ring of his laughter.

"Dear," she stretched out her hand and he caught it between both his own, then released it suddenly as a man appeared at the foot of the steps.

"Could you come over to the mill, sir, we're having some trouble with the machinery?"

"I'll be there in a minute. Cricket, dear, I'll be back very soon. But I'll tell Mrs. Cleaves to run over and stay with you while I'm gone."

SHE didn't want Mrs. Cleaves, but it was dear of Peter always to think of her like that. She watched him swing away into the darkness along the cement walk in the direction of the mill. Then she scrambled out of the hammock as a woman came up the steps.

"Your husband asked me to come and sit with you for a while. He seems to think that someone will pick you up and run away with you if he leaves you for a moment." A high shallow laugh followed this remark.

"Peter always thinks I'm going to be afraid of everything," laughed Cricket, "it's so funny and dear of him. I suppose it's because I'm so small and he thinks I'm so dreadfully shy."

"That's very queer," Mrs. Cleaves remarked, arranging herself with careful deliberation in the chair that Peter had just left. "I remember saying to him before you came that I supposed that you'd be shy coming among so many strangers, and he said he could never imagine you being shy. Really men are extraordinary creatures."

Cricket sat very still. Her heart seemed suddenly to have stopped beating.

"Did he ever say anything else about me?"

"Oh, yes. It seems to me that he told me that you had fair hair and were taller than I am. It shows that a man never really sees the woman he loves. You can imagine how astonished we all were when we saw you."

Then why hadn't he been surprised? It was as though a dark curtain were falling, shutting out all her shining happiness, leaving her alone with the horrible deceitful thing that she had done. Peter had been too gallant even



Here is another delightful use

THE longer you have Listerine around the house (some people have now used it for half a century) the more uses you will discover for this all-'round, safe, household antiseptic.

Applied to the scalp, for example, you will find it has much the same refreshing, exhilarating effect it has on your face after shaving.

Try Listerine this way some evening when your scalp feels tired and itchy.

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You'll be delighted with the restful, invigorating feeling it immediately gives.

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For hot, sultry and depressing days

A glass of cold water with a dash of ENO result in a sparkling, delicious, healthful summer drink. It will put you "on your feet," fit and eager for work or play. Try it when you feel the weather is getting the better of you.

ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
TRADE MARK

The World-Famed Effervescent Saline

Dear Miss Holloway

Continued from page 55

IT was finished then. She took a long, long, long breath.

"Wouldn't you like that?" he was saying in such a kind voice.

She wasn't going to say that she wouldn't like it if he wanted her to go. She hadn't had any pride before, but she would have to try and make up now for the time when she had been so lacking in it.

"Why, yes," she said, and wondered how her voice could be so still and steady. "Why, that would be lovely."

He stood looking at her as though he were a bit puzzled.

"I think a trip would do you all the good in the world. You won't like the heat when it comes. Perhaps it would be as well for you to arrange to go to the sea with Carol for a while."

He didn't have to make plans for her. It really didn't matter much what she did. She had come where she wasn't wanted, but she wouldn't stay. She made a great effort to put some enthusiasm into her voice.

"It will be lovely to see Carol."

She marvelled that her voice sounded so natural. It sounded as though she were really longing to see Carol more than anything else in the world.

SHE was to sail the following week.

She was lying in the hammock a few evenings before she was to leave, dreading counting up the hours that remained. Peter had gone down to the mill for half an hour. Her head was aching so that she could scarcely see. But it was nothing to the pain that was in her heart.

Some people were slowly walking past the bungalow. The mill had suddenly stopped grinding, and their voices came unusually distinct to her. She heard her own name and started up listening.

"Little fool. A man like Peter Scott always falls in love with that kind of girl. How she can be so selfish going off and leaving him because she says she's homesick for her sister. Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous? What on earth did she marry for? A woman should consider herself lucky to have a man like Peter Scott ready to die for her. He's so foolishly in love with her."

Were they really talking about her? "A man like Peter Scott ready to die for her." They couldn't possibly mean her. And yet who else was going home to see her sister? Could it be true what they were saying?

The two figures had passed on and the night was still again. Sharp steps sounded on the cement walk and Peter came running up the steps, looking around him in that dear eager way he had, until he saw the white gleam of her frock in the hammock. She got up and went towards him, her eyes soberly fixed on his face.

"Peter, why are you sending me home?"

"Sending you home, Cricket dear? No one's sending you if you don't want to go."

"I thought you were because I cheated. I knew all the time that you were writing to Carol. I knew that you didn't mean me. I came, oh, I don't know why I came. Carol made me come, and I was silly and weak, because I loved you so terribly. I—didn't think—I suppose."

SHE was crying, crying, and she couldn't stop. He was holding her so close up against him that she could scarcely breathe.

"Little Cricket, it's been you all the time. But I was such a fool that I didn't know it until you came. If I hadn't been such a fool I would have known that Carol could never have written letters like those. Oh, my dearest, why are you crying like that?"

What was she crying for? There was no reason to cry while he held her so close in his dear, dear arms.

"I never spoke about it dear, because I didn't know whether you knew that I thought I was writing to Carol. Why didn't you speak about it long ago? Is that what's been troubling you all these weeks?"

"I didn't know at first. It's been so muddled and queer. I thought when you weren't surprised—" she stopped suddenly. "Why weren't you surprised when I got off the ship?"

He laughed.

"I got a cable from Carol a few hours before your boat came in. I suppose Carol had a qualm or two about sending you like that. It said 'to wish you and Cricket happiness,' and was signed 'Carol Holloway Woods.' That's why I wasn't surprised. Cricket darling, if you hadn't come—suppose, just suppose that it had been Carol who had come!"

"Then it hasn't been a dreadful mistake?" she said creeping more comfortably into his arms.

"Do you think it has, dear? Would you call it a mistake?"

The Old Willow Tree

Away beside the back-lane gate,
Where Molly always goes to wait
While Sheppy brings the cows and things,

There stands our dear old Willow.
Its topmost branches touch the sky,—
The turkey roosts away up high,—
But lower down they touch the ground
So gentle an' so droopy.
It's just the beautifullest tree!
I know it loves both Bud an' me,
It makes us both so happy.

Out there we play an' make mud pies.
While Sheppy sleeps an' catches flies.
An' one day Dan, our hired man,
Made each of us a whistle
From just a piece of willow gad;
You should have heard the noise we had
Till Mother said we split her head,
And Sheppy cried just awful.
So then we climbed away—away—
To where the branches toss and sway;
An' Buddie nearly tumbled!

The day that Dickie-birdie died
Both Bud an' I hid there an' cried,
Till Bud said, "Bess, I know they'll guess
What makes our eyes look weepy."
Then Buddie brought out Dickie-bird
An' said a funeral—every word—
An' tried to sing like anything
Beside the pasteboard coffin;
But I just cried, and cried, and cried,
I felt so bad 'cause Dickie died—
An' put some flowers on it.

'N'en Buddie got his little spade
An' underneath the Willow's shade
We buried Dick: an' I was sick
An' couldn't eat my supper.
'En Molly planted on the grave
Some pansy seeds that Mother gave;
'It's thoughts," she said, "of Dickie
dead";

And Daddy made a tombstone.
"Here lies a Dickie-bird who died
With something wrong in his inside,"
'S the 'scription Dan wrote on it.

At night, before we went to sleep,
I stole from bed to take a peep.
The lane was bright with starry light,
An' I saw something movin'
Right there beside our Willow tree;
An' I called Buddie, "Come and see!"
An' Buddie came, but all the same
We both felt pretty scary.
Bud, he was breathin' awful hard
When Molly walked across the yard,
Straight to that thing was movin'.

'N'en from beneath our Willow tree,
As plain as day—we both could see—
Came Moll an' Dan, that hired man.
With arms aroun' each other!
'N'en Buddie laughed, and I laughed
too,

An' so, I'm pretty sure, would you.
Then Buddie said, "Hurrah to bed,
And don't you dare tell Mother."
So off he went to his own room
An' I crept into bed, and soon
Forgot our poor, dead Dickie.

—Reba Ray.

For the first dinner in their new home the bride had made a pie. "I am afraid," she said, as she helped her husband to a slice, "that I have left something out, and that it isn't very good."

The husband tasted it and said: "There is nothing, my dear, you could have left out that would make a pie taste like this. It's something you've put in."—*Sales Sense.*

Sir Hugh John Macdonald

Continued from page 49

Macdonald had two peculiar experiences during the first action. The one was saddening to the captain when a young private, the son of a doctor in Winnipeg, was fatally shot and in the rigor of death clasped his arm around the captain. The other had its very humorous side when a certain portly private named Scotty Mc—, well known to everyone in Winnipeg, was much oppressed with the warm weather during the rushes and, forgetting the flying bullets as well as the difference in rank, came up beside the Captain and said: "Hugh John, isn't this heat a holy fright?" Under the circumstances of course he went unrebuked for his sudden familiarity.

After Mr. Macdonald had gone to the front with the 90th, an infantry regiment was formed in which I enlisted with the Kildonan company. Our regiment went to Calgary, Edmonton and the North into the Big Bear Country, and when the campaign was over and we returned to Fort Pitt on the North Saskatchewan, we found the 90th and others there in camp. I was going through the camp when I came across Mr. Macdonald standing at the door of a tent in conversation with that gallant soldier, Colonel Williams of Port Hope, who commanded the Midland Battalion. On seeing me Mr. Macdonald, who did not know that I was on service, exclaimed: "You here too, Mac; who is looking after the office in Winnipeg?" Then he shook hands heartily and introduced me to Colonel Williams as his articulated student-at-law. It will be remembered that Colonel Williams, who had led the charge at Batoche, died after a brief sharp illness a few days later as we were coming down the Saskatchewan River. We landed at Battleford and held a military funeral there before sending the body overland to Swift Current for shipment by train to Port Hope. Mr. Macdonald deeply lamented the death of Colonel Williams, who was a man of quite unusual powers and a member of the House of Commons at the time.

Mr. Macdonald's acquaintance with public affairs in Canada has always been extensive and minute but, as already stated, he had no love for political life himself. He could make a capital political speech, well reasoned out and well delivered in a pleasing voice and manner, with the added indescribable element we commonly call personal magnetism. He had no disposition for personal antagonisms, and all through many political contests he retained the personal friendship and esteem of his opponents. And, in the course of many friendly and intimate conversations on these matters, I have no recollection of ever hearing him say a disparaging or unkind word about any of the men who were fighting him in the House or on the hustings.

When in Manitoba he took over the leadership of his party, he made trips out to various localities in the Province to get acquainted with the people. Once I happened to be on the same train with him one winter's day out to Southern Manitoba. He got off before I did and was met by quite a crowd of men who had never met their new leader. They were a little diffident and perhaps critical, and waited at a distance as he got off on the platform. But the simple, sincere, informal manner of the man, and his magnetic greeting of those who came forward, attracted them all around him, and as the train pulled out I saw them escorting him in triumphant mood to the place where he was to address a meeting.

When Sir Charles Tupper came back from England to make a sort of "forlorn hope" fight as leader of his party, with the Remedial Bill on the Manitoba School question as the main issue, he asked Mr. Macdonald to take office and help him. In sheer gratitude for the support Sir Charles had always given to his distinguished father, Sir John A., Mr. Macdonald answered the appeal and did what he could to help the redoubtable "war-horse of Cumberland." But when the party met inevitable defeat, Mr. Macdonald, feeling that he had done all that could be expected of him, was glad to retire to private life, his practice of law, his friends in all parties, and his home.

When a few years later he was appointed magistrate in the Police Court in Winnipeg, his accession to that office met with the unanimous approval of all classes. Knighted in recognition of his patriotic services, his new honors did not in any way interfere with the simple, sincere and frankly democratic manner of his life. He has earned and kept the respect and esteem of all who know him. He knows the law and is a keen student of human nature. He is profoundly loyal to constitutional order, but is just as profoundly convinced that under British administration of British law everyone has fair play. Fearless and fair, he yet considers the human factor in cases brought before him and does not crucify his naturally sympathetic disposition in his efforts to preserve law and order and the well-being of human society. He would not disclaim the sentiment of the matchless poet that "earthly power does then show likeliest God's when mercy season's justice."

May he long be spared to adorn his position, and to gather the constantly growing esteem and affection of his fellow citizens in his own city and throughout Canada.

Did Not Wish to Intrude

Here is a story, says the New York Globe, of a London recruit who had mounted guard for the first time.

The colonel had just given him a scolding because of the state of his equipment. A little later the colonel passed his post. The recruit did not salute. The indignant colonel turned and passed again. The sentry ignored him.

"Why don't you salute, sir," the colonel roared.

"Ah," said the man softly. "I fawned you were vexed with me."

Life's Shadows

There's many a day that's dull and grey,
With never a wink of sun;
Not a glint of blue that e'er shines through
The clouds so low and dun;
The sea runs riot,—we know no quiet,
No rest from its deafening roar;
It mutters and groans in thunderous tones,
As it heavily pounds on shore.

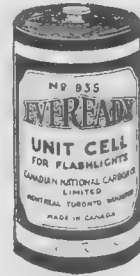
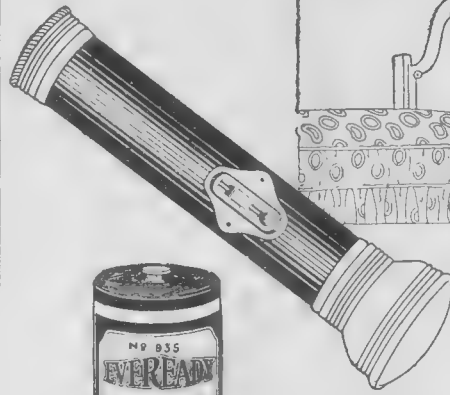
And the drizzling rain numbs heart and brain
In a weary, weary way;
And our life looks brown, we scowl and frown,
And mope the time away;
We fret and worry, nerves in a flurry,
Like the sea, we know no rest;
But a wise, firm hand rules on sea and land
As it seemeth to Him best.

There's many a day that glides away,
A marvel of blue and gold;
With a cloud or two, of shining hue,
That floats, with airy hold:
Our hearts are merry, our cares we bury,
And the cobwebs blow away,
While, shadows and gloom go back to their tomb
In the light of sunny day.

Up many a steep our feet must creep;
To many a deep descend;
We shudder and shake each step we take,
And fear, to know the end;
When great griefs master, and crowd, and cluster,
We are gripped with dark despair,
We heed not the Guide, who close at our side,
Walks patiently—ever there.

For many a year life's skies are clear;
And the future, stretches fair,
We forget to dread the stealthy tread,
Of sad-robed, sad-eyed care;
But, men in battle mid clash and rattle,
Are ready, against surprise;
Thus, in fret and strife of uncertain life,
He, who carries arms is wise.

—Frances.



For those dark places — Use your Flashlight

HERE is more light for all the dark places in the house. There is no need to stumble and fumble when searching in a closet or dark corner of the cellar. Use an Eveready Flashlight with its broad beam of brilliant light. Eveready is safe in the hands of a child. Nothing to do but push the switch on and off. Keep an Eveready in a handy place. Take it outside when you have errands to do after dark. It lights the way and prevents accidents.

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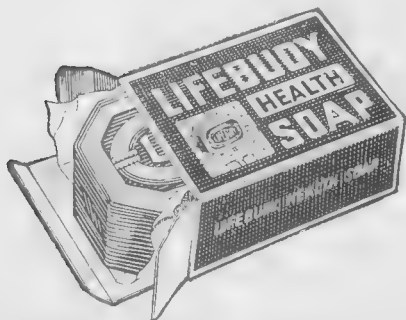
For Shampooing "Bobs"—

LIFEBUOY

It's the perfect shampoo for "bobs." Such wonderful lather—its penetrating creaminess cleanses each hair from tip to root and gently washes away all excess oil, grime and old tissue from the scalp.

And then—the silky lustre, the softness, fluffiness and fresh, glowing colour of your hair, afterwards!

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Lifebuoy is mild and pure.

Made from the rich, soothing oils of palm fruit and cocoanut, Lifebuoy agrees with the tenderest skin. You will like the clean, quickly-vanishing odour, because you like cleanliness.

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Makes Face-powder Cling

If you would like a trial sample, send 5c. in stamps for mailing, to Stenhouse Limited, Sole Canadian Distributor, 35 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

Before you apply face powder, moisten the skin with a little Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, rubbed in with the tips of the fingers. Wait until the skin is nearly dry, then dust on the powder. It will cling to the complexion with wonderful smoothness, and remain on for hours.

Sold at all drug and toilet counters.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

Indispensable in Every Home

Humorous Ads in Canadian-Foreign Papers

By Berenice Bouck

PERHAPS you are one of the many busy and indifferent people who never have, or take, time to glance over a Canadian-Foreign publication. Perhaps you never even see such a thing unless the sportive breeze by chance blows it against your hurrying feet as you turn a windy, crowded corner somewhere down town. Possibly it wouldn't do you much good if you did pick it up, since the man in the street and the woman in the street, which means you and me, is not, as a rule, an expert linguist.

Throughout Canada there are papers published in alien tongues but it is on the prairie where they really flourish, and where the "Spielefer" or "Tageblatt" or "Sonday Anzieger" or "Nordwesten" or "Nachrichten" would be acutely missed should any of these luminaries suddenly suspend publication. One Polish paper particularly has a large following. Its journalism is first-class, its editor a man of remarkable ability, a sort of incipient Joseph Conrad, in fact. The Polish is a beautiful and a graceful language, lending itself to flexible expression and the euphonious charm of prose-verse. It has been called the French of Slav tongues. In Winnipeg are several Icelandic papers, and Regina has a celebrated Ukrainian organ, while dotted all over the plains and foothills in every sizeable town there will be found one or more periodicals devoted to the enlightenment of the stranger in our midst. These may take merely the form of a small single-folded sheet but the zeal and industry and sincerity of its sponsors cannot be doubted. Moreover, these papers live. When many a fat, well-backed publication of our own is gasping its life out or being merged with another the very thinnest and most anaemic-looking of the foreign papers is prospering and occasionally even waxing "sassy," its editor chuckling as he gloats over his advertising copy and subscription list. For, no matter how naive or grotesque the syntax, the circulation remains strong and healthy.

If you are fortunate enough to be able to translate roughly, or have some good interpreter do so for you, many gems of purest ray serene in the way of humor will be your reward. Here are some culled from the advertising columns of a Polish paper:

"To rent—a room for a single woman 8 x 10 feet."

"Wanted—a strong young man for retail store, partly outdoors and partly behind the counter."

"Wanted—competent druggist to undertake sale of a new patent remedy. Will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker."

"To let—bed-sitting-room for young business or professional man with folding doors."

From a German sheet comes this characteristic piece of psychology: "Notice—If Johann Weitz supposed to be in the West will communicate with us he will hear something to his advantage. His wife is dead."

A Ruthenian paper carried this: "Wanted—a small grocery store by two fiends going into business together." This, of course, was in English, in the only paper of a small town which occasionally ran an English column. First-rate opening, here, one would suggest, for a young editor who isn't afraid of competition!

"Pressed hay for sail" frequently challenged the eye in this same paper, and once when a prosperous Ruthenian farmer had played host to a stray horse he put two ads in, one in his own tongue, and the other in ours, which read: "A stranger horse has come on my farm. He has bote forefoots wite. He is coler blak. Who owns him come get him and pay me x pnts of keep him." The next week the same man advertised: "Pressed hay cheap—8 dolers on yure station."

When writing up social items the foreigner will often take infinite pains to reach all classes and creeds. Lacking a paper the villager may find the following notice tacked up in his post-office: "We are gone to have a danse on 27th. Come on the schoolhouse at 8.30. One doler, gentleman. Nothing, ladies." Or it may give a list of the eatables as well. A recent sleighing-party ad said: "Only 30 in a slay. No crowding please." and it specified: "ize cream, beer and ciggers."

A German paper recently had several interesting items in its want-ad column. The first was: "Ladies who have old feathers can be re-dyed and made as good as new." Another called for: "A tall strong woman able to lift. To take care of young man a little out of his mind." Still another required: "A purchaser for beautiful upright piano the property of a lady about to travel in a walnut case." And a big display ad announced that "Mr. Warthmann would make coats, muffs, caps, etc., for ladies out of their own skins."

It takes the German to conduct a cold-blooded, business-like matrimonial bureau, however. This is where he may be said to shine. Listen to this:

"Wanted—by a young, wealthy, handsome and agreeable young farmer, a wife with similar qualities. Must have thoroughly rested herself and be not afraid of farm work. Send photo and state whether maid or widow, also exact age, weight and height."

Another Teuton with a large idea of himself advertised for "a wife who can sew and do all kinds of light-fingered work, as well as cook and take care of a worthy young man with a brilliant mind."

Sometimes the lady takes a whack at it herself. This was a recent sample: "Well-educated German lady very musical and a fine cook desires to correspond with a German business or professional man. Object matrimony. Will marry at once if agreeable."

But what does this mean? "Wanted—a man to look after a German-Lutheran horse." Don't all speak at once!



Caravan of Merchants in a Palm Grove—Marrakesh, Morocco

Out Goes the Water in Comes the Air

By Richard S. Bond

MANY lives are being saved each year because of the fact that artificial respiration has been studied by life-guards, firemen, boy scouts and others. The number of these lives could be multiplied if every boy and man—yes, and woman, too, understood how easy it sometimes is to restore breathing to one who has been nearly drowned, suffocated by smoke, or who is suffering from electric contact.

It is really not so difficult. A little practice on a friend when the accident seems far off, may give an unexpected opportunity to save a life.

The victim should be rolled over on his stomach with his head to one side, resting on his arm so that mouth and nose are raised from the ground. The head should be as low as or lower than the body, and the tongue should be kept from slipping back in the throat. It is surprising how easily a rebellious tongue may be kept sticking out. Take a piece of bandage, cord, narrow necktie—almost anything, in fact—and tie the tongue in the centre with one simple knot. The tongue may be pulled from the mouth and held with practically no effort whatever.

Artificial respiration is merely the imitation of breathing. As the ribs are forced in, the water in the body is forced out, and when the ribs snap back into place, air comes in to fill the lungs.

To give artificial respiration, the hands

should be placed over the lower ribs, one on each side of the victim's backbone and about four inches apart—thumbs and fingers together. The weight of the rescuer's body should be moved slowly downward and forward for about three seconds (while he says "out goes the water"). The shoulders should be behind the hands so that the pressure exerted is forward. The arms should be kept straight and the rescuer should not slide.

The second motion is to SNAP the hands off, so that the ribs will expand quickly. Two seconds later, the pressure should be given again. During these two seconds the rescuer may repeat to himself, "in comes the air," straightening his back at the same time so he may be ready for the next "out goes the water" motion.

Of course a doctor has been sent for immediately. Warm bottles or bricks should be secured, tea or coffee prepared to be given as soon as consciousness arrives (never before), the clothing loosened, and the limbs and body rubbed toward the heart. All these supplemental things are of value.

It may be an hour, even two, before results are attained, and many lives have been sacrificed because the rescuer was not wise enough to continue his efforts.

Practice these motions on a friend some time and let him practice them on you. One or both of you may find them of great benefit.



Applying Artificial Respiration

Some Good Reasons for Keeping Poultry

ONE of the chief reasons for the keeping of poultry is that we are assured a supply of one of the most valuable of foods. Then again, if we go into many homes in the West we will see many of the very useful household utensils that help to make the drudgery out of house work that would not be there but for the fact that a flock of hens had steadily subscribed to these articles by laying eggs that had been profitably marketed. If a census of the homes were taken one would find that in the majority of the cases, perhaps, the groceries consumed by the family were the direct result of the sale of the home eggs. In addition to groceries, there are also the little embellishments that help to make life more enjoyable that come as a reward for intelligent management in the poultry plant, such as gramophones and the books that are our silent friends, and who knows but what many a distant home in the West is now in touch by radio with the leading events of this continent mainly through the revenue raised by poultry keeping.

When the vicissitudes of fortune visit the home and money becomes temporarily short, no foreclosure of a mortgage can take away the poultry sense of the members of the household and it is on

such occasions that those affected fully realize that it was a very happy idea that first prompted them to organize a system of turning waste into profit. Today we are beginning to realize that poultry keeping must be taken seriously; it is no longer the little side issue attended to at irregular intervals by the house-wife and occasionally by the children. It is a business capable of returning large profits, and if even a small flock of the right type is kept in clean, well-ventilated quarters and fed systematically, the labor involved will draw very high wages. Do not think that the best of feed and quarters will bring the best results if poor stock is kept. Get the foundation stock from birds that have established reputations for production. Instead of getting 70 eggs per hen per year, strive to get twice that amount, which is quite possible.

A Harvest Festival

A PRETTY ceremony was performed in Grayshot church the other day when Mr. H. Wheat was married to Miss Elsie Oates. The choir appropriately rendered "Oh, what will the harvest be?"—R.E., Man.

Misty Gowns and Filmly Frocks

*Wear them now in security,
without a second thought*



This new way in solving women's oldest hygienic problem has changed women's hygienic habits throughout the world in a NEW way . . . 3 unique features you will appreciate.

TO be charming, exquisite, *beyond all doubt*, every minute, every day! Do you seek the peace of mind, *that knowing you are* will bring?

Modern science has supplanted the old-time sanitary pad in a new way.....a way different from any you have ever known.

It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. *Five times that of the ordinary cotton pad.*

It does away with the uncertainty of make-shift ways.

It is as easily disposed of as a piece of tissue. No laundry.

It is deodorized—an all-important advantage.

What it is

It is called Kotex, and is made of Cellucotton, the war's super-absorbent.

Use it and wear your filmiest frocks, your lightest of silks.....dance, motor, dine, without fear of losing a single moment's precious charm

Use it, too, for your health's sake. 60% of many ills, common to women, are traced by many authorities to the use of unsanitary ways.....and 80% of the charm that's today expected of women at all times!

It will make a great difference in your life.

It will bring you a feeling of security, of immaculacy that is positive. No other method again will ever satisfy.

Test it, please

Obtain Kotex at any department or drug store, in sanitary packages of 12, in two sizes; the Regular, and Kotex-Super (extra thick). You ask for them without hesitancy simply by saying "Kotex."

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② No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.

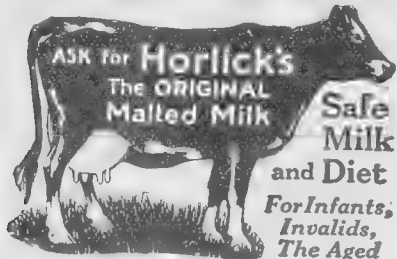


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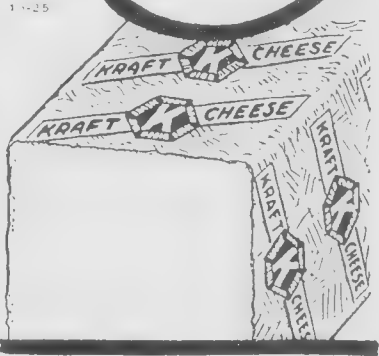
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Problems of Our Immigrants

WHEN an immigrant arrives from Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Russia or any European country apart from British possessions, he finds himself in a new country, among strange people, strange customs, laws, and, most perplexing of all, a strange language. These people come here to become one with us; to be amalgamated with us, and, if successful in doing this, they will adopt British habits and ideals. This applies to all foreigners coming here which belong to the white races. The colored races have come more or less among us, and while we know it is our duty to teach them Christianity and all that it means in life, we do not attempt to assimilate them, nor, as a rule, do they show any desire to have us do so. What their ultimate relationship with us will be, time alone can tell. It is the problems of the European which we can assimilate which we would like to discuss here.

Usually the immigrant comes from a country where he has been more or less oppressed by high taxes or military rule, and he is often suspicious of the Government, the Church and the people when he first comes, which makes the process of incorporating these people into the citizenship of our country a slow and difficult process. It is, therefore, often a mistake to segregate any considerable body of newcomers, as is often done in the West, for they are less likely to become acquainted with our life; because they are apt to perpetuate their own way of living, their habits, prejudices, and even the evils which they have brought with them from their own land. They can only acquire a national consciousness by contact with us, and by becoming educated with the ideals of our citizens by living among us rather than apart from us.

We should be careful, once we have opened our doors to these people, and have invited them (and they have been invited through our immigration policy), that we should treat them as new citizens, and not label them with names tending to disrespect, such as Dago, Polack, and the dozen other approbrious terms used. Rather, we should endeavor to educate them, slowly but surely, through some of their own people, and through our church circles, that they have a part in this liberty-loving land. You may say: "That is what we have our missionaries for," but our missionaries cannot get in touch with all the foreign-born people in the country.

There are hundreds of new people in our country, we are sure, who would welcome correspondence with societies or organizations which would supply them with literature, and, above all, friendly social correspondence, which would make them feel less isolated, less foreign, more at home, and more willing to become one with ourselves.

Would this bring results? For an answer you have only to look around Ontario to find that some of the finest farms and the thriftiest citizens are among the Danish, German, and other people from European countries, who settled here two or three generations ago, among the pioneers. They had little opportunity for education, yet, despite this handicap, their children are among the best Canadians we have today.

Also, despite the fact that our labor problems prove the industrial world is overcrowded, it is a fact that many of these men who have come among us do work British people do not care to do. On the other hand, Canada does need people on the land, but here, again, our methods of farming are so different, owing to the extensive cultivation we do rather than the intensive farming the immigrant has been accustomed to at home, owing to limited areas. It means that he must start in and learn many things all over again. We should, therefore, try to show a great deal of patience and a desire for helpfulness and tolerance for these new people, till they become acquainted with our methods of cultivation. What appears to be stupidity might quickly disappear if the person in question knew our language thoroughly and could understand what he is being told; but they often do not grasp the

meaning of our words, let alone the methods we are trying to explain.

This is something which every Canadian citizen, especially in rural centres, could assist in accomplishing, for a great many of these people are willing to work for us, in fact more willing than we are to teach them. The farmer, busy very often with his crops, is not always willing to patiently teach a new "hand" his methods.

Then, too, the Christianity of many of these people is a Christianity of form and compulsion; a formal ritual, very often hard and uncompromising, while our Christianity is one of freedom, of life, and of making good, individually. We are a generous people in most ways; why should we not extend our generosity into the channels of fellowship and make every newcomer in our midst feel that we, as true-born Canadians, have an interest in him, and as Christians we have a brotherly kindness toward him, so that he will not only become assimilated in our national life, but will enter into our church life and feel that he is a brother worker in the Vineyard of the Lord.

Mirrored Malahat

The morning breaks o'er Shawnigan.
The mists have rolled away;
And mirrored in its depths, behold
A mountain, fair as day;
Its crested rim is far below
Each fir tree clear defined:
While gold'ning maple's shimmering
glow
Bright Autumn brings to mind.

Miraged, the islets dip their crowns
With sapphire hills remote;
Miraged the lakeside grandeur drowns
Where zephyr'd cloudlets float—
A vagrant breeze from o'er the lake
Disturbs its placid face;
Reflected glory in its wake
No longer can we trace.

We lift our eyes unto the hills
And there behold the gem;
Our Malahat with rapture fills—
A royal diadem!
Its crowning glory looming high
Towards heaven's translucent blue;
Where fir-tipped sentry pierce the sky,
All else is lost to view.

Old Sol has sipped the dewdrops up
And kissed each mossy hill:
The bees drink deep from nectar'd cup
Their honeycomb to fill;
A leaping trout flings silver gleam
Athwart a drifting boat;
A lilting bird recalls a dream
Of golden days remote.

The balmy day draws to its close
On incense-laden wings.
Once more reflected lies the mount,
And Mars his message flings;
'Till heaven's high dome becomes its
floor
Embosomed in the lake,
Where myriad stars from shore to shore
Shed diamonds in their wake.

Science enthroned in Wisdom's halls
With erudition thrills,
As cult on cult the world enthalls
And copious knowledge spills;
Yet science cannot hang a star
O'er far-flung Ararat,
Nor mirror pine tops from afar,
Nor yet—My Malahat.

—Jeanne Valdez.

An Eye for a Tooth

In a certain part of India, says a contributor to the London Morning Post, a doctor acts as understudy to the magistrate. Recently each broke the law by riding a bicycle without a light, and they decided that the majesty of the law would best be vindicated if each appeared before the other.

The magistrate, taking precedence, first tried the doctor and fined him five rupees. The doctor then tried the magistrate and fined him one hundred rupees. The offence, he remarked, as he imposed the heavier one, was becoming far too common.

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Broadcast From Trains Successful

"HELLO, hello, hello! Chief despatcher, Reddit, hello! Conductor Smith, Train No. 2, ex Winnipeg, 11.00 o'clock date, speaking. Radio car No. C.N. 7062 in bad order. Have repair men meet train at Reddit 14.55 o'clock date to make repairs."

Then a silence, for there was no reply, and a hope that the message, the first real test of broadcasting from a moving train, had been a success.

It was. At Reddit, Ontario, the first divisional point reached after the conductor had broadcast his message to the chief train despatcher, two husky repair men were on the platform when Train No. 2, the Continental Limited, with the Canadian National radio test car attached, pulled into the station. The message had been received and the train despatcher had made the necessary arrangements to have repair men on hand. The result was that repairs necessary were made during the time the train stood at the divisional point for change of engines, etc., and the car was able to proceed on her run toward Eastern Canada.

The test outlined above proved, beyond a doubt, the value and possibilities of broadcasting from moving trains whenever such a course should be necessary. At the time of the test, the train was several miles east of Transcona yards, which lie outside of Winnipeg, and was running at the rate of something like 35 or 40 miles per hour, so that conditions on the test were approximately those which would obtain in a broadcast from any moving train.

W. H. Hobbs, of the Radio Engineering Department of the Canadian National System at Montreal, was in charge of the radio test car from which the tests were made, and this consists of an ordinary type colonist car, at one end of which work benches have been installed.

The aerial, ground, etc., is the same as that used on the radio observation cars which are equipped with receiving sets, and conditions are in every way the same as those met with in the operation of radio sets on the transcontinental trains of the company.

The test—not, of course, the first attempt to broadcast from a moving train, but the first object lesson of the practical use to which transmitting sets could be put—was preceded by a notification by the chief despatcher at Winnipeg to despatchers and telegraph operators along the line of railways that tests would be made, together with a request to those owning radio receiving sets that they "listen in" and report results. Not only did the operators themselves report reception, but also one or two Winnipeg people, who happened to be trying out daylight reception at their homes, telephoned the office of the radio department to announce that they had heard the messages going out from the moving train.

The value of the tests in question lies in the proof that in the event of a mishap to telephone and telegraph wires along the line of railway, by means of which the movement of trains is controlled, radio could be utilized to fill the breach, since it requires no pole and wire lines which could be thrown out of commission by sleet or snow storms, as sometimes happens. Then, further, in the event of a temporary tie-up between stations, when it would be desirable to report to the train despatchers, radio transmitting equipment on the train could be utilized even if telegraph wires were unavailable.

At the same time, it is more than doubtful that radio transmitting sets will be made part of train equipment for some time to come, but the tests at least proved, beyond doubt, the efficacy of this newest means of communication if it should prove necessary.

As the train in question from which the tests were made was some seven miles east of Transcona when the conductor broadcast his message to the

despatcher at Reddit, the distance covered in the successful transmission was approximately 115 miles, the test being made during daylight hours, and reception reported clear and distinct.

No Censorship for Radio

ONE of the factors in the development of radio which affords the greatest assurance of its still greater usefulness and enjoyment, and its permanence as an art and a utility, is the fact that no need of censorship of broadcast programmes exists.

Thus far radio has been much wiser than either the drama or the motion picture in this respect. Acting on the theory that the way to avoid trouble is to see it far ahead, the industry has provided broadcasting of a character which does not require censorship by either official or unofficial bodies. In fact, the public itself has been the censor, and radio has been so close to the public in every stage of its development that it has understood public opinion and complied with its standards.

No other art or utility in history which has come so close to the lives, thoughts and hearts of the people has been so free from suggestiveness in its offerings to the public. While it is true that there is some trashy music, as well as much excellent music broadcast, it is not an offence against morals, and many plays, movies, and even books, are. It is rather, perhaps, an inevitable criterion of the musical tastes and standards of a large section of the public.

But in the thousands of musical programmes, speeches, lectures, addresses, and sporting events, no listener ever hears profanity, shady stories, sex anecdotes, or other objectionable features, which often mar other arts. No father or mother need fear to have any member of the family listen to radio programmes. That is much more than one can say for the theatre and movies nowadays. The wholesomeness of the radio, in addition to its educational and entertainment features, is one of the chief reasons why it is the home utility par excellence, and why the Canadian family has taken radio into its home and its heart.

The writer recalls only one occasion when he heard anything broadcast which could be objected to in any home, and that was a story in such poor taste, told at a banquet, that one wondered why such a story should ever be told anywhere, at any time. It was significant to note the storm of protest by telephone, telegraph, and newspaper comment which quickly descended upon the broadcasting company. The broadcasting station, of course, had not the slightest intimation that there was to be any such breach of taste in the programme, but promptly directed that if anything like a repetition of such an offering occurred during any broadcast programme, the station should immediately take the speaker off the air.

The wide variety of educational, cultural and entertainment material which is broadcast today is remarkably wholesome, and the quality of broadcast programs, not only as to matters of good taste but in value of material offered, is being constantly improved. In fact, quality is what radio listeners everywhere are demanding more and more.

Quality, as it should, is beating out the distance thrill. The average listener is coming to realize that it is what you hear, and how you hear it, that counts, and not where it comes from.

As the distance fades out and trick sets and foolish circuits disappear from the market—in other words, as radio becomes stabilized—its popularity in the Canadian home will unquestionably increase with even greater rapidity and with additional assurance of permanence and stability.

Radio needs no censor now, and if it ever does, the owners of radio sets in their homes will attend to the censorship without any help from policemen or politicians.

For Meat Pies

Especially when made with warmed up meat, the addition of a teaspoonful or more of BOVRIL to the pie, before closing gives a new flavor, as well as increased nourishment.

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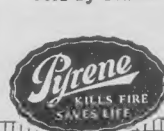
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I'm glad our house is a little house,
Not too tall nor too wide;
I'm glad the hovering butterflies
Feel free to come inside.

Our little house is a friendly house,
It is not shy or vain;
It gossips with the talking trees,
And makes friends with the rain.

And quick leaves cast a shimmer green
Against our whited walls,
And in the phlox, the courteous bees
Are paying duty calls.

Christopher Morley.

Something to Do

LOOK after your Contrary Garden and make sure it doesn't get too contrary! Weed! Rake! Make bouquets of your flowers! Eat your vegetables! And then write letter No. 3 to the Editor and tell all about it.

Starting a Colony of Bees

SO many people keep bees now that it might be interesting for us to talk about them a little in the Cozy Corner; some of you boys and girls may even be thinking of starting a hive, and if you have not thought about it perhaps this little story will make you. Did you ever hear about the little girl who was invited out to tea one day and when she was helped to honey, she said, "I guess your daddy keeps a bee." Well you all know it takes more than one bee, be he never so busy to make enough honey for just one boy's breakfast, but it is amazing how much one hive of bees can make and so the first thing for you to do is to begin with one hive.

When you are looking for someone who keeps bees in your town, you must be sure that they are Italian bees for they are the best ones. Perhaps this bee-man would be willing to sell you bees and hive and all, but if not you can buy hives from various places in the city, and when yours arrives put it where the bee man can stock it as soon as one of his colonies "swarms." This happens when a colony becomes so large that it is crowded. The queen then flies out and is followed by part of the colony, leaving the hive to the care of the rest, which rears a new queen and goes on as before. The swarm send out scouts to find new quarters. At this stage the swarm is easy to capture and put into a hive.

If possible get the bee man to move the bees for you and give you some pointers about caring for them. Put the hive where it will be partly shaded and face it to the south-east. Do not let the bees out the first day for they must become used to their new home and get settled.

Before you do much with your bees you must learn how to behave with them. Don't dodge when they come at you. *Made no sudden movements.* This is a most important secret of bee keeping. Move slowly and never get excited no matter what happens. If you do the bees will get excited too, and then you know that there will be trouble. The hive guards are always out looking for danger and they usually circle around the heads of people who approach the hive. After you have mastered the lesson of keeping your head while the bees fly about you, you are ready to learn to manipulate the hive. The hive should not be opened too often as it disturbs the bees, and it should be opened in the middle of bright warm days. To open the hive you must have a

bee smoker to blow smoke into the entrance to quiet the bees and thus lessen the danger of their stinging you. Besides this you should wear a bee veil over your face and leather gloves on your hands. The bees may not try to sting you but you will feel safer with this protection. First blow a little smoke into the entrance then gently pry off the cover with screw driver. When this is done blow more smoke into the interior but be careful not to use too much smoke. Gently remove the frames, careful not to crush the bees or even jar the frame or the hive. In this way you can inspect the whole interior of the hive and see what the bees are doing.

A modern bee hive consists of two parts, a lower or brood chamber, and an upper or "super." In the lower chamber are suspended a number of wooden frames upon which the bees build their combs and store honey, solely to feed the young bees that are constantly being hatched out. The "super" contains only the small wooden frames in which the bees store their surplus honey; it is this honey that we take for our own use.

In each colony are three kinds of bees—the queen, who does nothing but lay eggs; the drones, who fertilize the eggs but do no other work; and the workers, which include the honey and pollen gatherers, the guards and the nurses, who take care of the baby bees. When you open the hive do not expect to see the queen on a throne, the guards armed with rifles and wearing helmets, or the nurses in white caps and aprons! The queen is merely larger and longer than the workers, the drone a little larger and wider than the workers, and the guards, nurses and workers all look alike.

If you are interested in this little bit I have told you about bees and bee keeping, get "The Life of the Bee" by Maeterlinck and read it. You will find it one of the most interesting books you have ever read.

Hot Stones

NOW that camping days are here it is well for the family that likes life in the open to remember that hot stones are among the most useful articles in a camping party's equipment. In the first place they help in many ways in cooking.

Over a little fireplace made of stones, with a broad, flat stone across the top, you can boil, stew or fry anything. The hot, flat stone is more to be trusted than a bed of hot coals, for it will hold its heat while you put new wood on the fire, go for water or do any other part of the camp work.

With hot stones a clambake can be made in a barrel. First put a six-inch

layer or rockweed in the bottom of the barrel. Then with a shovel or a forked stick place hot stones—each from six to eight inches in diameter—on the rockweed. When you have put them into a depth of about a foot spread another layer of rockweed on the stones, then put in the clams. Place layers of fish, potatoes or green corn above the clams, each two layers separated by a thin layer of rockweed, until the barrel is filled. Then fasten a piece of sailcloth or burlap over the top. For an hour jets of steam and savory odors will hiss from every little crack in the barrel. And when you open it, at the end of the time, there will be a delicious meal, done to a turn.

The bean hole of the Maine lumberman is lined with stones that keep the bean pot hot for more than twenty-four hours. When a fire has heated the stones the cook removes the coals, puts in the bean pot, replaces the coals and covers the whole with earth.

Cooking is by no means the only purpose for which hot stones can be used. If you want hot water for bathing drop a hot stone about eight inches in diameter into a pail of cold water. It will heat the water without burning the pail or smoking the outside of it, as an open fire does.

It is possible, too, to heat a small tent with hot stones—something that, without the stones, is not so simple as it seems since even a fire outside may smoke you out, and if it is near enough to warm the interior it may throw a spark that will set the tent on fire. But if you use hot stones to warm the tent you should have no such difficulty. Simply place the fire well to leeward, heat stones in it, roll them into the tent and you can make the interior comfortable even on a cold night.

When you have no tent and must sleep in the open, hot stones are a comfort indeed. Test them to make sure that they will not set fire to a piece of dry paper. Then wrap them in paper or cloth and place them near your feet and wherever else you may want them. If it is very cold, keep a fire going and change stones as often as is necessary.

Some Summer Bugbears and What to do For Them

YOU know what a bugbear is don't you? The big 'normous dictionary in my office says it is "an imaginary terror" so perhaps I have used the wrong word, but what I mean is, a thing that is a nuisance, a regular pest. There are a lot of them in the summer time aren't there? Sometimes we say they "take the joy out of summer" but they don't

really, only for a little while, and now when the Cozy Corner tells you what to do for them they will hardly be bugbears at all.

The first bugbear we will talk about is poison ivy. Poison ivy is one of the plants that are enemies to men, poison oak is another. The juice of poison ivy on the moist warm skin starts a fever that becomes a hideous blister that itches and takes a long time to heal. Now the best thing to do about this bugbear, of course, is to avoid it. To do this you must know it. It grows low, it looks like Virginia creeper, and in the autumn it turns a lovely red and you just naturally want to pick and carry it home. More than this it only has three parts to its leaves. Now Virginia creeper, that nice vine that covers our verandahs, has five parts and you can remember this in this way: the first letter of its name V is the Roman numeral for five, so when you see five parts you know that is harmless Virginia creeper—V—but when you see three parts that is poison, poison ivy. Now if, however, you are running in bare feet through the bush, or you are picking flowers and touch old Mr. Three Part Leaf you must do this—bathe the poisoned part with salt water, or hot water in which boracic acid has been dissolved, then dust with boracic powder. Bathe every day with warm water and dry without rubbing.

The next bugbear sounds like bees, but has nothing to do with them—Hives. These pink scratchy spots that come out in all sorts of awkward places can keep you awake at night and make you very miserable in the day time. If you don't want to get them don't eat too much fruit, don't get chilled by staying out too late without a coat and don't go in swimming and stay in too long. If you do some of these things and get hives, then mix baking powder with water and rub on the spots and let it dry, get your mother to buy you some milk of magnesia at the drug store and take that and don't eat any sour fruit until the hives are better.

The next bugbear is the mosquito. What you can do to avoid him I don't know, except to keep the screen doors closed and be careful not to carry any in the house on your hair or clothes, and when he gets a vicious bite at you don't scratch the spot. Put a little drop of listerine on it or witch hazel, and in the morning there will be no sign of it.

Not Even the First Step

Mr. Morse having bought a new bicycle of the most improved pattern, presented his old one to Dennis Halloran, who did errands and odd jobs for the neighborhood. "You'll find the wheel useful when you're in a hurry, Dennis," he said.

The young Irishman was loud in his thanks, but regarded the wheel doubtfully.

"I mistrust 'twill be a long while before I can ride it," he said.

"Why, have you ever tried?" asked Mr. Morse.

"I have," said Dennis, gloomily. "A frind lint me the loan o' his whiles he was having the moomps. 'Twas t'ree weeks I had it, an' what wid practising night an' morning, I never got so I could balance meself standing still, let alone riding on it."

Children's Cosy Corner

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"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"



Mildred Huffman of Eyebrow, Sask., winner of a camera last summer. Win one with your country garden this year and take pictures like this

Something to do for Girls

Do your brothers and all the other girls' brothers make fun of you when you try to row a boat, girls? Well, you study these pictures, and when next you try to row don't "catch crabs" or jerk your oars; try it according to directions here and you will soon be experts.



The catch, with the direction of the oar blade indicated. The wrists are held high and the grip is well forward



The pull-through. A strong, steady motion that maintains the boat's headway and steerage



The beginning of the finish, just before the quick propulsive movement that ends the stroke and sends the boat forward



The end of the finish and the beginning of the shoot. Note the dropped wrist position necessary to feathering

How Melody Was Made

TO every student of the piano, violin or other musical instrument, the history of the art of music should be intensely interesting. It is to be feared, however, that subjects such as "How music first came into being," and "How the art gradually evolved from a primitive state to its modern stage of development," are foreign to a good many. With this in view, therefore, the following paper dealing with the making of melody and origin of music, written by Urquhart Cawley, the well-known writer is here presented. Mr. Cawley says:

"Though music in its scientific sense is the youngest of the arts, yet in its origin it is almost, if not quite, as old as man. When the first cave-man made a noise to express his feelings, music was born, and the howl of a savage, the roar of an angry mob, and the cries of children at play, show us the primitive material out of which the art was evolved.

"In the very early days, when no two savages used exactly the same howl, and even the same savage could not be sure of getting the same howl twice running, no music was possible. For music is not merely sound, but organized sound. And the noise which expresses your feelings must express them not only to yourself, but to your hearers. The first step, therefore, was to invent conventional howls, each expressing some emotion which the hearers would recognize; just as doubtless the alphabet was derived from conventional pictures.

"In order that the howl should be recognizable, a more or less definite sound was fixed on as the beginning of it. This was what we would call a tonic or starting point, on which the rest of the howl depended. In course of time, other notes in the howl became similarly fixed sounds until a regular series of such sounds was invented, having a more or less regular relation to each other, and the result was the scale. Not that these early scales were very much like the ones to which we are accustomed. The latter are comparatively modern, and serve rather a different purpose. The old scales were thought of as moving downwards instead of upwards, and as being merely the means for expressing sounds by a single voice, whereas our modern scales are thought of chiefly as the basis of certain harmonic relationships.

"At this stage another complication arose—that of rhythm. If melody can be defined as the expression of feeling by means of sound, rhythm is that expression by means of bodily movement; hence the invention of dancing. Now, among the primitive peoples these two modes of expression are quite distinct, and until a tribe has advanced far enough to have regular dances with music, melody remains quite formless, and therefore useless. As soon, however, as a stage is reached when it is realized that tunes must have a certain rhythm, and that the sounds must bear some relation to each other as regards length as well as pitch, we have all the ingredients for proper melody. And it must be remembered that all music ultimately depends on melody. However great the skill with which a composer embellishes or develops his tune, he must have the tune to start with; and, generally speaking, the better the tune the better the piece of music.

"Only one step was now necessary to make melody complete. As feelings or emotions became more complex, the expression of them had to become more complex likewise; and men learnt gradually how to vary, by means of differences of pitch, the amount of emotion in each part of the melody. The finest melodies as a rule are folk songs, as these were always intended to be sung unaccompanied, and consequently the tune had to stand on its own merits, and not, as so many modern melodies, owe much of its appeal to the way in which it was harmonized. Tunes like the 'Londonderry Air,' for example, are among the finest specimens of pure melody ever written."

Make the best of life; make the most of it. Make the best of it the most of it.

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Meteorologically and Politically True

Moist, cool air is more beneficial than hot air—Vegreville (Alta.) Observer.

Fashion Note

Knees, it would seem, are being well worn to the front this year.—Brandon Sun.

The World Goes On

Young people are going ahead and getting married just as if there were no such things in the world as taxes, tariffs and teething.—Calgary Herald

This Age of Gasolene

In the old days it was a case of how much done in an hour. Now it is a case of how far on a gallon.—Pilot Mound Journal.

Two Kinds of Croakers

The frogs are croaking all over the country. And so are the men that are paying for their wives' new hats.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

The Land of Opportunity

Canada still remains the Land of Opportunity to those who know how to make good their opportunities.—London Times.

Will There Always be Suckers?

"The population will be ten times as dense in 2025," says a railway official. How wildcat stocks will sell then!—Wall Street Journal.

The Best of Investments

Spend it for a home. A used home doesn't lose half its value the first month you own it.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

A Question

A British Columbia ship bound for South America with liquor has never arrived. Have they tried looking in Seattle, for example?—Toronto Telegram.

A Menace to be Mastered

Mastery of the automobile menace must be assured to the people or the situation will be intolerable. The death in motor accidents of twenty thousand people in a year is a terrible price paid by the United States to Don't Care, to Step On It, and to Take Our Dust.—New York World.

A Wise Young ex-Emperor

The young ex-Emperor of China is getting out of China as fast as he can. This suggests that the young ex-Emperor of China is no fool.—Montreal Gazette.

Russian Relativity

Russia is said to exemplify the gospel of brotherhood. If it's all the same we would just as soon be registered as third cousins.—Minneapolis Journal.

The Need to be Wide-awake

Looking over the traffic casualty list in any big city in these times, one arrives at the conclusion that all dreaming should be done in bed.—Toronto Star.

Looking Backward

Some of those folks who tell you all you once could buy for a dollar often forget to mention all the things you had to do to get the dollar.—Montreal Herald.

In Regard to the Wheat

Well, wheat can't do any more jumping around while it is growing this summer than it has been doing on the grain markets during the late winter.—Winnipeg Free Press.

A Sad Fact

Chauncey Depew says that overeating is the curse of the American continent. Well, there are portions of the world where there isn't much over-eating.—Duluth Herald.

The Much-Travelling Prince

About as good a way to learn geography that we know of is to follow the trips of the Prince of Wales. That is if anyone wants to learn geography these days.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Quite So

A newspaper at Victoria, B.C., thinks the Hudson Bay railway is madness. Quite often, some persons regard as madness anything that takes grist from their own mill.—The Pas Herald.

He Finds Out His Mistake Too Late

The short-sighted politician is like the short-sighted individual who picked a bumble bee when he thought he was picking a berry.—Saskatoon Star.

The Foundation of Civilization

The nomads of old contributed nothing to the sum of civilization—the great impulses forward have been born where hearth and home have been keystones of existence.—Winnipeg Tribune.

"Comparisons are Odious"

New York's marriage laws are said to be on a level with those of the savage tribes of Africa. What have the tribes done that they should be compared to New Yorkers?—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Sarcastic

The first man to buy a bottle of liquor in Saskatchewan when the new liquor stores were opened was a Chinaman. It would seem as if the forces of Canadianization are at work.—Vancouver Province.

A Chance for All Workers

And yet Canada has the most wonderful latent field for promotion that the world has ever seen, not for retired plutes, but for young virile soil-workers who are the backbone of any nation.—Lethbridge Herald.

The Lure of Chance

A Liverpool man has won \$450,000 in a Derby sweepstake by the investment of ten shillings. Which is exactly the reason a million or so persons will put up ten shillings each next year.—Red Deer News.

When Will Wonders Cease?

It is reported from Baltimore that the invention of a device known as the prismatic ring will enable persons to see by radio. Life, it would seem, is getting more dangerous every day.—Kansas City Star.

An Idea From Florida

The Palm Beach Times makes the excellent suggestion that the license plate of an automobile be placed on the front bumper so that it can be stamped on the pedestrian as evidence of which car hit him.—Los Angeles Examiner.

He Probably Threw More Than That

A woman at Vancouver has obtained a divorce from her husband. She charged him with throwing a cup of hot tea at her. Some women are hard to please. What did she expect—cold tea?—Halifax Chronicle.



Winnipeg General Hospital—1925 Class

The accompanying photograph shows the largest class ever graduated from a school of Nursing in Canada—ninety-five girls who have spent three busy, happy, worth-while years in the Winnipeg General Hospital and who now are going out into the world as qualified nurses. All the girls are Canadians, with the exception of one from Malta. There are fifteen from Saskatchewan, three from Ontario, two from Alberta and the rest from Manitoba, with a slightly larger number from the country than from the city.

The graduating exercises took place in Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg, where the centre of the building was reserved for the graduates and 150 undergraduates, the staff nurses being seated in the choir loft. As the processional march was played on the organ the classes of 1926 and 1927, in their becoming uniforms of blue and white, filed into place. Then came the graduates, all in snowy white and carrying beautiful bouquets of roses. Rev. Geo. Laughton gave the invocation. Prof. F. W. Kerr gave an inspiring address, taking for his motto, "I Dressed the Wound, God Healed It." Premier John Bracken and Dr. Geo. F. Stephens, superintendent of the hospital, addressed the class. The diplomas were presented by Mrs. R. A. Rogers and the medals by Miss Mary Martin, superintendent of nurses.

The training these nurses have received fits them not only for private nursing and ward work but also for the work of the settlement nurse, the industrial nurse, the school nurse, the public health nurse and the many other branches of specialized nursing that are now being opened up. The Winnipeg General Hospital Nursing School has raised its entrance standard to High School training, Grade XI, or its equivalent. Far from discouraging applicants, it seems to have increased them.

The following is a list of the names of the Graduating Class: Grace I. Allen, Edith Archibald, Hilda Armstrong, Bertha Arnold, Lillian Arnold, Dorothea M. Bastin, Sarah Baxter, Bessie Bennett, Frances Berry, Laura Blondal, Agnes B. Brown, Anna Brown, Grace H. Brown, Constance Briggs, J. P. Boyd, Florence M. Caton, Margaret Cameron, Pearl Cameron, Rhoda M. Campbell, E. H. Cooke, J. S. Cryer, Edna M. Day, J. Muscat DeBrincat, D. L. Denton, Emily J. Dickie, Jessie C. Dodds, Ellen Dowe, Marion Elding, Myrtle Ellis, Isobel Fleming, Margaret Freeman, Bathia Fowlie, M. J. Gardiner, Theodora J. Gillies, M. S. Gowanlock, Myrtle I. Graham, Marie A. Hamilton, Jean Hawkins, Wandah Hamilton, Helen C. Halloway, C. J. Hunter, Hilda M. Irvine, Ruth C. Chalmers, Brenda G. Farmer, Ruth Monk, Ingaborg Johnson, Alma B. Jones, Allene Kennedy, Margaret Knapp, Melrose King, Opal G. Keswick, M. E. Larmer, Isabel Langford, Constance Lethbridge, Frances Lindsay, Catherine Lynch, Mabel M. Lovell, Marian M. McInnis, S. Gertrude MacKinnon, Kathleen M. McIntyre, Ruth McIntyre, Kate R. McKellar, Anna McNeill, Mildred E. Maybee, Evelyn Mallory, Mignon Mellon, N. M. de C. O'Grady, A. F. de C. O'Grady, Edith Olson, Thora A. Palsson, G. E. Parsons, Victoria I. Paterson, Barbara E. Pease, Dorothy Pidcock, Grace M. Pratt, Annie Purvis, Carrie A. Ram, Vera Robinson, Alice Sample, Vera Sawyer, Minnie Sinclair, Grace E. Slade, Effie Slater, Emzie Taylor, Emily Thompson, E. R. Thompson, Ida A. Thompson, Pearl V. Turner, Hilda G. Vance, Violet G. Ward, Mary A. Ward, Emily B. Watson, Hazel S. Wilcox, Edythe L. Wales, Eileen Wright.